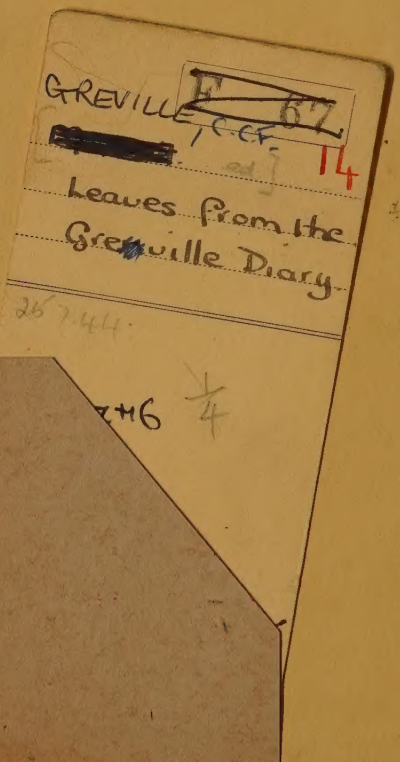
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Leaves from the
Grenville Diary

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LEAVES FROM THE GREVILLE DIARY

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CHARLES CAVENDISH FULKE GREVILLE.

1794 - 1865.

LEAVES FROM THE GREVILLE DIARY

A NEW AND ABRIDGED EDITION

ARRANGED
WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES
BY
PHILIP MORRELL

LONDON
EVELEIGH NASH & GRAYSON
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PREFACE

GREVILLE's Journal, as we all know, has become a classic; which is perhaps one of the reasons why so few people now read it. And yet this is a pity; for Greville at his best is extraordinarily good; few books of the kind are better worth reading.

He had, it has been said, two supreme advantages: first, he knew most of the most interesting people in the social and political world of his day: and secondly, he knew how to write. But he had also, I think, another great merit: a remarkably clear and free judgment. He had his preferences, no doubt, and his prejudices, and his criticisms are not always quite fair—he felt things much too strongly for that—but he was very rarely moved by envy or self-pity, and though often indignant and inclined to be extremely severe about other people, he is hardly ever spiteful or malicious. When he is "piqued" he tells you so—as in the case of Lord Brougham and Sir James Graham—so that you may make some allowance for what he says. His point of view, of course, was aristocratic, and he was often alarmed, like most of his friends, by the surging up of new forces—he lived, one must remember, through two revolutionary periods, those of 1830 and 1848, when even in England the commotion was extraordinary—but on the whole he is tolerant and progressive: those "besotted, predestinated Tories"—and the Toryism of Greville's day was of a very strong type—are almost the only class of whom he never has a good word to say. Altogether he makes a very lively and sympathetic

and, above all, to Mr. R. W. Goulding, Librarian at Welbeck, for helping me to discover some details of Greville's life, mentioned in the biographical summary, which have not hitherto appeared.

The preparation of this book has been a matter of much trouble and anxiety. Have I left out what is interesting? Have I put in what is dull? Have I laid sacrilegious hands on a master of English prose? As an occasional reviewer of other books, I know how easy to criticise, how liable to censure from all sides such a book as this must be. But I am consoled by the thought that it may perhaps be the means of introducing Greville to some readers who would not otherwise have known him!

P. M.

CHARLES CAVENDISH FULKE GREVILLE

A SUMMARY OF HIS LIFE

His father, the Right Honourable Charles Greville, "a man of some faults and many foibles," who was himself a grandson of the fifth Earl of Warwick, had been private secretary to the Duke of Portland during his first term as Prime Minister. He was afterwards for a time Under-Secretary at the Home Office, and in 1793, at the age of thirty, had married Lady Charlotte Bentinck, a daughter of his former chief, then a girl of seventeen. Charles was the eldest of their four children. The chief events of his life may be summarised as follows:

Age	Date	
	1794	April 2nd. Birth.
7	1801	July 30th. Appointed, through the influence of his grandfather, Secretary, "in reversion," of the Island of Jamaica.
10	1804	June 27th. Appointed a Clerk Extraordinary, without salary, of the Privy Council, with right of succession as an ordinary Clerk when a vacancy occurred.
11	1805	Goes to Eton.
16	1810	December 22nd. Matriculates at Christ Church, Oxford.
18	1812	Becomes private secretary to Earl Bathurst, Secretary of State for War and the Colonies.
19	1814	January. Begins to write a journal which he continues for about a year and then drops entirely.

companion through that long and critical period which he describes, when English society was passing from its high aristocratic tradition, and from the extravagance and glitter of the Regency, into an age which, whatever we may now think of it, was at least surprisingly different.

But Greville has also one serious drawback: he is extremely long. His journal, in its original form, is longer than the Bible; it contains over a million words. Much of it deals with topics which have ceased to be very interesting or important, and even when he is writing of the most interesting subjects he is apt to be diffuse. He must have written, one feels, extremely fluently, and except in the earlier volumes—in which he erased and corrected a great deal—seems hardly ever to have revised what he wrote; though it is clear that he always thought that revision and selection would some day be necessary. At the Stud House, for example, one evening in March, 1847, he reads aloud a part of one of his journal books and discovers "how trivial, poor and uninteresting the greater part of it is . . . with a few things worth hearing scattered about, but on the whole dull." (If Greville was severe about other people he never spared himself.)

"This has satisfied me," he says, "that a very careful revision of the whole is necessary, and a selection of such parts as may hereafter be deemed readable."

The aim, then, of this new edition, is to present Greville's Journal to modern readers in a short and readable form. But to cut down a book from eight volumes into one, even though a large one, was a very formidable task, and it may be convenient if I explain quite briefly the methods which I have tried to follow.

I have left out: (1) a great deal of political gossip relating to the state of parties and the rivalries of leaders, though plenty of this will still be found; (2) almost all descriptions of travel, which, though often very vivid, are easily omitted without injury to the continuity of the book;

(3) almost all that relates to purely foreign politics; and (4) most of the portraits of people of minor importance, such as Lord Alvanley and Lady William Bentinck, excellent as these often are. On the other hand I have retained: (1) most of what the author tells us directly of himself, which, however—for a diarist—is comparatively little; (2) all descriptions of important historical figures, and a few others, like those of Count d'Orsay and Princess de Lieven, which seemed too good to discard; and (3) all descriptions that seemed to me to throw light on the conditions and manners of the time, or were, in Greville's phrase, curious and entertaining.

In the matter of abridgement, as apart from selection, I have left every sentence exactly as Greville wrote it and in the order in which he wrote it; but subject to this, I have abridged freely wherever it seemed to me possible to do so without spoiling the sense. Generally speaking, I have tried—though this, of course, is a very difficult matter—to preserve the balance and proportion of the original, so as to make this book not a mere selection from Greville but a shorter edition of the Journal as a whole.

The division into chapters corresponds with the volumes of Reeve's edition, on which this is based, but for the introduction and the footnotes (except, of course, Greville's own notes, which are always marked " Author's Note "), I am entirely responsible; and in preparing these I have consulted both the manuscript in the British Museum and Mr. Wilson's recent edition of the diary, as well as the ordinary books of reference.

The nine letters by Greville in the Appendix, and another about him quoted in the Introduction, are now published for the first time. They illustrate a side of his life of which very little appears in the Journal. For permission to print them I am indebted to the kindness of the Duke of Portland and Miss Blanche Egerton. I would also express my thanks to Mr. Reeve Wallace of the Privy Council, to Mr. Wilkinson of the Colonial office,

and, above all, to Mr. R. W. Goulding, Librarian at Welbeck, for helping me to discover some details of Greville's life, mentioned in the biographical summary, which have not hitherto appeared.

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19	1814	January. Begins to write a journal which he continues for about a year and then drops entirely.

Age	Date	
24	1818	June 7th. Again begins journal.
26	1821	February 25th. Appointed racing manager to the Duke of York.
		February 27th. Death of Lord Chetwynd, upon which C. G. becomes entitled to the post of Clerk of the Council.
		March 5th-21st. Correspondence with his uncle the Duke (see Appendix) with regard to the guaranteeing of a loan.
		March 20th. Receives his appointment as Clerk of Council.
32	1827	January 4th. Death of the Duke of York, after which C. G. becomes manager of his uncle's racing stables, and subsequently enters into a partnership with his cousin, Lord George Bentinck.
34	1828	July 10th. On the death of Mr. Charles Wyndham C. G. becomes Secretary of Jamaica, a sinecure with a net income of about £2,000 a year.
36	1830	March to July. Tour in Italy.
41	1835	June. Tormented to death by the committee on West India places, but is resolved to fight while he has a leg to fight upon.
		July 17th. The Committee, after a debate of three hours, decides by nine votes to seven in his favour.
43	1837	His horse Mango wins the St. Leger.
51	1845	March. Publishes his book on the Government of Ireland.
		June. His horse, Alarm, though first favourite, has an accident at the start and is beaten in the Derby.
	1846	January. Publishes a pamphlet on Sir Robert Peel and the Corn Law crisis.

Age	Date	
61	1855	October. Decides to sell his stud, and goes to Newmarket, probably for the last time, as an owner of racehorses.
65	1859	May 14th. Resigns his post as Clerk of the Council.
66	1860	November 13th. Brings his journal to an end.
70	1865	January 10th. Asks his friend and former colleague, Henry Reeve, to take charge of it with a view to its future publication.
	1865	January 18th. Death.

INTRODUCTION

To the great world of Greville's day—the world of Melbourne and Peel, of Palmerston and Lord John Russell, of Derby and Disraeli, and all those other distinguished people of whom he writes—few things would have seemed more improbable than that this popular but apparently unimportant man, with his excellent stories and sardonic humour, his love of gossip and good company, his gout and his deafness, and his incurable passion for racing —Punch Greville as he was generally called—would leave a name that was to become almost as celebrated as any of their own, and that some of them perhaps would be little known to us now without his help. And Greville himself, though he has sometimes been charged with vanity, and was no doubt quite aware of his own ability, would have been hardly less surprised than they.

How was it possible, he would have said, for anyone who had wasted his time and dissipated his mind as he had done, to come to any good? "One must pay," so he wrote in his journal in 1834, after sitting one night at Holland House, and listening to the good talk of Melbourne and Spring-Rice and Allen and Bobus Smith —when "a vast depression" had come over his spirits, and he felt as if a language was being spoken before him which he understood but not well enough to talk in it— "one must pay for the follies of one's youth. He who wastes his early years in horse-racing and all sorts of idleness, figuring away among the dissolute and foolish, must be content to play an inferior part among the learned

and the wise." [1] It was fortunate, indeed, he reflected, that, though much of his "mental substance" had been wasted, he had still enough left to appear respectably in the world, and had at least preserved a taste for literary pursuits, which he would cling to as the greatest of blessings and the best security against the tedium and vacuity of old age.

But what hope had he now of playing any creditable part in literature, or, indeed, in any walk of life? Had not his friend, FitzGerald, once said to him that an addiction to worthless or useless pursuits did an irretrievable injury to the mental faculties? [2] Greville felt himself a miserable example of the truth of that remark. He had no solid foundation of knowledge; he had never mastered any subject and it was too late to do so now. To master any subject the mind must be disciplined, and there must be a power of continuous application; "but if the eyes travel over the pages of a book, while the mind is far away on Newmarket Heath, the result can only be useless imperfect information, crude and superficial ideas, constant shame and frequent disappointment and mortification." If it had been merely a question of recovering his health or his money, it might have been different. He had heard of people who, after wasting their health, had succeeded in rebuilding their shattered constitutions, and of others who after wasting their money had become parsimonious and prudent; but was there any instance of a man who had first frittered away his understanding—"let his mind be bare and empty as the shelves of an unfurnished bookcase"—and afterwards become "diligent, thoughtful, reflective . . . addicted to worthy and useful pursuits"? He had never heard of such a case.

And it was not only the remembrance of his youth that troubled him. When he reaches his fortieth birthday, and reflects how intolerably "these forty years" have been

[1] September 5th, 1838.
[2] January 7th, 1838.

wasted, a feeling of pain and humiliation comes over him that makes his cheeks tingle and burn as he writes. It is very seldom, so he says, that he indulges in such moralisings—though not quite so seldom, perhaps, as he liked to think—if anybody should ever read his journal, what would they care for his feelings and regrets? A journal, he says on another occasion, should be written without any reference to publication, but without any fear of it; and he regards with alarm and dislike the notion of his journal containing a lot of twaddle and trash about himself which nobody hereafter would care three straws about. But every now and then the fancy takes him, and it is a relief to give vent on paper to that which he cannot say to anybody.[1] "How we wince at our reflexions," he exclaims on his forty-fourth birthday, "and still go on in the same courses! How we resolve and break our resolutions!" Clearly it was too late to change his ways now.

Even when he comes to the age of fifty-three—to an age when a man might reasonably be expected to have made terms with fate, or at any rate to have learnt resignation—the same unhappy theme recurs:

"My birthday: a day of no joy to me . . . a retrospect full of shame and a prospect without hope; for shameful it is to have wasted one's faculties, and to have consumed in idleness and frivolous, if not mischievous, pleasures that time which, if well employed, might have produced good fruit. . . . And what is there to look forward to at my time of life? . . ." [2]

He still sometimes thinks of writing a book. Ever since he wrote his book on Ireland, which, after all, had had some little success, he had been longing to write again. Why, then, did he not write? It was because he was conscious of certain defects which he could never over-

[1] April 3rd, 1834.
[2] April 2nd, 1847.

come; particularly he lacked "that facility of composition that extensive information and the habit of using it alone can give." There was the continual struggle in his mind between the desire to write and the sense of incapacity. . . .

"But no more of this now," he exclaims. "To-morrow I am going to Newmarket to begin another year of the old pursuits."

His Racing Career

Yes, to Newmarket and the old pursuits; but, indeed, what else could he do? For nearly thirty years horse-racing had been to him, not a mere pleasure or diversion —often it seemed doubtful if it was a pleasure at all— but an absorbing occupation. It was a passion, which, though he often despised himself for it, he could neither escape nor overcome. Not that at first he had the least desire to do so. In 1821, when at the age of twenty-six, he received from the Duke of York the appointment of manager of his racing-stables—an appointment that brought him at once into the centre of the racing world —he describes it as being one of the three things which he had most desired for years past. Up to that time he had led a life of almost entire idleness, varied by racing, hawking and gambling; in the phrase of that day he was a man of fashion; and though a few weeks after his appointment to the Duke's stables he succeeded to the post of Clerk of the Privy Council, carrying with it an income of £2,000 a year,[1] his duties on the Council do not seem to have interfered seriously with his racing concerns. He was soon buying horses on his own account, and in 1834 he is described—in a letter written by his uncle, the Duke of Portland, to another uncle, Lord William Bentinck—

[1] It rose later to £2,500; but of this salary, as will appear in the Appendix, he only received £1,000. The rest he set aside for payment of his debts.

as the owner of nine or ten racehorses and going straight to ruin.

"If, however, anything connected with this subject"—the subject of C. G.'s financial position—"brings you into discussion with his Mother it would be a most friendly act to represent to her that nothing is so improbable as his not being ruined at Newmarket. I think he must have had 9 or 10 Racehorses this year. What their purchase cost I do not know, but as the mere keep of each, without paying riders, costs near £150 per annum, it is evident that nothing but uninterrupted success can prevent a game, of which the card money is so dear, from becoming the ruin of a person whose income is not more than £1,800. I thought it had been double that sum." [1]

The Duke, however, was wrong; perhaps in his facts, but certainly in his prediction. It is not improbable that some of these nine or ten horses may have belonged, in fact, to his son, Lord George Bentinck, who after some heavy losses on the Turf had been induced by his father to promise him that he would not do any more racing, and used to keep some of his horses in Greville's name so as to escape the ducal censure. But in any case, Greville himself was not so near ruin as his uncle supposed. At three race-meetings in this very year he had won £1,600; and he estimated that he ended the year with £7,000 to his credit; it was the best year but one he had ever had on the Turf. And better even than that one, because then he lost nearly the whole of his winnings at cards; but now he was "wiser or warier," and had lost nothing in that way.[2]

But already, in spite of his success on the Turf, he had begun to hate the whole business. Nothing but the hope of gain, so he writes in 1833, would induce him to go through that demoralising drudgery which reduced him

[1] Extract from a letter from the correspondence of the fourth Duke of Portland at Welbeck Abbey dated December 14th, 1834.

[2] The Greville Diary edited by Wilson (Heinemann), I, 158.

to the level of all that was most disreputable and despicable, for his thoughts were eternally absorbed by it. . . . But it was like dram-drinking, having once entered upon it he could not leave it off, though disgusted with the occupation all the time.

" Let no man who has no need," so he solemnly warns us, " who is not in danger of losing all he has, and is not obliged to grasp at every chance, make a book on the Derby. While the fever it excites is raging, and the odds are varying, I can neither read nor write nor occupy myself with anything else." [1]

A fortnight later he is at Ascot, racing all the morning then eating and drinking and play at night, " a wretched existence."

Two years afterwards, on his way to Doncaster, he reads the Life of Mackintosh, which makes him " dreadfully disgusted " with his racing métier.

" I turn from Mackintosh and Burke to all that is vilest and foolishest on earth." [2]

In 1837, when his horse Mango has won the St. Leger, and he has made £9,000 on the race—it was his first great piece of good fortune—he has serious thoughts of giving up the Turf entirely; but soon these resolutions wax faint, and he again finds himself buying fresh animals, entering into fresh speculations, and just as deeply engaged as ever.[3] It was all the force of habit, he explains—the propensity was still unconquered—but there was also the nervous apprehension that if he conquered it he might perhaps find no other subject of equal interest. Two months later, however, he definitely resolves that he will give up the Turf and turn over a new leaf.[4]

But for the next eighteen years at least his resolution remains unfulfilled. In 1838 he tells us that for three

[1] May 27th, 1833.
[2] September 15th, 1835.
[3] October 23rd, 1837.
[4] December 20th, 1837.

weeks he has been entirely engrossed by Newmarket, with the same mixed feelings of disgust at the nature of the occupation and satisfaction at the success attending it. In fact he had won £2,000 and was rapidly acquiring the means of paying off his debts.[1] In 1843, after writing nothing in his journal for a long time—"and for the old reason, the Derby and the race-course"—he feels utterly ashamed of the occupation—so ashamed that his mind abhors the idea of writing about it—and yet so strong is the habit, such a lingering lurking pleasure does he find in it . . . that he cannot give it entirely up.[2] Two years later his horse Alarm is first favourite for the Derby, and Greville stands to win £20,000 on the race, but as the result of a deplorable accident at the start, his horse is beaten, and instead of winning money that would have enabled him to quit office and be his own master he incurs a heavy loss.[3] It is true that next year, when the same horse wins the Emperor's Cup at Ascot, he manages to make a little over £2,000, and has "a moment of excitement and joy"; but there returns the undying consciousness of the unworthiness of the occupation, filling his thoughts, hopes and wishes to the exclusion of all other objects.

"All this is very bad and unworthy of a reasonable creature. I ought to throw off these trammels and abandon a pursuit so replete with moral mischief to me." [4]

Gradually, however, his self-reproaches diminish. In 1851, at the age of fifty-seven, he records almost without comment that while he has been too much occupied in his Derby concerns to trouble himself about anything else, he has at least been occupied to some purpose, "for I won the largest sum I ever did win in any race"—it was, in fact, £14,000—and four years later, when he has sold all his horses and is "almost off the Turf," there is no note of triumph at his moral victory. On the contrary, his chief

[1] May 7th, 1838.
[2] June 6th, 1843.
[3] June 16th, 1845.
[4] June 14th, 1846.

regret is that he has not kept any memoranda of his Turf life; for he had known many odd characters, and lived with men of whom it would have been interesting to preserve some record.[1] Even to the end of his life he continued to attend the principal race-meetings—it was, as his brother Henry remarked, an occupation which he was sure never to give up[2]—and in one of the last entries of the journal Greville records the fact that Epsom had engaged " all his attention " last week, and he could not find time to notice the debate on the Paper Duties.[3]

The Writing of the Journal

But for the best part of forty years, in spite of the distractions of the Turf, the pile of red copy-books containing his journal had steadily increased. He had begun it quite casually in the year before Waterloo, when he was barely twenty years old and was acting as private secretary to Lord Bathurst—to whose neglect of him he afterwards attributed the beginning of his idle and dissipated habits —and after continuing it for a little more than a year, and filling one book, had dropped it entirely. It was his first attempt at journalising—" mere trash," so it seemed to him many years later, when he read it through, and hardly worth preserving. Four years afterwards, however, he starts again; it might be interesting, he thinks, to preserve a few particulars of the celebrated men he meets, and during the next four years keeps up a brisk and fairly continuous record of his comings and goings, of the great houses where he stays; describes the parties at Oatlands—that strange residence of Royalty, with its vast numbers of monkeys and parrots, the worst managed establishment

[1] October 29th, 1855.
[2] *Diary of Henry Greville*, January 10th, 1859.
[3] May 28th, 1860.

in England, where the Duke of York, its owner, heir-presumptive to the throne and the only one of the English princes with the feelings of an English gentleman, would sit up half the night playing whist for "fives and ponies," as long as anyone could be found to play with him; describes, too, some assemblies of a more serious kind at Holland House and the Misses Berry's, and a few public events, such as the trial of Queen Caroline, which Greville watches with close attention. But already, in 1823, this second attempt has begun to languish; the entries become for a while very irregular and not very interesting, then cease entirely. For two years he writes nothing, for a third very little, and it is not till 1827, when he is nearly thirty-three, that the journal in its final form—the great political journal that was to secure him immortality, though Greville himself would never know it—comes into being.

At the beginning of that year two important events had occurred. The condition of the Duke of York had long been hopeless. He was worn out by the irregularities of his life and by his pernicious habit of never going to bed at night; and one day, early in January, Greville, who had so long been "the minister and associate of his pleasures," and had listened so patiently to his rambling talk, was called into his room to see him sitting, as he had so often seen him before, dressed in his grey dressing-gown, his head leaning on the side of his chair, and his hands lying before him as if in a deep and quiet sleep; but it was a sleep from which, in this world at least, he would never awake. Three weeks later another figure, hardly less remarkable, was withdrawn from the world. Lord Liverpool, who for nearly fifteen years had held the office of Prime Minister, was struck down by a paralytic attack. He was probably the dullest man who ever held high office; but he had contrived with extraordinary success, perhaps by his very dullness, to keep his party together and maintain the strictness of the Tory system; and his withdrawal was the signal for a transformation in

the political world as complete as that which the death of the Duke of York was to make in Greville's life. Politics suddenly became interesting, and Greville, who in his post as Clerk of the Council was well placed for observation, begins to watch with close attention the ever-shifting scene. Within the next two years he is narrating with dramatic vividness the carrying of Catholic emancipation. A year later, on his return from Italy, he begins his famous description of the long struggle for Reform—a controversy in which he himself was to play a small but active part—and for nearly thirty years more, in spite of frequent discouragement, he continues to describe all the chief events of his time, until his journal becomes not only the main occupation of his life, but one of the greatest records of contemporary politics ever written.

He wrote it always, no doubt, in the hope that some parts of it would at last be published. He often refers to that posterity, more or less remote, who might some day be reading this book—what stories, what information will interest them? what facts will they wish to know? and how they will smile at things which now seem to him wonderful or important!—and sometimes proposes certain rules for his own guidance, rules which in the manner of diarists he does not always keep. He will not attempt to write an autobiography; it would not be worth while; and will not indulge in any fine feelings or confessions; he had found the feelings displayed in Madame d'Arblay's Memoirs and her mawkish sentimentality "very provoking"; nor will he tell us merely scandalous stories—unless, of course, they relate to public men, which is quite another matter—or describe the loves and friendships of the idiots of society, or record the squabbles of the Jockey Club—that was the sort of stuff with which he might fill whole volumes if he cared to do so; but he does not. Nor, again, will he spend his time in repeating the ordinary information which can be found in the newspapers. His object rather is to give us some

insight into the inner workings of politics; to describe impartially the characters of the leading men, of whom at times he sees so much, and to put down any curious facts he comes across. So he records the vivid scene at the burning of the Opera House or the horrors revealed by the Cholera; the mad eccentricities of Lord Brougham, and Macaulay's brilliant talk; the sensations of a first railway journey, or the spectacle of the administration of "the chloroform." But, in fact of course, he writes because he enjoys it, because he cannot help it, because he is so deeply interested in the drama of life—a drama in which he himself, perhaps, if his education had been a little different, might have played a considerable part.

To some of his contemporaries, indeed, it seemed that Greville, with his passion for politics and his keen insight into character—he had almost as good an eye for a man as he had for a horse—had missed his vocation. He ought to have been a statesman, said his particular friend, Henry Taylor—himself a poet and civil servant—he might well have become a great Prime Minister; and even Gladstone, who was never given to excessive praise, speaks of Greville as a man who in more favourable circumstances "might not improbably have turned to the profession of politics, and left some mark on the course of public affairs." [1] Occasionally, too, though very rarely, you may detect in Greville himself the same idea:

"Yesterday there was a dinner at Lord Lansdowne's to name the sheriffs," so he writes in 1831, "and there was I in attendance on my old schoolfellows and associates, Richmond, Darham, Graham, all great men now!"

But as a rule he accepts quite cheerfully—except now and then on his birthdays—the rôle of spectator which fate had assigned him, and is never so happy, you feel, as when at the end of the day he sets himself to record in his easy,

[1] *English Historical Review*, April, 1887.

clear handwriting, some talk at Holland House, to give us an impression of Melbourne with his lazy, listening air and his "love of dashing opinions," or to analyse with severe impartiality the character of one of his friends. Even his reaction against the Turf was perhaps mainly due to the fact that it interfered so much with the writing of his journal.

But he is continually pursued by a haunting doubt: was the writing of it really worth while?

Already in 1832, only a few months after his brilliant description of the Reform controversy, he finds his journal becoming "intolerably stupid" and entirely barren of events;[1] but what is he to make, he asks, as he thinks of his racing acquaintances, of such animals as he herds with? In 1840,[2] at the age of forty-six, he suffers from an unaccountable repugnance, which daily grows stronger, to continue the task of journalising—he is paralysed by the disgust he feels at it—and three years later,[3] has serious thoughts of giving it up altogether. It has been, no doubt, at times a brisk amusement to him, but he feels that it is neither one thing nor another and not worth the trouble of continuing. Two years after this,[4] at the age of fifty-one, he records his sad conviction that most of it will never be worth reading.

"This acknowledgment, fully and sincerely made, must be taken once for all as an excuse for anyone who may hereafter look into this book, and to the observation they will not fail to make what vapid and useless stuff all this is, they may consider my voice as replying from the grave: I know it is."

Still, he continues it, though "languidly and dully," continues it indeed for fifteen more years, and within a few months of this acknowledgment is absorbed in record-

[1] October 12th, 1832.
[2] August 13th, 1840.
[3] May 7th, 1843.
[4] August 7th, 1845.

ing the struggle over the Corn Laws—one of the most vivid chapters in the book. At last, in November, 1860, he takes his pen in hand to record his determination to bring this journal (which is no journal at all) to an end.

Publication

And then, just before his death in January, 1865, he has a conversation with his brother Henry on the subject —the last he would ever have. He did not think, he said, that he should live long; he felt he might die any day, and had made up his mind to consign his diary to Henry Reeve, who would examine it and see what part of it might ever be published.

"He showed me," his brother continues, "the place where it was kept, said there were ninety books of it, that it was almost entirely political, and the greater part of it he believed to be worthless, but that it contained some things which hereafter would be curious and entertaining. He spoke of all this without emotion but evidently with a strong impression (which, alas! I cannot but share) that he is in a critical state." [1]

A few days later, when his servant went to call him at the usual hour, he found him lying dead, having evidently passed away in his sleep.

From all quarters and all classes expressions of sympathy were received; the Queen herself sent a message of condolence "speaking with peculiar kindness of Charles."

It was a kindness, however, that was not destined to continue. In 1874, when the first part of the book containing the Journals of the reigns of George IV and William IV appears, she writes to her Prime Minister to say how *horrified* and *indignant* she is at this dreadful and really scandalous book of Mr. C. Greville's. . . .

[1] *Diary of Henry Greville*, January 13th, 1865.

"Its indiscretion, indelicacy, ingratitude towards friends, betrayal of confidence and shameful disloyalty towards his Sovereign make it *very important* that the book should be severely censured and discredited. The tone in which it speaks of Royalty is unlike anything which one sees in history even of people hundreds of years ago, and is most reprehensible."

Disraeli replies: "Your Majesty's critique on the Greville publication ought to be printed. It condenses the whole case. . . . The book is a social outrage. . . ." But few publications, we are told, have been received with greater interest by the public; five large editions were sold in less than a year, and the demand in America was as great as in England.[1]

In 1887, when the last instalment had appeared, completing the eight volumes of Reeve's edition, it was Gladstone himself—"half-dead, broken-down, tempest-tossed Gladstone" as the Journal had once described him, but now happily restored to life—who wrote, in his ample rhetorical manner, one of the most interesting of the reviews:[2]

"There can be no doubt," he said, "as to Greville's most conspicuous gift. It is a power of drawing characters with ease, with life, with a fullness never diffuse, and a fairness hardly ever at fault and sometimes conspicuous. . . . The time may come when interest in the general contents of the eight volumes will languish; but it may even then remain a question whether the characters of noteworthy persons might not deserve to be extracted and separately published."

And perhaps it may appear to those who read this book that not only the characters of noteworthy persons, but some other parts also of the great Journal deserved to be republished.

[1] Article in *Ency. Britt.*
[2] In the *English Historical Review.*

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LEAVES FROM THE GREVILLE DIARY

CHAPTER I

THE EARLY YEARS
(1818-30)

1818

I BEGAN to keep a Journal some time ago, and, after continuing it irregularly, dropped it entirely. I have since felt tempted to resume it, because, having frequent opportunities of mixing in the society of celebrated men, some particulars about them might be interesting hereafter.

June 7th.—The dissolution of Parliament is deferred on account of the mistakes which have been made in passing the Alien Bill. On Friday night the exultation of the Opposition was very great at what they deemed a victory over the Ministers. It is said that there will be 100 contests, and that Government will lose twenty or thirty members. The Queen was so ill on Friday evening that they expected she would die. She had a severe spasm.[1]

The Regent drives in the Park every day in a tilbury, with his groom sitting by his side; grave men are shocked at this undignified practice.

June 21st.—I dined at Holland House last Thursday. The party consisted of Lord Lansdowne, Mr. Frere, and Mrs. Tierney and her son. After dinner Mr. Frere

[1] Queen Charlotte, wife of George III. She recovered but died five months later.

repeated to us a great deal of that part of "Whistlecraft" which is not yet published. I laughed whenever I could, but as I have never read the first part, and did not understand the second, I was not so much amused as the rest of the company.

On Friday I went to the Stud-house, where a great party was assembled to see the stock and buy them. After visiting the paddocks, Bloomfield[1] gave a magnificent dinner to the company in a tent near the house; it was the finest feast I ever saw, but the badness of the weather spoilt the entertainment.

The Queen's illness was occasioned by information which she received of the Duchesses of Cumberland[2] and Cambridge having met and embraced. This meeting took place as if by accident, but really by appointment, in Kew Gardens; and the Duke of Cambridge himself informed the Queen of it. She was in such a rage that the spasm was brought on, and she was very near dying.

June 24th.—The elections are carried on with great violence, and every day we hear of fresh contests being in agitation. The disgraceful scenes which have taken place in Westminster excite universal shame and indignation. The mob seem to have shaken off the feelings and the usual character of Englishmen, and in the brutal attacks which they have made on Captain Maxwell[3] have displayed the savage ferocity which marked the mobs of Paris in the worst times. He has been so much hurt that his life is now in danger. Sir F. Burdett[4] told me this morning that as soon as he was at the head of the poll he thought he should appear upon the hustings and thank the people for having raised him thus high. It is supposed that

[1] Equerry to the Regent. The Stud-house at Hampton Court had been given him as a residence.

[2] As the Duchess of Cumberland had been divorced from her last husband, the Queen received her with great coldness.

[3] Sir Murray Maxwell, the Tory candidate; a naval captain and explorer.

[4] Sir Francis Burdett, a rich Radical and man of fashion; had married Miss Coutts, the banker's daughter.

Burdett has laid out 10,000*l.* on this election, though his friends do not acknowledge that he has spent anything. It is clear that the open houses, cockades, and bands of music we have seen these three days were not procured for nothing.

Lord Castlereagh went to the hustings, and voted for Sir Murray Maxwell; he was hooted, pelted, and got off with some difficulty. His Lordship's judgment was not very conspicuous on this occasion; both Sir Murray's friends and enemies are of opinion that Lord Castlereagh's vote did him a great deal of harm and turned many men against him.

August 4th.—I went to Oatlands[1] on Saturday. There was a very large party—Mr. and Mrs. Burrell, Lord Alvanley, Berkeley Craven, Cooke, Arthur Upton, Armstrong, Foley, Lord Lauderdale, Lake, Page, Lord Yarmouth. We played at whist till four in the morning. On Sunday we amused ourselves with eating fruit in the garden, and shooting at a mark with pistols, and playing with the monkeys. I bathed in the cold bath in the grotto, which is as clear as crystal and as cold as ice. Oatlands is the worst managed establishment in England; there are a great many servants, and nobody waits on you; a vast number of horses, and none to ride or drive.

August 15th.—The parties at Oatlands take place every Saturday, and the guests go away on Monday morning. These parties begin as soon as the Duchess leaves London, and last till the October meetings. There are almost always the same people, sometimes more, sometimes less. We dine at eight and sit at table till eleven. In about a quarter of an hour after we leave the dining-room the Duke sits down to play at whist, and never stirs from the table as long as anybody will play with him. When anybody gives any hint of being tired he will leave off, but if he sees no signs of weariness in others he will

[1] Oatlands Park, Weybridge, the residence of the Duke of York, second son of George III.

never stop himself. He is equally well amused whether the play is high or low, but the stake he prefers is fives and ponies.[1] The Duchess of York is clever and well-informed; she likes society and dislikes all form and ceremony, but in the midst of the most familiar intercourse she always preserves a certain dignity of manner. Her mind is not perhaps the most delicate; she shows no dislike to coarseness of sentiment or language, and I have seen her very much amused with jokes, stories, and allusions which would shock a very nice person. But her own conversation is never polluted with anything the least indelicate or unbecoming. She is very sensible to little attentions, and is annoyed if anybody appears to keep aloof from her or to shun conversing with her. Her dogs are her greatest interest and amusement, and she has at least forty of various kinds. She is delighted when anybody gives her a dog, or a monkey, or a parrot, of all of which she has a vast number. She has always lived on good terms with the Royal Family, but is intimate with none of them, and goes as little as possible to Court. The Regent dislikes her, and she him. With the Princess Charlotte she was latterly very intimate, spent a great deal of time at Claremont, and felt her death very severely. The Duchess has no taste for splendour or magnificence, and likes to live the life of a private individual as much as possible.

The Duke of York is not clever, but he has a justness of understanding, which enables him to avoid the errors into which most of his brothers have fallen, and which have made them so contemptible and unpopular. He is the only one of the Princes who has the feelings of an English gentleman; his amiable disposition and excellent temper have conciliated for him the esteem and regard of men of all parties, and he has endeared himself to his friends by the warmth and steadiness of his attachments, and from the implicit confidence they all have in his

[1] Five-pound points and twenty-five pounds on the rubber.

truth, straightforwardness, and sincerity. He delights in the society of men of the world and in a life of gaiety and pleasure. He is very easily amused, and particularly with jokes full of coarseness and indelicacy; the men with whom he lives most are *très-polissons,* and *la polissonnerie* is the *ton* of his society. But his aides-de-camp and friends, while they do not scruple to say everything before and to him, always treat him with attention and respect.

September 3rd.—I went to Oatlands for the Egham races. The party lasted more than a week; there was a great number of people, and it was very agreeable. Erskine was extremely mad; he read me some of his verses, and we had a dispute upon religious subjects one morning, which he finished by declaring his entire disbelief in the Mosaic history. We played at whist every night that the Duke was there, and I always won. The Duchess was unwell most of the time. We showed her a *galanterie* which pleased her very much. She produced a picture of herself one evening, which she said she was going to send to the Duchess of Orleans; we all cried out, said it was bad, and asked her why she did not let Lawrence paint her picture, and send a miniature copied from that. She declared she could not afford it; we then said, if she would sit, we would pay for the picture, which she consented to do, when all the men present signed a paper, desiring that a picture should be painted and a print taken from it of her Royal Highness. Lawrence is to be invited to Oatlands at Christmas to paint the picture. The men who subscribe are Culling Smith, Alvanley, B. Craven, Worcester, Armstrong, A. Upton, Rogers, Luttrell, and myself, who were present. The Duchess desired that Greenwood and Taylor might be added. From Oatlands I went to Cirencester[1] where I stayed a week and then returned to Oatlands, expecting to find the Queen dead and the house empty, but I found the party still there.

[1] Cirencester Park, the residence of Lord Bathurst, to whom Greville in 1812 became private secretary.

September 9th.—Lord Holland was talking to Mr. Fox the day after the debate on the war (after the Peace of Amiens) about public speakers, and mentioned Sheridan's speech on the Begums. Fox said, "You may rest assured that that speech was the finest that ever was made in Parliament." Lord Holland said, "It is very well of you to say so, but I think your speech last night was a pretty good one." Fox said, "And that was a devilish fine speech too."

Teddesley, November 30th.—I went to Tixall [1] on Tuesday, the 10th of November. There were Luttrell, Nugent, Montagu, Granville Somerset (who went away the next day), and afterwards Granville Vernon, Wilmot, and Mr. Donald. I never remember so agreeable a party—"le bon goût, les ris, l'aimable liberté." Everybody was pleased because each did what he pleased, and the tone of the society was gay, simple and clever.

It is hardly possible to live with a more agreeable man than Luttrell.[2] He is difficult to please, but when pleased and in good spirits, full of vivacity. A sceptic in religion, and by no means austere in morals, he views with indulgence all faults except those which are committed against society, but he looks upon a bore with unconcealed aversion. Detesting the importance and the superiority which are assumed by those who have only riches or rank to boast of, he delights in London, where such men find their proper level, and where genius and ability always maintain an ascendancy over pomp, vanity, and the adventitious circumstances of birth or position. Born in mystery, he has always shrouded himself in a secrecy which none of his acquaintance have ever endeavoured to penetrate. Standing thus alone in the world, he derives but little of his happiness from others; and he seems to delight in the independence of his feelings as well as of

[1] Tixall, a house in Staffordshire, belonging at this time to Lord and Lady Granville.

[2] Henry Luttrell, a writer of satirical verse, and one of the best known talkers of his day; believed to be a natural son of Lord Carhampton.

his situation. He is very witty and says excellent things, brilliant in general society and pleasant in *tête-à-tête*. Many men infinitely less clever *converse* more agreeably than he does, because he is too epigrammatic, and has accustomed himself so much to make brilliant observations that he cannot easily descend to quiet, unlaboured talk. This only applies to him when in general society; when alone with another person he talks as agreeably as possible.

Lady Granville[1] has a great deal of genial humour, strong feelings, enthusiasm, delicacy, refinement, good taste, *naïveté* which just misses being affectation, and a *bonhomie* which extends to all around her.

Nothing could exceed the agreeableness of the life we led at Tixall. We breakfasted about twelve or later, dined at seven, played at whist and macao the whole evening, and went to bed at different hours between two and four. Littleton was the greatest winner and Lord Granville the loser. I wrote a description of the macao in verse:

MACAO

The solemn chime from out the ancient tower[2]
Invites to Macao at th' accustomed hour.
The welcome summons heard, around the board
Each takes his seat and counts his iv'ry hoard.
'Tis strange to see how in the early rounds
The cautious punters risk their single pounds,
Till, fired with generous rage, they double stake
And offer more than prudent dealers take.
My Lady[3] through her glass with keen delight
Observes the brisk beginnings of the fight;
To some propitious, but to me unkind,
With candour owns the bias of her mind,
And asks of Fortune the severe decree
T' enrich the happy Skew,[4] to ruin me.

[1] Henrietta Elizabeth, daughter of William, fifth Duke of Devonshire, and a cousin of Greville, was married in 1809 to Lord Granville Leveson Gower, created Viscount Granville in 1815.

[2] A clock tower.
[3] Lady Granville.
[4] E. Montagu. We gave him this nickname.

} The author's notes.

The fickle Goddess heard one-half the prayer,
The rest was melted into empty air;
For while she smiled complacent on the Skew,
On me she shed some trifling favours too.
Sure Granville's luck exceeds all other men's
Led through a sad variety of tens;[1]
The rest have sometimes eights and nines, but he
Is always followed by " the jolly three ";[2]
But the great Skew some guardian sylph protects,
His judgment governs, and his hand directs
When to refrain, when boldly to put in
And catch with happy nine the wayward pin.[3]

The next morning Luttrell came down with a whole paper full of epigrams (I had been winning at macao, and had turned up five nines in my deal):

Why should we wonder if in Greville's verses
Each thought so brilliant and each line so terse is?
For surely he in poetry must shine
Who is, we know, so favoured by the nine.[4]

THE JOLLY TENS

Quoth Greville, " The commandments are divine;
But as they're ten, I lay them on the shelf:
O could they change their number and be nine,
I'd keep them all, and keep them to myself! "

Thus we trifled life away.

1819

January 17th.—I went to Burleigh on December 23rd; there was no one there but Irby. The house disappointed me very much, but it is a very fine showplace. I went away on the 27th to Middleton;[5] there were the Culling Smiths, Worcesters, Sir James Mackintosh, Ossulstons, Nugent, etc.; it was very agreeable, and the house extremely comfortable. Lady Jersey[6] is an extraordinary

[1] Tens, ruinous at macao.
[2] Tens.
[3] The middle pin, a large gain.
[4] *Nines* are the grand desiderata at macao.
} The author's notes.
[5] The house of Lord Jersey, near Oxford.
[6] For many years principal mistress to George IV when Prince of Wales, who, however, was not her only lover.

woman, and has many good qualities; surrounded as she is by flatterers and admirers, she is neither proud nor conceited. She is full of vivacity, spirit, and good nature, but the wide range of her sympathies and affections proves that she has more general benevolence than particular sensibility in her character. She performs all the ordinary duties of life with great correctness, because her heart is naturally good; and she is, perhaps, from her temperament exposed to fewer temptations than the generality of her sex.

I went from Middleton to Oatlands. The Duke was not there. We had the Smiths, Worcesters, Alvanley, Stanhope, Rogers, Luttrell, George Dawson, Lord Lauderdale, etc. Lord Erskine was ill, and Lord Lauderdale was taking care of him. The house was very uncomfortable, and the room I was in small, noisy, and inconvenient.

January 28th.—I went to Gorhambury on the 24th to shoot. The Duke of York was there. We should have had a brilliant *chasse,* but it rained. We went out at three and killed 105 pheasants.

There has been some skirmishing in the House of Commons, particularly the night before last, on Dr. Halloran's petition, when the Opposition (Bennet *duce*) got completely beaten. Many of the new members have spoken, but Mr. Lawson, a *soi-disant* wit, and Sir R. Wilson have failed lamentably. It is odd enough that Wilson made a reply to an attack which Cobbett had inserted in one of his papers upon him. Cobbett said that he would make a silly speech in Parliament and destroy himself, and it is just what he did.

January 31st.—I dined with Lady Bathurst yesterday. We talked of the approaching contests in Parliament, and she said that she felt more apprehensive now than ever she had done for the safety of the Government, that it was impossible for Ministers to stay in if they were defeated, as they had occasionally been in the last Parliament, and

that if they were defeated she should attribute it all to Vansittart,[1] who is a millstone about their necks. I asked why they did not get rid of him, and she said that it was from good-nature; they had scruples about telling him he was inefficient and must resign. She said that Canning's conduct had been so good towards them, they were very anxious to put him in some more considerable office.

February 3rd.—I went with Bouverie to Newmarket on Monday to look at the horses. On Wednesday I came to town and went on to Oatlands. Madame de Lieven[2] was there. This woman is excessively clever, and when she chooses brilliantly agreeable. She is beyond all people fastidious. She is equally conscious of her own superiority and the inferiority of other people, and the contempt she has for the understandings of the generality of her acquaintance has made her indifferent to please and incapable of taking any delight in general society. Her manners are very dignified and graceful, and she is extremely accomplished. She sometimes endeavours to assume popular and gracious manners, but she does this languidly and awkwardly, because it is done with an effort. She carries *ennui* to such a pitch that even in the society of her most intimate friends she frequently owns that she is bored to death. She writes memoirs, or rather a journal, of all that falls under her observation. She is so clever, has so much imagination and penetration, that they must be very entertaining.

February 10th.—Wilberforce[3] made a speech last night which reminded one of the better days of the

[1] Henry Vansittart, Chancellor of the Exchequer, afterwards Lord Beatey. Had already held the office for nearly seven years, and continued to hold it for four years more. Rather a tenacious millstone.

[2] She became afterwards one of C. G.'s greatest friends, and towards the end of her life his regular correspondent. She died in January, 1857.

[3] *William Wilberforce*, the well-known philanthropist and leader of the anti-slavery movement.

House of Commons. He presented a petition from the Quakers against the Criminal Code, and introduced a compliment to Romilly.

February 14th.—George Lamb has been proposed in opposition to Hobhouse.[1] The latter drew this opposition upon himself by his speech, and still more by the reports of his Committee, in which they abused the Whigs in unmeasured terms. Lambton went to Hobhouse and asked him if he would disavow the abuse of Lord Grey, which his Committee had inserted in the document they printed; he refused, on which the opposition was determined upon and begun. It is generally supposed that Lamb will win.

February 18th.—Yesterday Lamb was only seven behind Hobhouse on the poll; everybody thinks he is sure to win, even if Burdett should come forward with money. The day before there was great uproar and much abuse on the hustings. Burdett made a shameful speech full of blasphemy and Jacobinism, but he seems to have lost his popularity in a great measure even with the blackguards of Westminster. Hobhouse yesterday was long and dull; he did not speak like a clever man, and if the people would have heard Lamb, and he has any dexterity in reply, he must have crushed him—it was so answerable a speech.

I went to the Berrys[2] in the evening, where the blues and the wits were assembled; as Sydney Smith said, "the conversation raged," but there was nothing remarkably entertaining.

February 25th.—The debate on the 10,000*l.* to the Duke of York on Monday produced four very good

[1] *Sir John Cam Hobhouse,* the friend and correspondent of Byron—"my boy Hobby-ho"—was standing as the Radical candidate. The Hon. George Lamb, brother to the William Lamb who afterwards became Lord Melbourne, was put forward by the Whigs, and elected.

[2] Miss Mary and Miss Agnes Berry, who in their youth had been friends of Horace Walpole, and whose *salon* at 8 Curzon Street was frequented, it was said, by "the best company in London." There is a further account of them in Chapter V.

speeches—Peel and the Solicitor-General on one part, and Tierney[1] and Scarlett[2] on the other. This latter spoke for the first time, and in reply to the two former. The Opposition came to Brooks's full of admiration of his speech, which is said to be the best *first speech* that ever was made in the House of Commons. I, who hear all parties and care for none, have been amused with the different accounts of the debate; one man says Peel's speech was the best of the night and the finest that has been made in the House for a length of time; another prefers the Solicitor-General's; then on the other side it is said that Tierney was excellent, Mr. Scarlett beyond all praise. The friends of Government allow great merit to the two latter speakers, but declare that Peel was unanswerable, besides having been beautifully eloquent, and that Scarlett's speech was a fallacy from beginning to end. Again I am told Peel was not good; his was a speech for effect, evidently prepared, showy, but not argumentative; Scarlett triumphantly refuted all his reasoning. Thus it is that a fair judgment is never formed upon any question; the spirit of party influences every man's opinions.

March 5th.—George Lamb was to have been chaired on the day he was elected, but the mob was outrageous and would not suffer it. They broke into his committee room, and he and McDonald were forced to creep out of a two pair of stairs window into the churchyard. His partisans, who assembled on horseback, were attacked and pelted, and forced to retreat after receiving many hard knocks. In the evening the mob paraded the town, and broke the windows of Lord Castlereagh's and Lord Sefton's houses.

[1] *George Tierney*, a leading Whig politician, who for a short time during the French wars, after the withdrawal of Fox and his friends, had been leader of the Whig Opposition, and fought a duel with Pitt.

[2] A young Whig barrister, who afterwards became a Tory, and was made Lord Abinger.

The other night Sir James Mackintosh[1] made a splendid speech on the Criminal Laws; it was temperate and eloquent, and excited universal admiration. The Ministerial party spoke as highly of it as the Opposition themselves. Last night Canning moved the thanks to Lord Hastings, and they say it was the finest speech he ever made, in the best taste, the clearest narrative, and the most beautiful language.

June 12th.—I have been at Oatlands for the Ascot party. On the course I did nothing. Ever since the Derby ill fortune has pursued me, and I cannot win anywhere. Play is a detestable occupation; it absorbs all our thoughts and renders us unfit for everything else in life. It is hurtful to the mind and destroys the better feelings; it incapacitates us for study and application of every sort; it makes us thoughtful and nervous; and our cheerfulness depends upon the uncertain event of our nightly occupation. How anyone can play who is not in want of money I cannot comprehend; surely his mind must be strangely framed who requires the stimulus of gambling to heighten his pleasures. Some indeed may have become attached to gaming from habit, and may not wish to throw off the habit from the difficulty of finding fresh employment for the mind at an advanced period of life. Some may be unfitted by nature or taste for society, and for such gaming may have a powerful attraction. The mind is excited; at the gaming-table all men are equal; no superiority of birth, accomplishments, or ability avail here; great noblemen, merchants, orators, jockeys, statesmen, and idlers are thrown together in levelling confusion; the only pre-eminence is that of success, the only superiority that of temper. But why does a man play who is blessed with

[1] Historian, philosopher and politician, a man of extraordinary learning and ability, who afterwards became the object of C. G.'s enthusiastic admiration. Mackintosh's speech was in support of a motion which he carried against the Government for the appointment of a Committee on Capital Punishment.

fortune, endowed with understanding, and adorned with accomplishments which might ensure his success in any pursuit which taste or fancy might incite him to follow? It is contrary to reason, but we see such instances every day.

June 25th.—The Persian Ambassador has had a quarrel with the Court. He wanted to have precedence over all other Ambassadors, and because this was not allowed he was affronted and would not go to Court. This mark of disrespect was resented, and it was signified to him that his presence would be dispensed with at Carlton House, and that the Ministers could no longer receive him at their houses. On Sunday last the Regent went to Lady Salisbury's, where he met the Persian, who, finding he had given offence, had made a sort of apology, and said that illness had prevented him from going to Court. The Regent came up to him and said, "Well, my good friend, how are you? I hope you are better?" He said, "Oh, sir, I am very well, but I am very sorry I offended your Royal Highness by not going to Court. Now, sir, my Sovereign he tell me to go first, and your Congress, about which I know nothing, say I must go last; now this very bad for me (pointing to his head) when I go back to Persia." The Regent said, "Well, my good friend, never mind it now; it does not signify." He answered, "Oh yes, sir; but your Royal Highness still angry with me, and you have not asked me to your party to-morrow night." The Regent laughed and said, "I was only going to have a few children to dance, but if you like to come I shall be very happy to see you." Accordingly he went to Carlton House, and they are very good friends again.

August 30th.—I am just returned from Oatlands; we had an immense party, the most numerous ever known there. The Duchess wished it to have been prolonged, but there were no funds. The distress they are in is inconceivable. When the Duchess came down there was

no water in the house. She asked the reason, and was informed that the water came by pipes from St. George's Hill, which were stopped up with sand; and as the workmen were never paid, they would not clear them out. She ordered the pipes to be cleared and the bills brought to her, which was done. On Thursday there was a great distress, as the steward had no money to pay the tradespeople, and the Duke was prevailed on with great difficulty to produce a small sum for the purpose. The house is nearly in ruins.

December 24th.—The Duke of Kent gave the name of Alexandrina to his daughter[1] in compliment to the Emperor of Russia. She was to have had the name of Georgiana, but the Duke insisted upon Alexandrina being her first name. The Regent sent for Lieven and made him a great many compliments (*en le persiflant*) on the Emperor's being godfather, but informed him that the name of Georgiana could be second to no other in this country, and therefore she could not bear it at all.

1820

London, January 20th.—I went last Sunday se'nnight to Woburn. The Duke of York, Duke of Wellington, Lievens, Jerseys, Worcesters, Tavistocks, Mr. Russell, Lady Sandwich, Alvanley, C. Smith, Huntleys, Frederick Ponsonby, Lauderdale, and others were there. The house, place, establishment, and manner of living are magnificent. The *chasse* was brilliant; in five days we killed 835 pheasants, 645 hares, 59 rabbits, 10 partridges, and 5 woodcocks. The Duchess was very civil and the party very gay. I won at whist, and liked it very much.

February 4th.—I returned to Woburn on Sunday. We shot the whole week and killed an immense quantity of game; the last two days we killed 245 and 296

[1] Afterwards Queen Victoria, born May 24th, 1819.

pheasants, 322 and 431 head. On Sunday last arrived the news of the King's death.[1] The new King has been desperately ill. He had a bad cold at Brighton, for which he lost eighty ounces of blood; yet he afterwards had a severe oppression, amounting almost to suffocation, on his chest. Halford was gone to Windsor, and left orders with Knighton not to bleed him again till his return. Knighton was afraid to bleed him. Bloomfield sent for Tierney,[2] who took upon himself to take fifty ounces from him. This gave him relief; he continued, however, dangerously ill, and on Wednesday he lost twenty ounces more. Yesterday afternoon he was materially better for the first time. Tierney certainly saved his life, for he must have died if he had not been blooded. Brougham sent a courier to the Queen immediately after the late King's death, and gave notice at Carlton House that he had applied for a passport for a courier to her Majesty the Queen.

February 14th.—The Cabinet sat till past two o'clock this morning. The King refused several times to order the Queen to be prayed for in the alteration which was made in the Liturgy. The Ministers wished him to suffer it to be done, but he peremptorily refused, and said nothing should induce him to consent, whoever might ask him. Lord Harrowby told me this last night.

February 24th.—The plot[3] which has been detected had for its object the destruction of the Cabinet Ministers, and the chief actor in the conspiracy was Arthur Thistlewood. I was at Lady Harrowby's last night, and about half-past one o'clock Lord Harrowby came in and told us the following particulars:—A plot has been in agitation for some time past, of the existence of which, the names and

[1] George III died on January 29th, 1820.

[2] Sir Matthew Tierney, one of his Majesty's physicians.

[3] The Cato Street Conspiracy, following the passing of the Six Acts, was probably far more serious, as indicating the disaffection and widespread distress of this period, than C. G. supposed; but Lord Harrowby, as a Minister, would be inclined, of course, to make light of it.

numbers of the men concerned, and of all particulars concerning their plans, Government has been perfectly well informed. The conspirators had intended to execute their design about last Christmas at a Cabinet dinner at Lord Westmorland's, but for some reason they were unable to do so and deferred it. At length Government received information that they were to assemble to the number of from twenty to thirty at a house in Cato Street, Edgware Road, and that they had resolved to execute their purpose last night, when the Cabinet would be at dinner at Lord Harrowby's. Dinner was ordered as usual. Men had been observed watching the house, both in front and rear, during the whole afternoon. It was believed that nine o'clock was the hour fixed upon for the assault to be made. The Ministers who were expected at dinner remained at Fife House, and at eight o'clock Mr. Birnie with twelve constables was despatched to Cato Street to apprehend the conspirators. Thirty-five foot guards were ordered to support the police force. The constables arrived upon the spot a few moments before the soldiers, and suspecting that the conspirators had received intimation of the discovery of their plot, and were in consequence preparing to escape, they did not wait for the soldiers, but went immediately to the house. A man armed with a musket was standing sentry, whom they secured. They then ascended a narrow staircase which led to the room in which the gang were assembled, and burst the door open. The first man who entered was shot in the head, but was only wounded; he who followed was stabbed by Thistlewood and killed. The conspirators then with their swords put out the lights and attempted to escape. By this time the soldiers had arrived. Nine men were taken prisoners; Thistlewood and the rest escaped.

March 1st.—Thistlewood was taken the morning after the affair in Cato Street. It was the intention of these men to have fired a rocket from Lord Harrowby's house

as soon as they had completed their work of destruction; this was to have been the signal for the rising of their friends. An oil shop was to have been set on fire to increase the confusion and collect a mob; then the Bank was to have been attacked and the gates of Newgate thrown open. The heads of the Ministers were to have been cut off and put in a sack which was prepared for that purpose. These are great projects, but it does not appear they were ever in force sufficient to put them in execution, and the mob (even if the mob had espoused their cause, which seems doubtful), though very dangerous in creating confusion and making havoc, are quite inefficient for a regular operation.

June 4th.—I went to Oatlands on Tuesday. The Duchess continues very ill; she is not expected to recover. The King was at Ascot every day; he generally rode on the course, and the ladies came in carriages. One day they all rode. He was always cheered by the mob as he went away. One day only a man in the crowd called out, "Where's the Queen?"

June 7th.—The Queen arrived in London yesterday at seven o'clock. I rode as far as Greenwich to meet her. The road was thronged with an immense multitude the whole way from Westminster Bridge to Greenwich. Carriages, carts, and horsemen followed, preceded, and surrounded her coach the whole way. She was everywhere received with the greatest enthusiasm. Women waved pocket handkerchiefs, and men shouted wherever she passed. She travelled in an open landau, Alderman Wood sitting by her side and Lady Ann Hamilton and another woman opposite. Everybody was disgusted at the vulgarity of Wood in sitting in the place of honour, while the Duke of Hamilton's sister was sitting backwards in the carriage. The Queen looked exactly as she did before she left England, and seemed neither dispirited nor dismayed. As she passed by White's she bowed and smiled to the

men who were in the window. It is impossible to conceive the sensation created by this event. Nobody either blames or approves of her sudden return, but all ask, "What will be done next? How is it to end?" The King in the meantime is in excellent spirits, and the Ministers affect the greatest unconcern and talk of the time it will take to pass the Bills to "settle her business." "Her business," as they call it, will in all probability raise such a tempest as they will find it beyond their powers to appease; and for all his Majesty's unconcern the day of her arrival in England may be such an anniversary to him as he will have no cause to celebrate with much rejoicing.

June 9th.—The mob have been breaking windows in all parts of the town and pelting those who would not take off their hats as they passed Wood's door. Last night Lord Exmouth's house was assaulted and his windows broken, when he rushed out armed with sword and pistol and drove away the mob. Frederick Ponsonby saw him. Great sums of money have been won and lost on the Queen's return, for there was much betting at the clubs. The alderman showed a specimen of his taste as he came into London; when the Queen's coach passed Carlton House he stood up and gave three cheers.

It is odd enough Lady Hertford's[1] windows have been broken to pieces and the frames driven in, while no assault has been made on Lady Conyngham's.[1] Somebody asked Lady Hertford "if she had been aware of the King's admiration for Lady Conyngham," and "whether he had ever talked to her about Lady C." She replied that "intimately as she had known the King, and openly as he had always talked to her upon every subject, he had never ventured to speak to her upon that of his mistresses."

June 16th.—There was some indiscipline manifested in a battalion of the 3rd Guards the day before yesterday; they were dissatisfied at the severity of their duty and at

[1] Both equally notorious as the King's mistresses.

some allowances that had been taken from them, and on coming off guard they refused to give up their ball cartridges. They were ordered off to Plymouth, and marched at four yesterday morning. Many people went from the ball at Devonshire House to see them march away. Worcester met many of them drunk at Brentford, crying out, " God save Queen Caroline! "

June 23rd.—I never remember to have seen the public curiosity so excited as on Wilberforce's motion last night.[1] Nearly 520 members voted in the House, and some went away; as many people as could gain admission attended to hear the debate. The speaking on the Opposition side was excellent, but as everybody differs in opinion with regard to the comparative merit of the speakers, it is impossible for one who was not present to form a correct judgment on the subject. The best speeches were Brougham's, Denman's, Burdett's, and Canning's. Denman's speech was admirable and, all agree, most judicious and effective for his client. Burdett's was extremely clever, particularly the first part of it. In the meantime it is doubtful whether anything is gained by the resolution carried last night.

June 25th.—The Queen's refusal to comply with the desire of the House of Commons keeps conjecture afloat and divides opinions as to the opening of the bag. The Opposition call her answer a very good one; those of the other party I have seen think it too long, and not neatly and clearly worded. Brougham declined advising her as to her answer; he told her she must be guided by her own feelings, and was herself the only person capable of judging what she had best do. The discussion of the Queen's business is now become an intolerable nuisance in society; no other subject is ever talked of. It is an incessant matter of argument and dispute what will be

[1] An address to the Queen entreating her under the assurance of the protection of her honour by the Commons, to yield the point of the insertion of her name in the Liturgy.

done and what ought to be done. All people express themselves tired of the subject, yet none talk or think of any other.

July 6th.—Since the report of the Secret Committee public opinion is entirely changed as to the result of the proceedings against the Queen. Everybody thinks the charges will be proved and that the King will be divorced. It is impossible to discover what effect the report may have in the country; it is certain hitherto that all ranks of men have been decidedly favourable to the Queen, and disbelieve the charges against her. The military in London have shown alarming symptoms of dissatisfaction, so much so that it seems doubtful how far the Guards can be counted upon in case of any disturbance arising out of this subject. Luttrell says that "the extinguisher is taking fire."

July 14th.—I have been at Newmarket, where I had the first fortunate turn this year. The conversation about the Queen begins to subside. London is drawing to a close, but in August it will be very full, as all the Peers must be here. They say the trial will last six months.

The Duchess of York died on Sunday morning of water on her chest. She was insensible the last two days. She is deeply regretted by her husband, her friends, and her servants. Probably no person in such a situation was ever more really liked. She has left 12,000*l.* to her servants and some children whom she had caused to be educated. She had arranged all her affairs with the greatest exactitude, and left nothing undone.

London, October 8th.—The town is still in an uproar about the trial,[1] and nobody has any doubt that it will finish by the Bill being thrown out and the Ministers turned out. Brougham's speech was the most magnificent

[1] The Queen's "trial" for adultery, which took the form of a Bill of Pains and Penalties, introduced into the House of Lords, and conducted like an ordinary trial, with speeches of Counsel and examination of witnesses.

display of argument and oratory that has been heard for years, and they say that the impression it made upon the House was immense; even his most violent opponents (including Lord Lonsdale) were struck with admiration and astonishment.

October 15th.—Since I came to town I have been to the trial [1] every day. I have occupied a place close to Brougham, which, besides the advantage it affords of enabling me to hear extremely well everything that passes, gives me the pleasure of talking to him and the other counsel, and puts me behind the scenes so far that I cannot help hearing all their conversation, their remarks, and learning what witnesses they are going to examine, and many other things which are interesting and amusing. Since I have been in the world I never remember any question which so exclusively occupied everybody's attention, and so completely absorbed men's thoughts and engrossed conversation. In the same degree is the violence displayed. It is taken up as a party question entirely, and the consequence is that everybody is gone mad about it. Very few people admit of any medium between pronouncing the Queen quite innocent and judging her guilty and passing the Bill. Until the evidence of Lieutenant Hownam it was generally thought that proofs of her guilt were wanting, but since his admission that Bergami slept under the tent with her all unprejudiced men seem to think the adultery sufficiently proved. The strenuous opposers of the Bill, however, by no means allow this, and make a mighty difference between sleeping dressed under a tent and being shut up at night in a room together, which the supporters of the Bill contend would have been quite or nearly the same thing. The Ministers were elated in an extraordinary manner by this evidence of Hownam's. The Duke of Wellington told Madame

[1] The trial dragged on for several weeks amidst increasing popular indignation. Ultimately the Bill had to be withdrawn before it reached the House of Commons.

de Lieven that he was very tired; " mais les grands succès fatiguent autant que les grands revers." They look upon the progress of this trial in the light of a campaign, and upon each day's proceedings as a sort of battle, and by the impression made by the evidence they consider that they have gained a victory or sustained a defeat. Their anxiety that this Bill should pass is quite inconceivable, for it cannot be their interest that it should be carried; and as for the King, they have no feeling whatever for him. The Duke of Portland told me that he conversed with the Duke of Wellington upon the subject, and urged as one of the reasons why this Bill should not pass the House of Lords the disgrace that it would entail upon the King by the recrimination that would ensue in the House of Commons. His answer was " that the King was degraded as low as he could be already."

Whersted, December 10th.—I left Woburn on Thursday night last, and got here on Friday morning. The Lievens, Worcesters, Duke of Wellington, Neumann, and Montagu were here. The Duke went away yesterday. We acted charades, which were very well done. Yesterday we went to shoot at Sir Philip Brookes'. As we went in the carriage, the Duke talked a great deal about the battle of Waterloo and different things relating to that campaign. I asked him if he thought Bonaparte had committed any fault. He said he thought he had committed a fault in attacking him in the position of Waterloo; that his object ought to have been to remove him as far as possible from the Prussian army, and that he ought consequently to have moved upon Hal, and to have attempted to penetrate by the same road by which the Duke had himself advanced.

When we arrived at Sir Philip Brookes' it rained, and we were obliged to sit in the house, when the Duke talked a great deal about Paris and different things. He said that the two invasions cost the French 100 millions sterling.

The Allies had 1,200,000 men clothed at their expense; the allowance for this was 60 francs a man. The army of occupation was entirely maintained; there were the contributions, the claims amounting to ten millions sterling. Besides this there were towns and villages destroyed and country laid waste.

1821

London, February 7th.—The King went to the play last night (Drury Lane) for the first time, the Dukes of York and Clarence and a great suite with him. He was received with immense acclamations, the whole pit standing up, hurrahing and waving their hats. The boxes were very empty at first, for the mob occupied the avenues to the theatre, and those who had engaged boxes could not get to them. The crowd on the outside was very great. Lord Hertford dropped one of the candles as he was lighting the King in, and made a great confusion in the box. The King sat in Lady Bessborough's box, which was fitted up for him. He goes to Covent Garden to-night. A few people called "The Queen," but very few. A man in the gallery called out, "Where's your wife, Georgy?"

February 11th.—I came to town from Euston[1] the end of last month. The debates were expected to be very stormy, and the minorities very large, not that anybody expected Ministers to go out. It has all ended as such anticipations usually do, in everything going off very quietly and the Government obtaining large majorities. Their Parliamentary successes and the King's reception have greatly elated them, and they think (and with reason probably) that they are likely to enjoy their places for the term of their natural lives, not that they care about the King's popularity except inasmuch as it may add strength

[1] The Duke of Grafton's.

to their Administration. They do not conceal their contempt or dislike of him, and it is one of the phenomena of the present times that the King should have Ministers whom he abuses and hates, and who entertain corresponding sentiments of aversion to him; yet they defend all his errors and follies, and he affords them constant countenance and protection. However, the King was delighted by his reception at the theatres, and told Lady Bessborough, as he came downstairs, he never was more gratified.

February 23rd.—Yesterday the Duke of York proposed to me to take the management of his horses, which I accepted. Nothing could be more kind than the manner in which he proposed it.

March 5th.—I have experienced a great proof of the vanity of human wishes. In the course of three weeks I have attained the three things[1] which I have most desired in the world for years past, and upon the whole I do not feel that my happiness is at all increased; perhaps if it were not for one cause it might be, but until that ceases to exist it is in vain that I acquire every other advantage or possess the means of amusement.

March 22nd.—I was sworn in the day before yesterday, and kissed hands at a Council at Carlton House yesterday morning as Clerk of the Council.

May 2nd.—Lady Conyngham lives in one of the houses in Marlborough Row. All the members of her family are continually there, and are supplied with horses, carriages, etc., from the King's stables. She rides out with her daughter, but never with the King, who always rides with one of his gentlemen. They never appear in public together. She dines there every day. Before the King comes into the room she and Lady Elizabeth join him in

[1] One was his clerkship of the Council; the second his appointment as manager of the Duke of York's racing stud; but what was the third? It is possible, I think, that there is a mistake in the text; that he meant to write "two of the three things"; in which case the third thing would plainly be the Secretaryship of Jamaica, to which he was entitled "in reversion," but which he did not get till 1828.

another room, and he always walks in with one on each arm. She comports herself entirely as mistress of the house, but never suffers her daughter to leave her. She has received magnificent presents, and Lady Elizabeth the same; particularly the mother has strings of pearls of enormous value. Madame de Lieven said she had seen the pearls of the Grand Duchesses and the Prussian Princesses, but had never seen any nearly so fine as Lady Conyngham's. The other night Lady Bath was coming to the Pavilion. After dinner Lady Conyngham called to Sir William Keppel and said, "Sir William, do desire them to light up the saloon" (this saloon is lit by hundreds of candles). When the King came in she said to him, "Sir, I told them to light up the saloon, as Lady Bath is coming this evening." The King seized her arm and said with the greatest tenderness, "Thank you, thank you, my dear; you always do what is right; you cannot please me so much as by doing everything you please, everything to show that you are mistress here."

May 12th.—I have suffered the severest pain I ever had in my life by the death of Lady Worcester.[1] I loved her like a sister, and I have lost one of the few persons in the world who cared for me, and whose affection and friendship serve to make life valuable to me. She has been cut off in the prime of her life and in the bloom of her beauty, and so suddenly too. Seven days ago she was at a ball at Court, and she is now no more. She died like a heroine, full of cheerfulness and courage to the last. I have never lost anyone I loved before, and though I know the grief I now feel will soon subside (for so the laws of nature have ordained), long, long will it be before I forget her, or before my mind loses the lively impression of her virtues and of our mutual friendship.

This is one of those melancholy events in life to which the mind cannot for a long time reconcile or accustom

[1] Wife of the Marquis of Worcester, afterwards seventh Duke of Beaufort. She died on May 11th.

itself. I saw her so short a time ago " glittering like the morning star, full of life and splendour and joy "; the accents of her voice still so vibrate in my ear that I cannot believe I shall never see her again.

Dr. Hume told me once he had witnessed many death-beds, but he had never seen anything like the fortitude and resignation displayed by her. She died in his arms, and without pain. As life ebbed away her countenance changed, and when at length she ceased to breathe, a beautiful and tranquil smile settled upon her face.

June 24th.—The King dined at Devonshire House last Thursday se'nnight. Lady Conyngham had on her head a sapphire which belonged to the Stuarts, and was given by Cardinal York to the King. He gave it to the Princess Charlotte, and when she died he desired to have it back, Leopold being informed it was a crown jewel. This crown jewel sparkled in the headdress of the Marchioness at the ball. I ascertained the Duke of York's sentiments upon this subject the other day. He was not particularly anxious to discuss it, but he said enough to show that he has no good opinion of her.

December 18th.—I have not written anything for months. " Quante cose mi sono accadute! " My progress was as follows, not very interesting:—To Newmarket, Whersted, Riddlesworth, Sprotborough, Euston, Elveden, Welbeck,[1] Caversham, Nun Appleton, Welbeck, Burghley, and London. Nothing worth mentioning occurred at any of these places. Sprotborough was agreeable enough. The Grevilles, Montagu, Wilmot, and the Wortleys were there. I came to town, went to Brighton yesterday se'nnight for a Council. I was lodged in the Pavilion and dined with the King. The gaudy splendour of the place amused me for a little and then bored me. The dinner was cold and the evening dull beyond all

[1] Welbeck Abbey, in Nottinghamshire, which since the death of the third Duke of Portland, C. G.'s grandfather, had become the principal house of the Bentinck family.

dullness. They say the King is anxious that form and ceremony should be banished, and if so it only proves how impossible it is that form and ceremony should not always inhabit a palace. The rooms are not furnished for society, and, in fact, society cannot flourish without ease; and who can feel at ease who is under the eternal constraint which etiquette and respect impose? The King was in good looks and good spirits, and after dinner cut his jokes with all the coarse merriment which is his characteristic. Lord Wellesley did not seem to like it, but of course he bowed and smiled like the rest. I saw nothing very particular in the King's manner to Lady Conyngham. He sat by her on the couch almost the whole evening, playing at patience, and he took her in to dinner; but Madame de Lieven and Lady Cowper were there, and he seemed equally civil to all of them. I was curious to see the Pavilion and the life they lead there, and I now only hope I may never go there again, for the novelty is past, and I should be exposed to the whole weight of the bore of it without the stimulus of curiosity.

1822

July 16th.—Since I wrote last I have been continually in town. I have won on the Derby, my sister is married, and I have done nothing worth recording. How habit and practice change our feelings, our opinions; and what an influence they have upon our thoughts and actions! Objects which I used to contemplate at an immeasurable distance, and to attain which I thought would be the summit of felicity, I have found worth very little in comparison to the value my imagination used to set upon them. . . . London is nearly over, has been tolerably agreeable; but I have been very often bored to death by the necessity of paying some attention to keep up an interest.

August 13th.—I went to Cirencester on Friday and came back yesterday. At Hounslow I heard of the death of Lord Londonderry.[1] When I got to town I met several people who had all assumed an air of melancholy, a *visage de circonstance,* which provoked me inexpressibly, because it was certain that they did not care; indeed, if they felt at all, it was probably rather satisfaction at an event happening than sorrow for the death of the person. It seems Lord Londonderry had been unwell for some time, but not seriously, and a few days before this catastrophe he became much worse, and was very much dejected. The Duke of Wellington saw him on Friday, and was so struck by the appearance of illness about him that he sent Bankhead to him. He was cupped on Saturday in London, got better, and went to Foot's Cray. On Sunday he was worse, and the state of dejection in which he appeared induced his attendants to take certain precautions, which unfortunately, however, proved fruitless. They removed his pistols and his razors, but he got hold of a penknife which was in the room next his, and on Sunday night or early on Monday morning he cut his throat with it.

As a Minister he is a great loss to his party, and still greater to his friends and dependents, to whom he was the best of patrons; to the country I think he is none. Nobody can deny that his talents were great, and perhaps he owed his influence and authority as much to his character as to his abilities. His appearance was dignified and imposing; he was affable in his manners and agreeable in society. The great feature was a cool and determined courage, which gave an appearance of resolution and confidence to all his actions, and inspired his friends with admiration and excessive devotion to him, and caused him to be respected by his most violent opponents. As a speaker he was prolix, monotonous, and never eloquent, except, perhaps, for a few minutes when provoked into a

[1] Better known as Lord Castlereagh. He had succeeded to his father's title the year before.

passion by something which had fallen out in debate. But, notwithstanding these defects, and still more the ridicule which his extraordinary phraseology had drawn upon him, he was always heard with attention. He never spoke ill; his speeches were continually replete with good sense and strong argument, and though they seldom offered much to admire, they generally contained a great deal to be answered. I believe he was considered one of the best managers of the House of Commons who ever sat in it, and he was eminently possessed of the good taste, good humour, and agreeable manners which are more requisite to make a good leader than eloquence, however brilliant.

August 19th.—I went to Brighton on Saturday to see the Duke [of York]; returned to-day. The Pavilion is finished. The King has had a subterranean passage made from the house to the stables, which is said to have cost 3,000*l.* or 5,000*l.*; I forget which. There is also a bath in his apartment, with pipes to conduct water from the sea; these pipes cost 600*l.* The King has not taken a sea bath for sixteen years.

The Marquis of Londonderry is to be buried to-morrow in Westminster Abbey. It is thought injudicious to have anything like an ostentatious funeral, considering the circumstances under which he died, but it is the particular wish of his widow. She seems to consider the respect which is paid to his remains as a sort of testimony to his character, and nothing will pacify her feelings or satisfy her affection but seeing him interred with all imaginable honours. It seems that he gave several indications of a perturbed mind a short time previous to his death. For some time past he had been dejected, and his mind was haunted with various apprehensions, particularly with a notion that he was in great personal danger. In the last interview which the Duke of Wellington had with him he said he never heard him converse upon affairs with more clearness and strength of mind than that day. In the

middle of the conversation, however, he said, "To prove to you what danger I am in, my own servants think so, and that I ought to go off directly, that I have no time to lose, and they keep my horses saddled that I may get away quickly; they think that I should not have time to go away in a carriage." Then ringing the bell violently, he said to the servant, "Tell me, sir, instantly who ordered my horses here; who sent them up to town?" The man answered that the horses were at Cray, and had never been in town. The Duke desired the man to go, and in consequence of this strange behaviour wrote the letter to Bankhead which has been since published.

September 22nd.—I saw Lady Bathurst on the 13th. Canning had not then sent his answer, and greatly surprised were the Ministers at the delay. Lord Liverpool's proposal to him was simple and unclogged with conditions —the Foreign Office and the lead in the House of Commons. The King's repugnance to his coming into office was extreme, and it required all the efforts of his Ministers to surmount it. Canning was sworn in on Monday. His friends say that he was very well received. The King told Madame de Lieven that having consented to receive him, he had behaved to him, *as he always did,* in the most gentlemanlike manner he could, and that on delivering to him the seals, he said to him that he had been advised by his Ministers that his abilities and eloquence rendered him the only fit man to succeed to the vacancy which Lord Londonderry's death had made, and that, in appointing him to the situation, he had only to desire that he would follow the steps of his predecessor. This Madame de Lieven told to Lady Jersey, and she to me. It seems that the King was so struck with Lord Londonderry's manner (for he said to the King nearly what he said to the Duke of Wellington), and so persuaded that some fatal catastrophe would take place, that when Peel came to inform him of what had happened, he said to him before he spoke, "I know you are come to tell

me that Londonderry is dead." Peel had just left him, and upon receiving the despatches immediately returned; and when Lady Conyngham was told by Lord Mount Charles that there was a report that he was dead, she said, "Good God! then he has destroyed himself." She knew what had passed with the King, and was the only person to whom he had told it.

Welbeck, November 16th.—I have had a great deal of conversation with Titchfield,[1] particularly about Canning, and he told me this curious fact about his coming into office:—When the King had consented to receive him he wrote a letter nearly in these words to Lord Liverpool: "The King thinks that the brightest jewel in the crown is to extend his forgiveness [I am not sure that this was the word] to a subject who has offended him, and he therefore informs Lord L. that he consents to Mr. Canning forming a part of the Cabinet." This letter was communicated by Lord Liverpool to Canning, and upon reading it he was indignant, as were his wife and his daughter. The consequence was that he wrote a most violent and indignant reply, addressed to the same person to whom the other letter had been addressed, and which was intended in like manner to be shown to the King, as the King's letter was to him. Upon hearing what had passed, however, down came Lord Granville and Mr. Ellis in a great hurry, and used every argument to dissuade him from sending the letter, urging that he had entirely misunderstood the purport of the letter which had offended him; that it was intended as an invitation to reconciliation, and contained nothing which could have been meant as offensive. These arguments, vehemently urged and put in every possible shape, prevailed, and the angry reply was put in the fire, and another written full of gratitude, duty, and acquiescence.

London, November 24th.—The morning I left Welbeck

[1] The Marquis of Titchfield, C. G.'s cousin, eldest son of the fourth Duke of Portland. He died in March, 1824.

I had a long conversation with Titchfield upon various matters connected with politics and his family, particularly relating to Lord William's correspondence with Lord Liverpool about the Government of India. He showed me this correspondence, in which, as I anticipated, Lord William had the worst of it. Lord Liverpool's answer was unanswerable.

George,[1] after having refused the Private Secretaryship, was talked over by Canning and accepted it. He tried to gain over John,[2] but he refused to share it.

1823

January 25th.—I came from Gorhambury with the Duke of Wellington last Wednesday, and he was very communicative. He gave me a detailed history of the late Congress, and told me many other things which I should be glad to recollect.

He said that Bonaparte had not the patience requisite for defensive operations. His last campaign (before the capture of Paris) was very brilliant, probably the ablest of all his performances. The Duke is of opinion that if he had possessed greater patience he would have succeeded in compelling the Allies to retreat; but they had adopted so judicious a system of defence that he was foiled in the impetuous attacks he made upon them, and after a partial failure which he met with, when he attacked Blücher at Laon and Craon, he got tired of pursuing a course which afforded no great results, and leaving a strong body under Marmont to watch Blücher, he threw himself into the rear of the Grand Army. The march upon Paris entirely disconcerted him and finished the war. The Allies could not have maintained themselves much longer, and had he continued to keep his force concen-

[1] Lord George Bentinck, a younger son, who afterwards became a leader of the Protectionist Party, born 1802, died 1848.

[2] Lord John Bentinck, another son, who afterwards became fifth Duke of Portland, and was distinguished for his eccentricity.

trated, and to carry it as occasion required against one or other of the two armies, the Duke thinks he must eventually have forced them to retreat, and that their retreat would have been a difficult operation. The British army could not have reached the scene of operations for two months. The Allies did not dare attack Napoleon; if he had himself come up he should certainly have attacked him, for his army was the best that ever existed.

The Duke of Wellington told me that Knighton[1] managed the King's affairs very well, that he was getting him out of debt very quickly, and that the Ministers were well satisfied with him.

November 29th.—In the various conversations which I have with the Duke of York he continually tells me a variety of facts more or less curious, sometimes relating to politics, but more frequently concerning the affairs of the Royal Family, that I have neglected to note down at the time, and I generally forget them afterwards. I must acknowledge, however, that they do not interest me so much as they would many other people. I have not much taste for Court gossip. Another reason, too, is the difficulty of making a clear narrative out of his confused communications. I think it is not possible for any man to have a worse opinion of another than the Duke has of the King. From various instances of eccentricities I am persuaded that the King is subject to occasional impressions which produce effects like insanity; that if they continue to increase he will end by being decidedly mad. The last thing which I have heard was at Euston the other day. I went into the Duke's room and found him writing; he got up and told me that he was thrown into a great dilemma by the conduct of the King, who had behaved extremely ill to him. The matter which I could collect was this:—Upon the disturbances breaking

[1] Sir William Knighton, the King's doctor, who also acted as his Private Secretary.

out in the West Indies it became necessary to send off some troops as quickly as possible. In order to make the necessary arrangements without delay, the Duke made various dispositions, a part of which consisted in the removal of the regiment on guard at Windsor and the substitution of another in its place. Orders were expedited to carry this arrangement into effect, and at the same time he communicated to the King what he had done and desired his sanction to the arrangement. The Duke's orders were already in operation, when he received a letter from the King to say that he liked the regiment which was at Windsor, and that it should not move; and in consequence of this fancy the whole business was at a standstill. Thus he thought proper to trifle with the interests of the country to gratify his own childish caprice.

[An interval of two years occurs in the Journal, during which Greville wrote nothing.]

1826

February 12th.—The last three months have been remarkable for the panic in the money market, which lasted for a week or ten days—that is, was at its height for that time. The state of the City, and the terror of all the bankers and merchants, as well as of all owners of property, is not to be conceived but by those who witnessed it. This critical period drew forth many examples of great and confiding liberality, as well as some of a very opposite character. Men of great wealth and parsimonious habits came and placed their whole fortunes at the disposal of their bankers in order to support their credit. For many days the evil continued to augment so rapidly, and the demands upon the Bank were so great and increasing, that a Bank restriction was expected by everyone. So determined, however, were Ministers against this measure, that rather than yield to it they suffered the

Bank to run the greatest risk of stopping; for on the evening of the day on which the alarm was at its worst there were only 8,000 sovereigns left in the till. The next day gold was poured in, and from that time things got better.

In the midst of all this the Emperor Alexander died, and after a short period of doubt concerning his successor it was found that Nicholas was to mount the throne. The first act of the Russian Government was to communicate to ours their resolution no longer to delay a recognition of the independence of Greece, and their determination to support that measure if necessary by force of arms. They invited us to co-operate in this object, but intimated that if we were not disposed to join them they should undertake it alone. The Duke of Wellington is gone to Russia, ostensibly to compliment the new Emperor, but really to concert measures with the Russian Ministry for carrying this measure into effect; and it is remarkable that the Duke, upon taking leave of his friends and family to set out on this journey, was deeply affected, as if he had some presentiment that he should never return. Alava told me that he had frequently taken leave of him, when both expected that they should never meet again, yet neither upon that occasion nor upon any other in the course of the seventeen years that he has known him did he ever see him so moved. Lady Burghersh said that when he took leave of her the tears ran down his cheeks; he was also deeply affected when he parted from his mother.

February 24th.—I have been since yesterday the spectator of a melancholy scene and engaged in a sad office. Arthur de Ros,[1] who was taken ill a fortnight ago, became worse on Monday night. After this time he was scarcely ever sensible, and yesterday, at a quarter-past two, he expired.

July 2nd.—Four months since I have written anything. The Duke of York has been dangerously ill, and it is still doubtful whether he will recover. I was with him at Frogmore before Ascot; we went with the King to see

[1] Colonel Arthur de Ros, aide-de-camp to the Duke of York.

Windsor Castle. His Majesty has since been very much annoyed about the Duke, cried a great deal when he heard how bad he was, and has been twice to see him.

London, December 14th.—The Duke of York is very ill; has been at the point of death several times from his legs mortifying. Canning's speech the night before last was most brilliant; much more cheered by the Opposition than by his own friends. He is thought to have been imprudent, and he gave offence to his colleagues by the concluding sentence of his reply, when he said, "*I* called into existence the new world to redress the balance of the old." The *I* was not relished. Brougham's compliment to Canning was magnificent, and he was loudly cheered by Peel; altogether it was a fine display.

1827

Friday night, January 5th, half-past one.—I am just come from taking my last look at the poor Duke. He expired at twenty minutes after nine. Since eleven o'clock last night the physicians never left his room. He never moved, and they repeatedly thought that life was extinct, but it was not till that hour that they found it was all over. The Duke of Sussex and Stephenson were in the next room; Taylor, Torrens and Dighton, Armstrong and I were upstairs. Armstrong and I had been there about half an hour when they came and whispered something to Dighton and called out Taylor. Dighton told Torrens and they went out; immediately after Taylor came up and told us it was all over and begged we would go downstairs. We went directly into the room. The Duke was sitting exactly as at the moment he died, in his great armchair, dressed in his grey dressing-gown, his head inclined against the side of the chair, his hands lying before him, and looking as if he were in a deep and quiet sleep. Not a vestige of pain was perceptible on his countenance,

which, except being thinner, was exactly such as I have seen it a hundred times during his life. In fact, he had not suffered at all, and had expired with all the ease and tranquillity which the serenity of his countenance betokened. Nothing about or around him had the semblance of death; it was all like quiet repose, and it was not without a melancholy satisfaction we saw such evident signs of the tranquillity of his last moments.

Up to the last moment that I saw him (the day week before he died) he told me he was better, and he desired me to tell Montrond, who had called upon him, that he would see him as soon as he was well enough. He held the same language to everybody until the day previous to his death, when he sent for Taylor and Stephenson into his room. He could then hardly speak, but he took hold of Stephenson's hand, and looking at Taylor, said, "I am now dying." He tried to articulate something else, but he was unintelligible. It seems that three years ago, when he was very unwell, M'Gregor told him that unless he was more prudent he would certainly be afflicted with dropsy. He had been subject to spasms, and in consequence of them was averse to lie down in bed, and to this pernicious habit and that of sitting for many hours together at table, or at cards, they attribute the origin of the complaint which has terminated so fatally. Had he been a more docile patient, from the amazing vigour of his constitution he might have looked forward to a very long life. His sufferings in the course of his illness have been very great, and almost without cessation. Nothing could exceed the patience and courage with which he endured them; his serenity and good humour were never disturbed, and he never uttered a word of complaint, except occasionally at the length of his confinement. It is remarkable that from the beginning to the end of his illness I never saw him that he did not tell me that he was a great deal better, and he never wrote to me without assuring me that he was going on as well as possible.

February 12th.—The Duke of York was no sooner dead than the public press began to attack him, and while those private virtues were not denied him for which he had always been conspicuous, they enlarged in a strain of severe invective against his careless and expensive habits, his addiction to gambling; and above all they raked up the old story of Mrs. Clark[1] and the investigation of 1809, and published many of his letters and all the disgusting details of that unfortunate affair, and that in a manner calculated to throw discredit on his character. The newspapers, however, soon found they had made a mistake, that this course was not congenial to public feeling, and from that moment their columns have been filled with panegyrics upon his public services and his private virtues. The King ordered that the funeral should be public and magnificent; all the details of the ceremonial were arranged by himself. He showed great feeling about his brother and exceeding kindness in providing for his servants, whom the Duke was himself unable to provide for. He gave 6,000*l.* to pay immediate expenses and took many of the old servants into his own service. All his effects either have been or will be sold by auction. The funeral took place a fortnight after his death. Nothing could be managed worse than it was, and except the appearance of the soldiers in the chapel, which was extremely fine, the spectacle was by no means imposing; the cold was intense, and it is only marvellous that more persons did not suffer from it. As it is the Bishop of Lincoln has died of the effects of it; Canning has been dangerously ill, and is still very unwell; and the Dukes of Wellington and Montrose were both very seriously unwell for some days after. The King was very angry when he heard how miserably the ceremony had been performed.

[1] The Duke's mistress. It was alleged that the Duke when Commander-in-Chief had allowed her to sell Commissions, and an enquiry was held, but nothing definite was proved against the Duke.

February 21st.—Three days ago Lord Liverpool [1] was seized with an apoplectic or paralytic attack. The moment it was known every sort of speculation was afloat as to the probable changes this event would make in the Ministry. It was remarked how little anybody appeared to care about the *man*; whether this indifference reflects most upon the world or upon him, I do not pretend to say.

March 16th.—On Wednesday at the Council at St. James's the King desired I would go down to Windsor, that he might speak to me. I went down on Thursday to the Cottage, and, after waiting two hours and a half, was ushered into his bedroom. I found him sitting at a round table near his bed, in a *douillette*, and in pretty good health and spirits. He talked about his horses and told some old stories, lamented the death of the Duke of York, which he said was a loss to him such as no one could conceive, and that he felt it every instant. He kept me about an hour, was very civil, and then dismissed me.

March 25th.—When the King heard of Lord Liverpool's illness he was in great agitation. He sent for Peel in the night, and told him he must see the Duke of Wellington. Peel endeavoured to dissuade him, but in vain. The Duke was sent for, but he refused to go. He sent the King word that he had nothing to say to him, and that it would not be fair to his colleagues that he should see the King at such a moment.

April 13th.—The King came to town a week ago. From the moment of his arrival every hour produced a fresh report about the Administration; every day the new appointment was expected to be declared, and the Ministers Peel, Lord Bathurst, Duke of Wellington, and Canning were successively designated as the persons chosen to form a Government. He had no sooner arrived than he saw

[1] After being nearly thirty years in office, and for fifteen years Prime Minister. His seizure was the beginning of the break-up of the great Tory system, consolidated during the French wars, and was followed within five years by Catholic Emancipation and the Reform Bill.

his Ministers *seriatim,* but nothing could induce him to come to any determination. He wavered and doubted, and to his confidants, with whom he could bluster and talk big, he expressed in no measured terms his detestation of Liberal principles, and especially of Catholic Emancipation. He begged his Ministers to stand by him, and day after day elapsed, and nothing was settled. In the meantime London was alive with reports; and the *on dit* of the day, repeated with every variety of circumstance and with the usual positiveness of entire ignorance, would fill a volume. Time crept on, and Parliament was to adjourn on the 13th (this day). On the 9th Canning went to the King, and, after a long audience, he came away without anything being settled. On the 10th he went again, and told his Majesty that longer delay was impossible, and that he must come to some determination. On the evening of the 10th we received a note from Lord Bathurst, saying that the King had desired Canning to form an Administration on the principles of that of which Lord Liverpool had been at the head. Canning and his friends say that the King has behaved admirably in this business, and they affect to consider his appointment unconditional and unfettered; but this is by no means the view which the others take of it. The King, however, has acted in such a way that all his Ministers (except those whose interest it now is to laud him to the skies) are disgusted with his doubting, wavering, uncertain conduct, so weak in action and so intemperate in language. It is now supposed that he has been influenced by Knighton in coming to this determination, in which he certainly has acted in a manner quite at variance with his professions and the whole tenor of his language. It must be owned, if this is so, that although Canning has gained his point—has got the power into his hands and is nominally Prime Minister—no man ever took office under more humiliating circumstances or was placed in a more difficult and uncertain situation; indeed, a greater anomaly cannot be

imagined. Canning, disliked by the King, opposed by the aristocracy and the nation, and unsupported by the Parliament, is appointed Prime Minister. The King, irresolute and uncertain, is induced to nominate a man whose principles and opinions he fears and dislikes by the advice and influence of his physician. The measure which is of paramount importance Canning cannot carry as he desires and believes to be necessary; he must form a Cabinet full of disunion, and he is doubtful what support he can expect from the old adherents of Government, by whom he is abhorred.

April 30th.—From the period of Canning's acceptance of office up to Thursday night there have been continual negotiations between Canning and the Whigs, and it is not possible to imagine greater curiosity and more intense anxiety than have been exhibited during the interval. The violence and confusion of parties have been extreme —the new Ministers furious with their old colleagues, the ex-Ministers equally indignant with those they left behind them.

June 17th.—I was at the Royal Lodge for one night last Wednesday; about thirty people sat down to dinner, and the company was changed nearly every day. It is a delightful place to live in, but the rooms are too low and too small for very large parties. Nothing can exceed the luxury of the internal arrangements; the King was very well and in excellent spirits, but very weak in his knees and could not walk without difficulty. The evening passed off tolerably, owing to the Tyrolese, whom Esterhazy brought down to amuse the King, and he was so pleased with them that he made them sing and dance before him the whole evening; the women kissed his face and the men his hand, and he talked to them in German. Though this evening went off well enough, it is clear that nothing would be more insupportable than to live at this Court; the dullness must be excessive, and the people who compose his habitual society are the most insipid

and uninteresting that can be found. As for Lady Conyngham, she looks bored to death, and she never speaks, never appears to have one word to say to the King, who, however, talks himself without ceasing. Canning came the day I went away, and was very well received by his Majesty; he looked dreadfully ill.

July 5th.—The session is over, and has been short but violent enough. There is apparently a majority against the Ministry in the House of Lords, though they seem safe in the House of Commons. All depends upon Canning's prudence and firmness during the recess. As to the King, he seems desirous of living a quiet life and disposing of all patronage; public measures and public men are equally indifferent to him. The Duke of Wellington, who knows him well, says he does not care a farthing about the Catholic question, but he does not like to depart from the example of his father and the Duke of York, to which they owed so much of their popularity.

July 25th.—Canning is gone to Chiswick, where he has had the lumbago, and could not go to the Council last week. He is very unwell, and in a very precarious state, I think.

August 9th.—Canning died yesterday morning at four o'clock. His danger was only announced on Sunday night, though it had existed from the preceding Wednesday. When he saw the King on Monday his Majesty told him he looked very ill, and he replied that "he did not know what was the matter with him, but that he was ill all over." Nothing could exceed the consternation caused by the announcement of his danger and the despair of his colleagues. From the first there was no hope. He was aware of his danger and said, "It is hard upon the King to have to fight the battle over again."

I may here introduce some anecdotes of Canning told me by Lord George Bentinck, his private secretary:—

Canning concealed nothing from Mrs. Canning, nor from Charles Ellis. When absent from his wife he wrote everything to her in the greatest detail. Canning's industry was such that he never left a moment unemployed, and such was the clearness of his head that he could address himself almost at the same time to several different subjects with perfect precision and without the least embarrassment. He wrote very fast, but not fast enough for his mind, composing much quicker than he could commit his ideas to paper. He could not bear to dictate, because nobody could write fast enough for him; but on one occasion, when he had the gout in his hand and could not write, he stood by the fire and dictated at the same time a despatch on Greek affairs to George Bentinck and one on South American politics to Howard de Walden, each writing as fast as he could, while he turned from one to the other without hesitation or embarrassment.

August 10*th*.—The Cabinet sat yesterday morning and again at night. It is generally believed that Lord Goderich will succeed Canning at the Treasury, and Lord Lansdowne has no objection to serve under him. The Tories were full of hope and joy at first, but in proportion as they were elated at first so were they dejected yesterday, when they found that the King sent for Lord Goderich and not for the Duke of Wellington. He never seems to have thought of the Duke at all. It will all be out to-day or to-morrow. The Tories may now give the King up. They have taken leave of office, except Peel, who will come in some day or other.

[They remained out of office five months. What a prophecy!—*January* 28*th*, 1828.]

The Duke of Wellington talked of Canning the other day a great deal at my mother's. He said his talents were astonishing, his compositions admirable, that he possessed the art of saying exactly what was necessary and passing over those topics on which it was not advisable

to touch, his fertility and resources inexhaustible. He thought him the finest speaker he had ever heard; though he prided himself extremely upon his compositions, he would patiently endure any criticisms upon such papers as he submitted for the consideration of the Cabinet, and would allow them to be altered in any way that was suggested; he (the Duke) particularly had often " cut and hacked " his papers, and Canning never made the least objection, but was always ready to adopt the suggestions of his colleagues. It was not so, however, in conversation and discussion. Any difference of opinion or dissent from his views threw him into ungovernable rage, and on such occasions he flew out with a violence which, the Duke said, had often compelled him to be silent that he might not be involved in bitter personal altercation. He said that Canning was usually very silent in the Cabinet, seldom spoke at all, but when he did he maintained his opinions with extraordinary tenacity. He said that he was one of the idlest of men. This I do not believe, for I have always heard that he saw everything and did everything himself. Not a despatch was received that he did not read, nor one written that he did not dictate or correct.

December 15th.—The Ministry is at an end. Goderich resigned either by letter to the King yesterday or at the Council on Thursday. They have been going on ill together for some time. Goderich has no energy, and his colleagues are disgusted at his inefficiency, and at the assumption by the King of all power in disposing of patronage. Huskisson is away, and wishes to be out. They are embarrassed with the Greek question, and have to meet Parliament with an immense deficiency in the revenue. This state of things and mutual irritation and dissatisfaction have at length produced Goderich's resignation.

1828

January 2nd.—As soon as Lord Goderich had resigned they sent to Lord Harrowby and offered him the Premiership. He came to town directly, and went to the King, but refused the place. His refusal was immediately known, and of course there were a variety of conjectures and opinions afloat as to the man who would be chosen. A few days, however, put an end to these, for it was announced, to the astonishment of everybody, that Goderich had returned to town, and that he would not resign. Here ended this matter, which made a great noise for a few days; but the effects of what passed are yet to be seen when Parliament meets. The injury which Goderich's conduct has done to the Government is incalculable, for it has brought them into such low estimation that it is the general opinion they will not be able to retain their places.

I have heard no more of the King and of his intentions, except that he said he did not see why he was to be the only gentleman in his dominions who was not to eat his Christmas dinner in quiet, and he was determined he would.

M'Gregor told me the other day that not one of the physicians and surgeons who attended the Duke of York through his long and painful illness had ever received the smallest remuneration, although their names and services had been laid before the King. He told me in addition that during sixteen years that he attended the Duke and his whole family he never received one guinea by way of fee or any payment whatever.

About three weeks ago I passed a few days at Panshanger, where I met Brougham; he came from Saturday till Monday morning, and from the hour of his arrival to that of his departure he never ceased talking. The party was agreeable enough—Luttrell, Rogers, etc.—but it was comical to see how the latter was provoked at Brougham's engrossing all the talk, though he could not

help listening with pleasure. Brougham is certainly one of the most remarkable men I ever met; to say nothing of what he is in the world, his almost childish gaiety and animal spirits, his humour mixed with sarcasm, but not ill-natured, his wonderful information, and the facility with which he handles every subject, from the most grave and severe to the most trifling, displaying a mind full of varied and extensive information and a memory which has suffered nothing to escape it, I never saw any man whose conversation impressed me with such an idea of his superiority over all others. As Rogers said the morning of his departure, "this morning Solon, Lycurgus, Demosthenes, Archimedes, Sir Isaac Newton, Lord Chesterfield, and a great many more went away in one post chaise." He told us a great many details relating to the Queen's trial, and amongst other things (which I do not believe) his conviction that the Queen had never had any intrigue with Bergami.

If it had been possible to recollect all that Brougham said on this and a hundred other subjects, it would be well worth writing down, but such talk is much too evanescent, and I remember no more.

London, January 19th.—The Ministry is at last settled, and now for its history. Early in last week Goderich went down to the King and told him there was such a quarrel in the Cabinet between Huskisson and Herries about the Finance Committee that both could not remain, and that Huskisson would resign if he had not his own way. The King was furious at this new disturbance, and said he could not understand it; if Huskisson resigned, the Government was at an end. "Go," he ended, "and send the Chancellor to me." The Chancellor [Lord Lyndhurst] went, and was desired to bring the Duke of Wellington. The Government was dissolved and the King desired the Duke to form a new one.

June 12th.—We have now got a Tory Government, and all that remained of Canning's party are gone. The

case of the Duke of Wellington and Huskisson[1] is before the world, but nobody judges fairly. Motives are attributed to both parties which had no existence, and the truth is hardly ever told at first, though it generally oozes out by degrees.

After putting aside the violent opinions on both sides, the conclusion is that Huskisson acted very hastily and imprudently, and that his letter (say what he will) was a complete resignation, and that the Duke had a right so to consider it; that in the Duke's conduct there appeared a want of courtesy and an anxiety to get rid of him which it would have been more fair to avow and defend than to deny; that on both sides there was a mixture of obstinacy and angry feeling, and a disposition to treat the question rather as a personal matter than one in which the public interests were deeply concerned.

June 18th.—The Duke of Wellington's Speech on the Catholic question is considered by many to have been so moderate as to indicate a disposition on his part to concede emancipation, and bets have been laid that Catholics will sit in Parliament next year. Many men are resolved to see it in this light who are anxious to join his Government, and whose scruples with regard to that question are removed by such an interpretation of his speech. I do not believe he means to do anything until he is compelled to it, which if he remains in office he will be; for the success of the Catholic question depends neither on Whigs nor Tories, the former of whom have not the power and the latter not the inclination to carry it. The march of time and the state of Ireland will effect it in spite of everything, and its slow but continual advance can neither be retarded by its enemies nor accelerated by its friends.

June 29th.—I dined yesterday with the King at St. James's—his Jockey Club dinner. There were about thirty

[1] A rather obscure dispute, which led to the resignation of Huskisson, Lord Palmerston and others from the Tory Government.

people, several not being invited whom he did not fancy. The Duke of Leeds told me a much greater list had been made out, but he had scratched several out of it. We assembled in the Throne Room, and found him already there, looking very well and walking about. He soon, however, sat down, and desired everybody else to do so. Nobody spoke, and he laughed and said, "This is more like a Quaker than a Jockey Club meeting." We soon went to dinner, which was in the Great Supper Room and very magnificent. He sat in the middle, with the Dukes of Richmond and Grafton on each side of him. I sat opposite to him, and he was particularly gracious to me, talking to me across the table and recommending all the good things; he made me (after eating a quantity of turtle) eat a dish of crawfish soup, till I thought I should have burst. After dinner the Duke of Leeds, who sat at the head of the table, gave "The King." We all stood up, when his Majesty thanked us, and said he hoped this would be the first of annual meetings of the sort to take place, there or elsewhere under his roof. He then ordered paper, pens, etc., and they began making matches and stakes; the most perfect ease was established, just as much as if we had been dining with the Duke of York, and he seemed delighted. He made one or two little speeches, one recommending that a stop should be put to the exportation of horses. He twice gave "The Turf," and at the end the Duke of Richmond asked his leave to give a toast, and again gave "The King." He got up at half-past twelve and wished us good night. Nothing could go off better, and Mount Charles told me he was sure he was delighted.

August 6th.—About three weeks ago I went to Windsor to a Council. The King had been very ill for a day or two, but was recovered. Robert Adair[1] was sworn in a Privy Councillor, and he remained in the room and heard

[1] Sir Robert Adair, the friend of Fox, formerly ambassador at Constantinople and Vienna.

the speech, which he ought not to have done. The Duke attacked me afterwards (in joke) for letting him stay; but I told him it was no business of mine, and his neighbour ought to have told him to go. The neighbour, however, was Vesey Fitzgerald, who said it was the first time he had attended a Council, and he could not begin by turning another man out. I brought Adair back to town, and he told me a great many things about Burke, and Fox, and Fitzpatrick, and all the eminent men of that time with whom he lived when he was young. He said, what I have often heard before, that Fitzpatrick was the most agreeable of them all, but Hare the most brilliant. Burke's conversation was delightful, so luminous and instructive. He was very passionate, and Adair said that the first time he ever saw him he unluckily asked him some question about the wild parts of Ireland, when Burke broke out, "You are a fool and a blockhead; there are no wild parts in Ireland." He was extremely terrified, but afterwards Burke was very civil to him, and he knew him very well.

He told me a great deal about the quarrel between Fox and Burke. Fox never ceased to entertain a regard for Burke, and at no time would suffer him to be abused in his presence. There was an attempt made to bring about a reconciliation, and a meeting for that purpose took place of all the leading men at Burlington House. Burke was on the point of yielding when his son suddenly made his appearance unbidden, and on being told what was going on said, "My father shall be no party to such a compromise," took Burke aside and persuaded him to reject the overtures. That son Adair described as the most disagreeable, violent, and wrong-headed of men, but the idol of his father, who used to say that he united all his own talents and acquirements with those of Fox and everybody else. After the death of Richard Burke, Fox and Burke met behind the throne of the House of Lords one day, when Fox went up to Burke and put out both

his hands to him. Burke was almost surprised into meeting this cordiality in the same spirit, but the momentary impulse passed away, and he doggedly dropped his hands and left the House.

There was another Council about a week ago. On these occasions the King always whispers to me something or other about his racehorses or something about myself, and I am at this moment in high favour. We had Howley and Bloomfield [1] at this Council, with the latter of whom I made acquaintance, to the great amusement of the Duke. He laughed at seeing me conversing with this bishop.

I hear from Frederick Lamb[2] that the Duke is greatly alarmed about Ireland.

August 14th.—Just returned from Goodwood, where I went on the 11th, and heard on arriving that the Lord High Admiral [3] had resigned, but no particulars. It is a very good thing at all events.

August 16th.—The Lord High Admiral was turned out. The Duke told him that he must go, but that he might resign as if of his own accord. The Duke is all-powerful. It is strongly reported that Peel will resign, that the Duke means to concede the Catholic question and to negotiate a *concordat* with the Pope.

August 22nd.—Went to Stoke on the 19th and came back yesterday. There were the Dowager Lady Salisbury, Duchess of Newcastle, Worcester and Lady W. Russell, Giles, Billy Churchill. On the 18th Dawson's[4] speech at Derry reached us, and I never remember any occurrence which excited greater surprise. The general impression was that he made the speech with the Duke's knowledge and concurrence, which I never believed. I thought from what he said to me just before he went to Ireland that

[1] The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London.

[2] Sir Frederick Lamb, who was afterwards created Lord Beauvale, and at the end of his life succeeded his more distinguished brother as Lord Melbourne.

[3] The Duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV.

[4] Sir Robert Peel's brother-in-law.

he had changed his own opinion, and now many people say they knew this; but I was little prepared to hear of his making such a speech at such a place as Derry, and on such an occasion as a " 'Prentice Boy " commemoration. The rage and fury of the Orangemen there and of the Orange press here are boundless, and the violence and scurrility of their abuse are the more absurd because Dawson only described in glowing colours, and certainly without reserve, the actual state of Ireland, but did not argue the question at all further than leaving on his hearers the inevitable inference that he thought the time for granting emancipation was come. The truth is that the conversion of one of the most violent anti-Catholics must strike everybody as a strong argument in favour of the measure, and they know not by how many and by whom his example may be followed. The Orangemen are moving heaven and earth to create disturbances, and their impotent fury shows how low their cause is sunk. The Catholics, on the contrary, are temperate and calm, from confidence in their strength and the progressive advance of their cause.

Stoke, August 25th.—Went to Windsor to-day for a Council and came on here after it. There were the Chancellor, Peel, Fitzgerald, Ellenborough, Sir G. Murray, the Archbishop, and Bishop of London, who came to do homage. The King gave the Chancellor a long audience, and another to Peel, probably to talk over Dawson's speech and Orange politics. After the Council the King called me and talked to me about racehorses, which he cares more about than the welfare of Ireland or the peace of Europe. We walked over the Castle, which is nearly finished, but too gaudy.

August 29th.—I met Batchelor, the poor Duke of York's old servant, and now the King's *valet de chambre*, and he told me some curious things about the interior of the Palace; but he is coming to call on me, and I will write down what he tells me then.

London, November 25th.—Yesterday I went to the Council at Windsor. Most of the Ministers were there, the Recorder, two foreign Ministers, and the Duke of Clarence. The King seemed to be very well. The Duke of Wellington did not arrive till late, and before he was come the King sent for Peel and gave him an audience of two hours at least. I thought there must be something in the wind, and was struck with Peel's taking the Duke into one of the window recesses and talking to him very earnestly as soon as he came out. I returned to town after the Council, and in the evening went to the play, and coming out I met Henry de Ros and Frederick Lamb. The former made me go with him in his carriage, when he told me what fully explained the cause of Peel's long audience—that the Duke has at last made up his mind to carry the Catholic question, and that Peel and the rest of the violent anti-Catholics are going out; that the Duke's present idea is to apply to Huskisson, but that nothing will be done or said till the Ministers assemble in town and hold their cabinets.

December 16th.—A Council at Windsor yesterday; very few present, and no audiences but to Aberdeen for three-quarters of an hour, and to the Duke for five minutes. I sent for Batchelor and had a long talk with him. He said the King was well, but weak, his constitution very strong, no malady about him, but irritation in the bladder which he could not get rid of. He thinks the hot rooms and want of air and exercise do him harm, and that he is getting every day more averse to exercise and more prone to retirement, which, besides that it weakens his constitution, is a proof that he is beginning to break. Batchelor thinks he is in no sort of danger; I think he will not live more than two years. He says that his attendants are quite worn out with being always about him, and living in such hot rooms (which obliges them to drink) and seldom getting air and exercise. Batchelor is at present well, but he sits up every other night with the

King and never leaves him. He is in high favour, and Sir William Knighton is now as civil and obliging to him as he used to be the reverse. The King instructs him in his duties in the kindest manner, likes to have him about him, and talks a great deal to him. But his Majesty keeps everybody at a great distance from him, and all about him are afraid of him, though he talks to his pages with more openness and familiarity than to anybody. He thinks Radford (who is dying) is not in such favour as he was, though he is always there; of O'Reilly the surgeon, who sees the King every day and carries him all the gossip he can pick up, Batchelor speaks with very little ceremony. The King told them the other day that "O'Reilly was the damnedest liar in the world," and it seems he is often in the habit of discussing people in this way to his *valets de chambre*. He reads a great deal, and every morning has his boxes brought to him and reads their contents.

December 20th.—Hyde Villiers called on me ten days ago to give me an account of his visit to Ireland. He seems to have been intimate with several of the leading men, particularly Sheil, whom all agree in describing as the cleverest man of his party. O'Connell and Sheil detest each other, though Sheil does not oppose him. Lawless detests him too, and he does everything he can to thwart and provoke him, and opposes him in the Association[1] upon all occasions. But O'Connell, though opposed by a numerous party in the Association, is all-powerful in the country, and there is not one individual who has a chance of supplanting him in the affections of the great mass of the Catholics. For twenty-five years he has been continually labouring to obtain that authority and consideration which he possesses without a rival, and is now

[1] The Catholic Association, founded in 1823 by Daniel O'Connell and others, had gradually become the most powerful organisation in Ireland, with secretaries in every parish, who collected "rent" from the Catholic population, and representatives meeting regularly as a Parliament in Dublin.

so great that they yield unlimited obedience to his individual will. He is besides a man of high moral character and great probity in private life, and has been for years in the habit of affording his professional assistance gratis to those of his own religion who cannot afford to pay for it. These are some of the grounds of his popularity, to which may be added his industry and devotion to the Roman Catholic cause; he rises at three every morning and goes to bed at eight. He possesses a very retentive memory, and is particularly strong in historical and constitutional knowledge. The great object of his ambition is to be at the head of his own profession, and his favourite project to reform the laws, a task for which he fancies himself eminently qualified. To accomplish any particular object he cares not to what charges of partial inconsistency he exposes himself, trusting to his own ingenuity to exonerate himself from them afterwards. Neither O'Connell nor Sheil are supposed to be men of courage, but Lawless is, and he is thought capable of the most desperate adventures.

December 21st.—A few days ago I saw Lord Belmore just as he was setting out for Jamaica. I went to talk to him about my place.[1] He was very civil and said he would do all that depended upon him. He does not seem to be bright, but whatever his talents may be, he seems to be left to the free exercise of them, for he told me that he felt his situation to be one of some difficulty, never having received any instructions (except of course the formal instructions given to every governor in writing) as to his conduct from the Secretary of State, having had no conversation with any of the authorities about the state of the colony, nor any intimation of their views and intentions in respect to the principal matters of interest there.

[1] As Secretary of the Island of Jamaica. The duties of the office were performed by a deputy paid by the Secretary out of the fees received in the island. Lord Belmore had just been appointed Governor of Jamaica.

And this is the way our colonies are governed! Stephen,[1] to whom I told this, said he was not surprised, for that Sir George Murray did nothing—never wrote a despatch —had only once since he has been in office seen Taylor, who has got all the West Indies under his care.

I might as well have put in on the 25th of November what the King said to me, as it seems to have amused everybody. I was standing close to him at the Council, and he put down his head and whispered, "Which are you for, Cadland or the mare?" (meaning the match between Cadland and Bess of Bedlam); so I put my head down too and said, "The horse"; and then as we retired he said to the Duke, "A little bit of Newmarket."

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January 2nd.—Lord Anglesey[2] was recalled last Sunday. The Duke of Wellington came to see my mother either Saturday or Sunday last, and told her he had been with the King three hours the day before, talking to him about Lord Anglesey, that his Majesty was furious with him, thought he took upon himself as if he were King of Ireland, and was indignant at all he said and all he did. The Duke talked a great deal about him, but did not say he was recalled, though his manner was such that he left an impression that he had something in his mind which he would not let out. He gave it to be understood, however, that he had been endeavouring to appease the King, and that Lord Anglesey's recall was insisted on by his Majesty against his (the Duke's) desire.

[1] James Stephen, law adviser of the Colonial Office, and afterwards Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies. Henry Taylor was at the head of the West India department of the office, and Greville's "particular friend" (see entry of July 24th, 1834). Sir George Murray was Secretary of State.

[2] Appointed Lord-Lieutenant the previous year; recalled on account of his supposed Catholic sympathies.

The consternation in Dublin seems to have been great, and Henry says that if Lord Anglesey does not decline all demonstrations of popular feeling towards him, he will leave Ireland as Lord Fitzwilliam did, attended by the whole population.

January 12th.—Lord Mount Charles came to me this morning and consulted me about resigning his seat at the Treasury. He hates it and is perplexed with all that has occurred between the Duke and Lord Anglesey. I advised him to resign, feeling as he does about it. He told me that he verily believed the King would go mad on the Catholic question, his violence was so great about it. He is very angry with him and his father for voting as they do, but they have agreed never to discuss the matter at all, and his mother never talks to the King about it. Whenever he does get on it there is no stopping him.

He then talked to me about Knighton, whom the King abhors with a detestation that could hardly be described. He is afraid of him, and that is the reason he hates him so bitterly. When alone with him he is more civil, but when others are present (the family, for instance) he delights in saying the most mortifying and disagreeable things to him. Mount Charles says that his language about Knighton is sometimes of the most unmeasured violence—wishes he was dead, and one day when the door was open, so that the pages could hear, he said, "I wish to God somebody would assassinate Knighton." In this way he always speaks of him and uses him. Knighton is greatly annoyed at it, and is very seldom there. Still it appears there is some secret chain which binds them together, and which compels the King to submit to the presence of a man whom he detests, and induces Knighton to remain in spite of so much hatred and ill-usage. The King's indolence is so great that it is next to impossible to get him to do even the most ordinary business, and Knighton is still the only man

who can prevail on him to sign papers, etc. His greatest delight is to make those who have business to transact with him, or to lay papers before him, wait in his anteroom while he is lounging with Mount Charles or anybody, talking of horses or any trivial matter; and when he is told, "Sir, there is Watson waiting," he replies, "Damn Watson; let him wait." He does it on purpose, and likes it.

This account corresponds with all I have before heard, and confirms the opinion I have long had that a more contemptible, cowardly, selfish, unfeeling dog does not exist than this King, on whom such flattery is constantly lavished. He has a sort of capricious good-nature, arising, however, out of no good principle or good feeling, but which is of use to him, as it cancels in a moment and at small cost a long score of misconduct. Princes have only to behave with common decency and prudence, and they are sure to be popular, for there is a great and general disposition to pay court to them. I do not know anybody who is proof against their seductions when they think fit to use them in the shape of civility and condescension. There have been good and wise kings, but not many of them. Take them one with another, they are of an inferior character, and this I believe to be one of the worst of the kind.

January 16th.—I went to Windsor to a Council yesterday. There were the Duke, the Lord Chancellor, Chancellor of the Exchequer, Master of the Mint, Lord President, Lord Aberdeen, Peel, Melville, Ellenborough. The King kept us waiting rather longer than usual. He looked very well, and was dressed in a blue great-coat, all over gold frogs and embroidery. Lord Liverpool was there to give up the late Lord's Garter, and had an audience. He said to me afterwards that the King had asked him all sorts of questions about his family concerns, with which he seemed extraordinarily well acquainted, and to some of which he was puzzled to give an answer. The

King is the greatest master of gossip in the world, and his curiosity about everybody's affairs is insatiable.

January 21st.—Yesterday the Duke dined with us, in very good spirits, and agreeable as he always is, though not so communicative and free as he used to be. He had never told Francis Leveson[1] about the Duke of Northumberland [2] till Sunday, when he wrote to announce the appointment. His Grace seems mightily pleased with it, and fancies that his figure and his fortune are more than enough to make him a very good Lord-Lieutenant.

January 25th.—Lord Anglesey's departure from Dublin was very fine, and his answer to the addresses good. I fancy George Villiers had some hand in penning them.

Everybody thinks the appointment of the Duke of Northumberland a very good one, and that the Duke is in great luck to get him. It is surprising that he should have consented to go, but he probably likes to do something and display his magnificence. He is a very good sort of man, with a very narrow understanding, an eternal talker, and prodigious bore. The Duchess is a more sensible woman, and amiable and good-humoured. He is supposed to be ruled in all things by her advice; he has no political opinions, and though he has hitherto voted against the Catholics, he is one of the people who pin their faith on the Duke, and who are made to vote in any way and upon anything as he may please to desire them.

February 4th.—I came to town on Monday night, and found that the concession of Catholic Emancipation was generally known; the *Times* had an article on Friday which clearly announced it. The rage and despair of the Orange papers is very amusing. I have not yet heard

[1] Lord Francis Leveson Gower—afterwards Lord Francis Egerton and Earl of Ellesmere—who had recently been appointed Secretary for Ireland. His wife was Greville's sister.

[2] Appointed Lord-Lieutenant after the recall of Lord Anglesey.

how the King took it all. Glad as I am that the measure is going to be carried, the conduct of all those who are to assist in it (the old anti-Catholics) seems to me despicable to the greatest degree; having opposed it against all reason and common sense for years past, now that the Duke of Wellington lifts up his finger they all obey, and without any excuse for their past or present conduct. All the details that I have yet learnt confirm my opinion that the spirit in which the Duke and his colleagues approach this great measure is not that of calm and deliberate political reasoning, but a fearful sense of necessity and danger, to which they submit with extreme repugnance and with the most miserable feelings of pique and mortification at being compelled to adopt it. The Duke and Peel wrote to Francis Leveson, complaining of my brother's having met Sheil at dinner, and they were so enraged with George Villiers[1] that they seriously meditated turning him out of his office. Wretched and contemptible to the greatest degree!

February 5th.—Went to Brooks's yesterday, and found all the Whigs very merry at the Catholic news. Most of them were just come to town and had heard nothing till they arrived. The old Tories dreadfully dejected, but obliged to own it was all true; intense curiosity to hear what Peel will say for himself. The general opinion seems to be that the Duke has managed the matter extremely well, which I am disposed to think too, but there is always a disposition to heap praise upon him whenever it is possible.

February 6th.—Parliament met yesterday; a very full attendance and intense interest and curiosity. The King's Speech, which was long and better written than usual, was not quite satisfactory to the Catholics. I met

[1] Afterwards Earl of Clarendon and one of C. G.'s greatest friends. He was at this time a Commissioner of Customs in Ireland, and invited Sheil to dinner. (It was the first time, so Sheil told his host, that he had ever dined in a Protestant house.) Such a breach of decorum on the part of an English official naturally created a great scandal.

Lord Harrowby coming from the House of Lords, and he said they did not like it at all; the previous suppression of the Association was what they disliked. However, all discontent was removed by Peel's speech, which was deemed (as to the intentions of Ministers) perfectly satisfactory even by those who were most prejudiced before against Government.

Now, then, the Duke is all-powerful, and of course he will get all the honour of the day. Not that he does not deserve a great deal for having made up his mind to the thing; he has managed it with firmness, prudence, and dexterity; but to O'Connell and the Association, and those who have fought the battle on both sides of the water, the success of the measure is due. Indeed, Peel said as much, for it was the Clare election which convinced both him and the Duke that it must be done, and from that time the only question was whether he should be a party to it or not. If the Irish Catholics had not brought matters to this pass by agitation and association, things might have remained as they were for ever, and all these Tories would have voted on till the day of their death against them.

February 8th.—I dined yesterday with all the Huskissonians at Charles Grant's.[1] There were there Lords Granville, Palmerston, and Melbourne, Huskisson, Warrender, and one or two more. Huskisson is in good humour and spirits, but rather bitter; he said that if Peel had asked the advice of a friend what he should do, the advice would have been for his own honour to resign. I said I did not think Peel would have got credit by resigning. He said, "But don't you think he has quite lost it by staying in?" He owned, however, that the Duke could not have carried it without Peel, that his influence with the Church party is so great that his continuance was indispensable to the Duke.

[1] One of the "Canningite" or moderate Tories, who had resigned with Huskisson the previous June. Afterwards Lord Glenely.

February 9th.—Went to Mrs. Arbuthnot,[1] who declaimed against O'Connell and wants to have a provision in the Bill to prevent his sitting for Clare, which I trust is only her folly, and that there is no chance of such a thing. The Duke came in while I was there. He said he had no doubt he should do very well in the House of Lords, but up to that time he could only (that he knew of for certain) reduce the majority of last year to twenty. I told him how peevish the Duke of Rutland, and Beaufort, and others of the High Tories were, but he only laughed.

February 11th.—Nothing is thought of or talked of but the Catholic question; what Peers and bishops will vote for it? who voted before against it? There is hardly any other feeling than that of satisfaction, except on the part of the ultra-Tories, who do not attempt to conceal their rage and vexation; the moderate Tories, who are mortified at not having been told of what was going on; and Huskisson's party, who would have been glad to have a share in the business, and who now see themselves in all probability excluded for ever.

February 13th.—Still the Catholic question and the probable numbers in the House of Lords; nobody talks of anything else. Lord Winchilsea makes an ass of himself, and would like to be sent to the Tower, but nobody will mind anything such a blockhead says. Lord Holland talks of a majority of sixty in the Lords.

February 22nd.—Went to Newmarket last Sunday and came back on Thursday. Still the Catholic question and nothing else. Everybody believed that the Duke of Cumberland would support Government till he made this last speech. He went to the King, who desired him to call on the Duke, and when he got to town he went uninvited to dine with him. There has been nothing of consequence in either House, except the dressing which

[1] The Duke's friend, who lived for many years, as C. G. says later, "in the most intimate relations with him." Her husband, "Gosh" Arbuthnot, was his secretary.

Lord Plunket gave Lord Eldon though that hard-bitten old dog shows capital fight. Every day the majority promises to be greater in the House of Lords, but it is very ridiculous to see the faces many of these Tory Lords make at swallowing the bitter pill. Too great a noise is made about Peel and his sacrifices, but he must be supported and praised at this juncture. It is not for those who have been labouring in this cause, and want his assistance, to reject him or treat him uncivilly now that he tenders it. But as to the body of the High Tories, it is impossible not to regard their conduct with disgust and contempt, for now they feel only for themselves, and it is not apprehension of those dangers they have been constantly crying out about that affects them, but the necessity they are under of making such a sudden turn, and bitter mortification at having been kept in total ignorance, and, consequently, having been led to hold the same violent language up to the last moment. If Canning had lived, God knows what would have happened, for they never would have turned round for him as they are now about to do for the Duke.

M—— told me that he had not seen the King, but that he heard he was as sulky as a bear, and that he was sure he would be very glad if anything happened to defeat this measure, though he is too much afraid of the Duke to do anything himself tending to thwart it.

February 26th.—The debate on Monday night in the House of Lords was very amusing. It was understood the Duke of Clarence was to speak, and there was a good deal of curiosity to hear him. Lord Bathurst was in a great fright lest he should be violent and foolish. He made a very tolerable speech, of course with a good deal of stuff in it, but such as it was it has exceedingly disconcerted the other party. The three royal Dukes Clarence, Cumberland, and Sussex got up one after another, and attacked each other (that is, Clarence and Sussex attacked Cumberland and he them) very vehemently, and they

used towards each other language that nobody else could have ventured to employ; so it was a very droll scene. The Duke of Clarence said the attacks on the Duke [of Wellington] had been *infamous;* the Duke of Cumberland took this to himself, but when he began to answer it could not recollect the expression, which the Duke of Clarence directly supplied. "I said 'infamous.'" The Duke of Sussex said that the Duke of Clarence had not intended to apply the word to the Duke of Cumberland, but if he chose to take it to himself he might. Then the Duke of Clarence said that the Duke of Cumberland had lived so long abroad that he had forgotten there was such a thing as freedom of debate.

February 27th.—Lady Georgiana Bathurst told me she had had a great scene with the Duke of Cumberland. She told him not to be factious and to go back to Germany; he was very angry, and after much argument and many reproaches they made it up, embraced, and he shed a flood of tears.

March 1st.—As the time draws near for the development of the plans of Government a good deal of uneasiness and doubt prevails, though the general disposition is to rely on the Duke of Wellington's firmness and decision and to hope for the best. Peel's defeat at Oxford,[1] though not likely to have any effect on the general measure, is unlucky, because it serves to animate the anti-Catholics; and had he succeeded, his success would have gone far to silence, as it must have greatly discouraged, them. Then the King gives the Ministers uneasiness, for the Duke of Cumberland has been tampering with him, and through the agency of Lord Farnborough great attempts have been made to induce him to throw obstacles in the way of the measures. He is very well inclined, and there is nothing false or base he would not do if he dared; but he is such a coward, and stands in such awe of the Duke, that I

[1] Peel had challenged an election on the Catholic question, and was defeated. He afterwards sat for Westbury.

don't think anything serious is to be apprehended from him.

March 2nd.—Saw Mount Charles yesterday; he has been at Windsor for several days, and confirmed all that I had heard before about the King. The Duke of Cumberland has worked him into a state of frenzy, and he talks of nothing but the Catholic question in the most violent strain. Mount Charles told me that his Majesty desired him to tell his household that he wished them to vote against the Bill, which Mount Charles of course refused to do. I asked him if he had told the Duke of Wellington this; he said he had not, but that the day the Ministers came to Windsor for the Council (Thursday last, I think) he did speak to Peel, and told him the King's violence was quite alarming. Peel said he was afraid the King was greatly excited, or something to this effect, but seemed embarrassed and not very willing to talk about it. The result, however, was that the Duke went to him on Friday, and was with him six hours, and spoke to his Majesty so seriously and so firmly that he will now be quiet. Why the Duke does not insist upon his not seeing the Duke of Cumberland I cannot imagine. There never was such a man, or behaviour so atrocious as his—a mixture of narrow-mindedness, selfishness, truckling, blustering, and duplicity, with no object but self, his own ease, and the gratification of his own fancies and prejudices, without regard to the advice and opinion of the wisest and best informed men or to the interests and tranquillity of the country.

March 3rd.—Called on Henry de Ros yesterday morning, who told me that the Duke of Cumberland and his party are still active and very sanguine.

March 4th.—Nothing could exceed the consternation which prevailed yesterday about this Catholic business. The advocates of the Bill and friends of Government were in indescribable alarm, and not without good cause. All yesterday it was thought quite uncertain whether the Duke's

resignation would not take place, and the Chancellor himself said that nothing was more likely than that they should all go out.

I met Lord Grey at dinner, and in the evening at Brooks's had a great deal of conversation with Scarlett, Duncannon, and Spring Rice. They are all much alarmed, and think the case full of difficulties, not only from the violence and wavering of the King, but from the great objections which so many people have to the alteration of the elective franchise.

The degree of agitation, alternate hopes and fears, and excitement of every kind cannot be conceived unless seen and mixed in as I see and mix in it. Spring Rice said last night he thought these next four days to come would be the most important in the history of the country of any for ages past, and so they are.

March 5th.—Great alarm again yesterday because the Duke, the Chancellor, and Peel went down to Windsor again. I dined at Prince Lieven's. I sat next to Matuscewitz (the Russian who is come over on a special mission to assist Lieven), and asked him if he did not think we were a most extraordinary people, and seeing all that goes on, as he must do, without any prejudices about persons or things, if it was not marvellous to behold the violence which prevailed in the Catholic discussion. He owned that it was inconceivable, and, notwithstanding all he had heard and read of our history for some years past, he had no idea that so much rage and animosity could have been manifested and that the anti-Popery spirit was still so vigorous.

March 6th.—Peel brought on the Catholic question last night in a speech of four hours, and said to be far the best he ever made. It is full of his never-failing fault, egotism, but certainly very able, plain, clear, and statesmanlike, and the peroration very eloquent. The University of Oxford should have been there in a body to hear the member they have rejected and him whom they have chosen in his

place. The House was crammed to suffocation, and the lobby likewise. The cheering was loud and frequent, and often burst upon the impatient listener without. I went to Brooks's and found them all just come from the House, full of satisfaction at Peel's speech and the liberality of the measure, and in great admiration of Murray's. It is remarkable that attacks, I will not say upon the Church, but upon Churchmen, are now made in both Houses with much approbation. The Oxford parsons behaved so abominably at the election that they have laid themselves open to the severest strictures, and last night Lord Wharncliffe in one House and Murray in the other commented on the general conduct of Churchmen at this crisis with a severity which was by no means displeasing except to the bishops. I am convinced that very few years will elapse before the Church will really be in danger. People will grow tired of paying so dearly for so bad an article.

March 16th.—17th.—I received a message from the King, to tell me that he was sorry I had not dined with him the last time I was at Windsor, that he had intended to ask me, but finding that all the Ministers dined there except Ellenborough, he had let me go, that Ellenborough might not be the only man not invited, and "he would be damned if Ellenborough ever should dine in his house." I asked Lord Bathurst afterwards, to whom I told this, why he hated Ellenborough, and he said that something he had said during the Queen's trial had given the King mortal offence, and he never forgave it. The King complains that he is tired to death of all the people about him. He is less violent about the Catholic question, tired of that too, and does not wish to hear any more about it. He leads a most extraordinary life—never gets up till six in the afternoon. They come to him and open the window curtains at six or seven o'clock in the morning; he breakfasts in bed, does whatever business he can be brought

to transact in bed too, he reads every newspaper quite through, dozes three or four hours, gets up in time for dinner, and goes to bed between ten and eleven. He sleeps very ill, and rings his bell forty times in the night; if he wants to know the hour, though a watch hangs close to him, he will have his *valet de chambre* down rather than turn his head to look at it. The same thing if he wants a glass of water; he won't stretch out his hand to get it. His valets are nearly destroyed, and at last Lady Conyngham prevailed on him to agree to an arrangement by which they wait on him on alternate days. The service is still most severe, as on the days they are in waiting their labours are incessant, and they cannot take off their clothes at night, and hardly lie down. He is in good health, but irritable, and has been horribly annoyed by other matters besides the Catholic affair.

March 18th.—I was at Windsor for the Council and the Recorder's report. We waited above two hours; of course his Majesty did not get up till we were all there. A small attendance in Council—the Duke, Bathurst, Aberdeen, Melville, and I think no other Cabinet Minister. I sent for Batchelor, the King's *valet de chambre*, and had a pretty long conversation with him; he talked as if the walls had ears, but was anxious to tell me everything. He confirmed all I had before heard of the King's life, and said he was nearly dead of it, that he was in high favour, and the King had given him apartments in the Lodge and some presents. His Majesty has been worried to death, and has not yet made up his mind to the Catholic Bill (this man knows, I'll be bound).

March 21st, at night.—This morning the Duke fought a duel with Lord Winchilsea. Nothing could equal the astonishment caused by this event. Everybody of course sees the matter in a different light: all blame Lord Winchilsea, but they are divided as to whether

the Duke ought to have fought or not. Lord Winchilsea's letter appeared last Monday, and certainly from that time to this it never entered into anybody's head that the Duke ought to or would take it up, though the expressions in it were very impertinent. But Lord Winchilsea is such a maniac, and so lost his head (besides the ludicrous incident of the handkerchief[1]), that everybody imagined the Duke would treat what he said with silent contempt. He thought otherwise, however, and without saying a word to any of his colleagues or to anybody but Hardinge, his second, he wrote and demanded an apology. After many letters and messages between the parties (Lord Falmouth being Lord Winchilsea's second) Lord Winchilsea declined making any apology, and they met. The letters on the Duke's part are very creditable, so free from arrogance or an assuming tone; those on Lord Winchilsea's not so, for one of them is a senseless repetition of the offence, in which he says that if the Duke will deny that his allegations are true he will apologise. They met at Wimbledon at eight o'clock. There were many people about, who saw what passed. They stood at a distance of fifteen paces. Before they began Hardinge went up to Lords Winchilsea and Falmouth, and said he must protest against the proceeding, and declare that their conduct in refusing an apology when Lord Winchilsea was so much in the wrong filled him with disgust. The Duke fired and missed, and then Winchilsea fired in the air. He immediately pulled out of his pocket the paper which has since appeared, but in which the word "apology" was omitted. The Duke read it and said it would not do. Lord Falmouth said he was not come there to quibble about words, and that he was ready to make the apology in whatever terms would be satisfactory, and the word "apology" was inserted on the ground. The Duke then touched his hat, said

[1] This is explained below—March 29th.

"Good morning, my Lords," mounted his horse, and rode off. Hume was there, without knowing on whose behalf till he got to the ground. Hardinge asked him to attend, and told him where he would find a chaise, into which he got. He found there pistols, which told him the errand he was on, but he had still no notion the Duke was concerned; when he saw him he was ready to drop. The Duke went to Mrs. Arbuthnot's as soon as he got back, and at eleven o'clock she wrote a note to Lord Bathurst, telling him of it, which he received at the Council board and put into my hands. At twelve o'clock the Duke went to Windsor to tell the King what had happened. Winchilsea is abused for not having made an apology when it was first required; but I think, having committed the folly of writing so outrageous a letter, he did the only thing a man of honour could do in going out and receiving a shot and then making an apology, which he was all this time prepared to do, for he had it ready written in his pocket. I think the Duke ought not to have challenged him; it was very juvenile, and he stands in far too high a position, and his life is so much *publica cura* that he should have treated him and his letter with the contempt they merited; it was a great error in judgment, but certainly a venial one, for it is impossible not to admire the high spirit which disdained to shelter itself behind the immunities of his great character and station, and the simplicity, and almost humility, which made him at once descend to the level of Lord Winchilsea, when he might, without subjecting himself to any imputation derogatory to his honour, have assumed a tone of lofty superiority and treated him as unworthy of his notice. Still it was beneath his dignity; it lowered him, and was more or less ridiculous. Lord Jersey met him coming from Windsor, and spoke to him. He said, "I could not do otherwise, could I?"

March 26th.—The Duke came here the night before

last, but I was not at home. He talked over the whole matter with his usual simplicity. The King, it seems, was highly pleased with the Winchilsea affair, and he said, "I did not see the letter (which is probably a lie); if I had, I certainly should have thought it my duty to call your attention to it." Somebody added that "he would be wanting to fight a duel himself." Sefton said, "He will be sure to think he has fought one." Hume gave the two Lords a lecture on the ground after the duel, and said he did not think there was a man in England who would have lifted his hand against the Duke. Very uncalled for, but the Duke's friends have less humility than he has, for Lord Winchilsea did not lift his hand against him. The Duke after the duel sent Lord Melville to the Duke of Montrose with a message that his son-in-law had behaved very much like a gentleman. The women, particularly of course Lady Jersey, have been very ridiculous, affecting nervousness and fine feeling, though they never heard of the business till some hours after it was over. Mrs. Arbuthnot was not so foolish, but made very light of it all, which was in better sense and better taste.

The other day Jack Lawless[1] called on Arbuthnot to ask him some question about the Deccan prize money, in which a brother of his has an interest. He entered upon politics, was very obsequious in his manner, extravagant in praise of the Duke, quite shocked that he should have fought a duel, and said, "Sir, we are twelve of us here, and not one but what would fight for him any day in the week." He said that some years ago, when he heard the Duke speak, he was distressed at his hesitation, but that now he spoke better than anyone; that in the Lords he heard Eldon, and Plunket, and Grey, and then up got the Duke and answered everybody, and spoke better than them all. Arbuthnot says he was bowing and scraping,

[1] A prominent member of the Catholic Association.

and all humility and politeness, with none of the undergrowl of the Association.

March 29th.—I have, I see, alluded to Lord Winchilsea's handkerchief story,[1] but have not mentioned the circumstances, which I may as well do. Lord Holland came home one night from the House of Lords, and as soon as he had occasion to blow his nose pulled his handkerchief out of his pocket; upon which my Lady exclaimed (she hates perfumes), "Good God, Lord H., where did you get that handkerchief? Send it away directly." He said he did not know, when it was inspected, and the letter *W* found on it. Lord H. said, "I was sitting near Lord Winchilsea, and it must be his,[2] which I took up by mistake and have brought home." Accordingly the next day he sent it to Lord Winchilsea with his compliments. Lord Winchilsea receiving the handkerchief and the message, and finding it marked *W*, fancied it was the Duke's, and that it was sent to him by way of affronting him; on which he went to the Duke of Newcastle and imparted to him the circumstances, and desired him to wait on Lord Holland for an explanation. This his Grace did, when the matter was cleared up and the handkerchief was found to be the property of Lord Wellesley. The next day Lord Winchilsea came up laughing to Lord Holland in the House of Lords, and said he had many apologies to make for what had passed, but that he really was in such a state of excitement he did not know what he said and did.

April 5th.—The question was put at a little before twelve last night, and carried by 105—217 to 112 (a greater majority than the most sanguine expected)—after a splendid speech from Lord Grey and a very good one from Lord Plunket. Old Eldon was completely beat, and could make no fight at all; his speech was wretched, they say,

[1] See March 21st.

[2] Lord Winchilsea when he spoke had the habit of flourishing a white pocket-handkerchief as an aid to his oratory.

for I did not hear it. This tremendous defeat will probably put an end to anything like serious opposition; they will hardly rally again.

April 13th.—On Friday last the Catholic Bill was read a third time, after a very dull debate. Lord Eldon attempted to rally, and made a long and wretched speech which lasted two hours. Nobody spoke well. The Duke in his reply dropped all the terms of courtesy and friendship he had hitherto used in speaking of old Eldon, and broke off with him entirely. He is disgusted at his opposition out of doors, and at his having been the constant adviser of the Duke of Cumberland and all the foolish Lords who have been pestering the King at Windsor; and he is acquainted with all his tricks and underhand proceedings, probably with more of them than we know of.

I went on Friday morning to the Old Bailey to hear the trials, particularly that of the women for the murder of the apprentices; the mother was found guilty, and will be hanged to-day—has been by this time.[1] The case exhibited a shocking scene of wretchedness and poverty, such as ought not to exist in any community, especially in one which pretends to be so flourishing and happy as this is. It is, I suppose, one case of many which may be found in this town, graduating through various stages of misery and vice. These wretched beings were described to be in the lowest state of moral and physical degradation, with scarcely rags to cover them, food barely sufficient to keep them alive, and working eighteen or nineteen hours a day, without being permitted any relaxation, or even the privilege of going to church on Sunday. I never heard more disgusting details than this trial elicited, or a case which calls more loudly for an investigation into the law

[1] Two wretched women named Hibner were tried, and one of them convicted, for the murder of a parish apprentice named Francis Colepitts by savage ill-treatment. The elder prisoner was found guilty and executed on the 13th of April.

and the system under which such proceedings are possible. Poverty, and vice, and misery must always be found in a community like ours, but such frightful contrasts between the excess of luxury and splendour and these scenes of starvation and brutality ought not to be possible; but I am afraid there is more vice, more misery and penury in this country than in any other, and at the same time greater wealth. The contrasts are too striking, and such an unnatural, artificial, and unjust state of things neither can nor ought to be permanent. I am convinced that before many years elapse these things will produce some great convulsion.

After the Old Bailey I went and dined at the Covent Garden Theatrical Fund dinner. The Duke of Clarence could not come, so they put Lord Blessington in the chair, who made an ass of himself. Among other toasts he was to give "The memory of the Duke of York," who was the founder of the institution. He prefaced this with a speech, but gave "The health," etc., on which Fawcett, who sat opposite, called out in agony, "The memory, my Lord!" He corrected himself, but in a minute after said again "The health." "The memory, my Lord!" again roared Fawcett. It was supremely ridiculous.

May 14th.—I have been at Newmarket for three weeks, and have had no time to write, nor has anything particular occurred. The King came to town, and had a levee and drawing-room, the former of which was very numerously, the other shabbily attended. At the levee he was remarkably civil to all the Peers, particularly the Duke of Richmond, who had distinguished themselves in opposition to Government in the late debates, and he turned his back on the bishops who had voted for the Bill. O'Connell and Sheil were both at the levee; the former had been presented in Ireland, so had not to be presented again, but the King took no notice of him, and when he went by said to somebody near him, "Damn the fellow! what does he come here for?"—dignified.

May 16th.—O'Connell, attempted to take his seat last night, but the business was put off till Monday. His case is exceedingly well got up, but too long. The Duke of Orleans is come, and his son, the Duke of Chartres; the latter was at the opera to-night in Prince Leopold's box.

May 29th.—O'Connell is said to have made a very good speech at the bar of the House, and produced rather a favourable impression. He has done himself this good, that whereas it was pretty generally thought that he was likely to fail in the House of Commons as a speaker, he has now altered that impression. There is but one opinion as to the wretched feeling of excluding him;[1] but the saddle is put upon the right horse, and though the Government are now obliged to enforce the provisions of their own Bill, everybody knows that the exclusion was the work of the King. O'Connell goes back to Clare (as he says) sure of his election; there will be a great uproar, but at present nobody expects any opposition, and all deprecate a contest.

Yesterday the King gave a dinner to the Dukes of Orleans and Chartres, and in the evening there was a child's ball. It was pretty enough, and I saw for the first time the Queen of Portugal [2] and our little Victoria. The Queen was finely dressed, with a riband and order over her shoulder, and she sat by the King. She is good-looking and has a sensible Austrian countenance. In dancing she fell down and hurt her face, was frightened and bruised, and went away. The King was very kind

[1] O'Connell was excluded from taking his seat as member for Clare, for which he had been elected before the passing of the Relief Act, because it was held that he was bound to take the oath which was required by law at the time of his election, and not the oath imposed on Roman Catholics by the recent statutes. He presented himself to be sworn at the table of the House of Commons on the 15th of May, and there refused to take the former oath, which was tendered to him by the Clerk.

[2] Donna Maria II da Gloria, a child of ten, and almost exactly of an age with the Princess Victoria, had succeeded three years before to the throne of Portugal on the abdication of her father, Don Pedro.

to her. Our little Princess is a short, plain-looking child, and not near so good-looking as the Portuguese. However, if nature has not done so much, fortune is likely to do a great deal more for her. The King looked very well, and stayed at the ball till two. There were very few people, and neither Arbuthnot nor Mrs. Arbuthnot were asked. I suspect this is owing to what passed in the House about opening the Birdcage Walk. It puts the King in a fury to have any such thing mentioned, not having the slightest wish to accommodate the public, though very desirous of getting money out of their pockets.

June 11th.—The event of last week was Palmerston's speech on the Portuguese question, which was delivered at a late hour and in an empty House, but which they say was exceedingly able and eloquent. This is the second he has made this year of great merit. It was very violent against the Government. He has been twenty years in office and never distinguished himself before, a proof how many accidental circumstances are requisite to bring out the talents which a man may possess. The office he held was one of dull and dry detail, and he never travelled out of it. He probably stood in awe of Canning and others, and was never in the Cabinet; but having lately held higher situations and having acquired more confidence, and the great men having been removed from the House of Commons by death or promotion, he has launched forth, and with astonishing success. Lord Granville told me he had always thought Palmerston was capable of more than he had done, and had told Canning so, who did not believe it.

July 10th.—I dined with the Duke of Wellington yesterday; a very large party for Mesdames the Duchesse d'Escars and Madame du Cayla; the first is the widow of the Duc d'Escars, who was Premier Maître d'Hôtel of Louis XVIII, and who was said to have died of one of the King's good dinners, and the joke was, " Hier Sa

Majesté a eu une indigestion, dont M. le Duc d'Escars est mort." Madame du Cayla[1] is come over to prosecute some claim upon this Government, which the Duke has discovered to be unfounded, and he had the bluntness to tell her so as they were going to dinner. She must have been good-looking in her youth; her countenance is lively, her eyes are piercing, clear complexion, and very handsome hands and arms; but the best part about her seemed to be the magnificent pearls she wore, though these are not so fine as Lady Conyngham's. All kings' mistresses seem to have a rage for pearls; I remember Madame Narischkin's were splendid. Madame du Cayla is said to be very rich and clever.

After dinner the Duke talked to me for a long time about the King and the Duke of Cumberland, and his quarrel with the latter. He said the King was very clever and amusing, but that with a surprising memory he was very inaccurate, and constantly told stories the details of which all his auditors must know to be false. One day he was talking of the late King, and asserted that George III had said to himself, " Of all the men I have ever known you are the one on whom I have the greatest dependence, and you are the most perfect gentleman." Another day he said " that he recollected the old Lord Chesterfield, who once said to him, ' Sir, you are the fourth Prince of Wales I have known, and I must give your Royal Highness one piece of advice: stick to your father; as long as you adhere to your father you will be a great and a happy man, but if you separate yourself from

[1] Madame du Cayla had been the *soi-disant* mistress of Louis XVIII, or rather the favourite of his declining years. " Il fallait une Esther," to use her own expression, " à cet Assuérus." After the assassination of the Duc de Berry, M. de la Rochefoucauld, one of the leaders of the ultra-Royalist party, contrived to throw her in the way of Louis XVIII, in the hope of counteracting the more Liberal influence which M. de Cazes had acquired over the King. The scheme succeeded. The King was touched by her grace and beauty, and she became indispensable to his happiness. His principal enjoyment of her was of an unusual kind. It consisted in inhaling a pinch of snuff from her shoulders, which were remarkably broad and fair.

him you will be nothing and an unhappy one'; and, by God (added the King), I never forgot that advice, and acted upon it all my life." "We all," said the Duke, "looked at one another with astonishment." He is extremely clever and particularly ingenious in turning the conversation from any subject he does not like to discuss.

I asked him whether, with all the cleverness he thought belonged to the King, he evinced great acuteness in discussing matters of business, to which he replied, "Oh, no, not at all, the worst judgment that can be." This was not the first time I had heard the Duke's opinion of the King. I remember him saying something to the Duke of Portland about him during the Queen's trial indicative of his contempt for him.

July 24th.—The accounts from Ireland are very bad; nothing but massacres and tumults, and all got up by the Protestants, who desire nothing so much as to provoke the Catholics into acts of violence and outrage. They want a man of energy and determination who will cause the law to be respected and impartially administered. If Lord Anglesey was there, it is very probable these outrages would not have taken place, but no one cares for such a man of straw as the present Lord-Lieutenant.

The Duke of Cumberland is doing all he can to set the King against the Duke; he always calls him "King Arthur," which made the King very angry at first, and he desired he would not, but he calls him so still, and the King submits.

August 8th.—O'Connell was elected without opposition; he was more violent and more popular than ever. They treat him with every indignity, and then they complain of his violence; besides, he must speak to the Irish in the strain to which they have been used and which pleases them. Had he never been violent, he would not be the man he is, and Ireland would not have been emancipated.

August 25th.—Melbourne, who is a pretty good judge of Irish affairs, thinks that Government will probably be

under the necessity of adopting strong coercive measures there; but whether they are adopted, or a temporary policy of expedients persisted in, nobody is there fit to advise what is requisite. The Duke of Northumberland is an absolute nullity, a bore beyond all bores, and, in spite of his desire to spend money and be affable, very unpopular. The Duchess complains of it and can't imagine why, for they do all they can to be liked, but all in vain.

August 28th.—At Stoke[1] since Tuesday for the Egham races; Esterhazy, Alvanley, Montrond, Mornay, B. Craven, etc. The King came to the races one day (the day I was not there) in excellent health. The weather exceeds everything that ever was known—a constant succession of gales of wind and tempests of rain, and the sun never shining. The oats are not cut, and a second crop is growing up, that has been shaken out of the first. Everybody contemplates with dismay the approach of winter, which will probably bring with it the overthrow of the Corn Laws, for corn must be at such a price as to admit of an immense importation. So much for our domestic prospect here, to say nothing of Ireland.

August 31st.—From what I hear, it is probable that Lord William Bentinck[2] will be speedily recalled from India. His measures are of too Liberal a cast to suit the taste of the present Government. The Duke has never liked him, not since the war in Spain, when he did not behave quite well to Lord William, and he seldom forgets old animosities; besides, he cannot bear anybody who takes a line of his own.

Lord Ellenborough, strong in the concurrence of the Duke, is inclined to be insolent in his tone to Lord William, which, I take it, he will not stand. The Duke

[1] Stoke, near Slough, was at this time the residence of Lord Sefton.

[2] Son of third Duke of Portland and therefore Greville's uncle. He was appointed Governor-General in 1827, took over the administration in July, 1828, and in the following year issued his famous order prohibiting the burning or burying alive of widows—an order which was regarded by most of Bentinck's contemporaries as a rash and dangerous interference with religious custom; but was in fact completely successful.

looks upon Lord William as a hasty, imprudent man, with bad judgment, and I am not sure that he is very wrong. He has made himself popular by the affability and *bonhomie* of his manner, his magnificence and hospitality, and the liberal and generous character of his political opinions, but he is far from a clever man, and I suspect his judgment is very indifferent.

September 5th.—Yesterday I went with Amyot to his house, where he showed me a part of Windham's diary; there are twenty-eight little volumes of it, begun in 1784, when he was thirty-four years old, and continued irregularly till his death; it seems to be written very freely and familiarly, and is probably a correct picture of the writer's mind. I only read a few pages, which were chiefly notices of his moving about, where he dined, the company he met, and other trifles, often very trifling and sometimes not very decent; it abounds with expressions of self-reproach for idleness, breach of resolutions, and not taking care of his health; talks of the books he reads and means to read, and constantly describes the state of spirits he is in. There is a paper containing an account of his last interview with Johnson, shortly before Johnson died; he says that he told Johnson how much he reproached himself for not having lived more in his society, and that he had often resolved to be with him as much as he could, but that his not having done so was a proof of the fallacy of our resolutions, that he regretted. In Windham's diary are several Johnsoniana, after the manner of Boswell, only much shorter, his opinions on one or two subjects briefly given, some quotations and criticisms.

I learnt one thing from Windham's diary which I put into immediate practice, and that is, to write mine on one side only, and leave the other for other matters connected with the text; it is more convenient certainly.

September 16th.—Went to Brighton on Saturday last to pay Lady Jersey a visit and shoot at Firle. Jersey and I shot 376 rabbits, the greatest number that had ever been

killed on the hills. The scenery is very fine—a range of downs looking on one side over the sea, and on the other over a wide extent of rich flat country. It is said that Firle is the oldest park in England. It belongs to Lord Gage.

I heard at Brighton for the first time of the Duke of Wellington's prosecution of the *Morning Journal,* which was announced by the paper itself in a paragraph quite as scurrilous as those for which it is attacked. It seems that he has long made up his mind to this measure, and that he thinks it is a duty incumbent on him, which I do not see, and it appears to me to be an act of great folly. He stands much too high, has performed too great actions, and the attacks on him were too vulgar and vague to be under the necessity of any such retaliatory measure as this, and he lowers his dignity by entering into a conflict with such an infamous paper, and appearing to care about its abuse. The King has nearly lost his eyesight, and is to be couched as soon as his eyes are in a proper state for the operation. He is in a great fright with his father's fate before him, and indeed nothing is more probable than that he will become blind and mad too; he is already a little of both.

I have been living at Fulham at Lord Wharncliffe's villa for six or seven weeks; I have lived here in idleness and luxury, giving dinners, and wasting my time and my money rather more than usual. I have read next to nothing since I have been here; I am ashamed to think how little—in short, a most unprofitable life.

September 23rd.—At Fulham till Friday, when I came to town. Went to Stoke on Saturday, and returned yesterday; old Lady Salisbury, Giles, E. Capel, and Conroy. There is always something to be learnt from everybody, if you touch them on the points they know. Giles told me about the letter to his sister written by Francis,[1] and which was supposed to have afforded another proof that he was Junius. Many years ago Francis was in love with

[1] Sir Philip Francis, the supposed author of the "Letters of Junius."

his sister, Mrs. King (at Bath), and one day she received an anonymous letter, enclosing a copy of verses. The letter said that the writer had found the verses, and being sure they were meant for her, had sent them to her. The verses were in Francis' handwriting, the envelope in a feigned hand. When the discussion arose about Francis being Junius, Giles said to his sister one day, "If you have kept those verses which Francis wrote to you many years ago at Bath, it would be curious to examine the handwriting and see if it corresponds with that of Junius." She found the envelope and verses, and, on comparing them, the writing of the envelope was identical with that of Junius as published in Woodfall's book.

Old Creevey[1] is rather an extraordinary character. I know nothing of the early part of his history, but I believe he was an attorney or barrister; he married a widow, who died a few years ago; she had something, he nothing; he got into Parliament, belonged to the Whigs, displayed a good deal of shrewdness and humour, and was for some time very troublesome to the Tory Government by continually attacking abuses. After some time he lost his seat, and went to live at Brussels, where he became intimate with the Duke of Wellington. Then his wife died, upon which event he was thrown upon the world with about 200*l.* a year or less, no home, few connections, a great many acquaintance, a good constitution, and extraordinary spirits. He possesses nothing but his clothes, no property of any sort; he leads a vagrant life, visiting a number of people who are delighted to have him, and sometimes roving about to various places, as fancy happens to direct, and staying till he has spent what money he has in his pocket. He has no servant, no home, no creditors; he buys everything as he wants it at the place he is at; he has no ties upon him, and has his time entirely at his own disposal and that of his friends. He is certainly a living proof that a man may be perfectly happy and exceedingly

[1] Thomas Creevey (of the "Creevey Papers") now aged sixty-one.

poor, or rather without riches, for he suffers none of the privations of poverty and enjoys many of the advantages of wealth. I think he is the only man I know in society who possesses nothing.

September 23rd.—The whole press has risen up in arms against the Duke's prosecution of the *Morning Journal,* which appears to me, though many people think he is right, a great act of weakness and passion. How can such a man suffer by the attacks of such a paper, and by such attacks, the sublime of the ridiculous?—"that he is aiming at the Crown, but *we* shall take care that he does not succeed in this." The idea of the Duke of Wellington seeking to make himself King, and his ambition successfully resisted by the editor of a newspaper, "flogs" any scene in the *Rehearsal.* I saw the Duke yesterday morning; he was just come from Doncaster, where he told me he had been very well received. He was with Chesterfield, who was to have had a large party. Afterwards I rode with him and he took me to see his house, which is now excellent. He told me that both the King's eyes were affected, the left the most, and that he would have the operation performed when they were fit for it; he said that the King never evinced any fear upon these occasions, that he was always perfectly cool, and neither feared operations nor their possible consequences; that he remembered when he had a very painful and dangerous operation performed some time ago upon his head, that he was not the least nervous about it, nor at all afraid of dying, for they told him that he would very likely not recover. I said, "Then, after all, perhaps he who has the reputation of being a coward would prove a very brave man if circumstances occasioned his showing what he is." He said, "Very likely"; that he seemed to have but one fear, that of ridicule: he cannot bear the society of clever men, for fear of ridicule; he cannot bear to show himself in public because he is afraid of the jokes that may be cut on his person.

November 4th.—Left London the last week in September, and, after visiting at several country houses, slept at Harborough, and went to Bretby to breakfast; got there at twelve and found nobody up. In process of time they came down to breakfast, the party consisting of the Chancellor and Lady Lyndhurst, the Worcesters, Mrs. Fox, and Williams, the chaplain, and his wife. I saw very little of the place, which seems pretty, but not large; a very large unfinished house. I stayed two or three hours and went on to Chatsworth,[1] where I arrived just as they were going to dinner, but was not expected, and so there was no room at the table. The party was immense; 40 people sat down to dinner every day, and about 150 servants in the steward's room and servants' hall; there were the Lievens, Cowpers, Granvilles, Wharncliffes, Granthams, Wiltons, Stanleys, Belfasts, Newboroughs, Dawsons, Matuscewitz, Clanwilliams, G. Anson, H. de Ros, etc. Nothing could be more agreeable from the gaiety of numbers and the entire liberty which prevails; all the resources of the house—horses, carriages, keepers, etc.—are placed at the disposal of the guests, and everybody does what they like best. In the evening they acted charades or danced, and there was plenty of whist and *écarté* high and low. It was in the middle of that party that news came of the negotiations being begun between the Russians and Turks,[2] and I received a letter from Robert Grosvenor, which Madame de Lieven was ready to devour, and she was very angry that I would not let her see the whole of it. Our Russians were of course triumphant, and the Princess's good humour was elevated to rapture by a very pretty compliment which was paid her in the shape of a charade, admirably got up as a *pièce de circonstance,* and which has since made some noise in the world. The word was Constantinople, which

[1] Greville, through his mother, was the Duke's cousin.

[2] The negotiations for the peace of Adrianople, which terminated the Russo-Turkish war.

was acted: *Constant,* Penelope and the suitors; *Inn,* a tavern scene; and *Opal,* the story in "Anne of Geierstein." The whole represented the Divan, the arrival of Diebitsch's Ambassadors, a battle between the Turks and Russians, the victory of the latter, and ended by Morpeth as Diebitsch laying a crown of laurel at Madame de Lieven's feet. She was enchanted, and of course wrote off an account of it to the Empress. The whole thing is abused as a *bassesse* by her enemies, but it was very amusing and in the Duke's house, who is a friend of the Emperor, a not unbecoming compliment.

I returned to Newmarket on the 11th of October. At the end of the week I had a fall from my horse, which confined me to my room for ten days. The Arbuthnots were at Newmarket, having come from Sudbourne, where Lord Hertford had brought the Duke and Huskisson together. Nothing seems to have passed between them beyond the common civilities of society, but Huskisson has suffered greatly from a universal opinion that the meeting was sought by him for the purpose of re-ingratiating himself with the Duke, and, if possible, getting into office on any terms. It is a proof of the low estimation in which his character is held even by those who rate his talents the highest that all his former political adherents think this of him.

The trials in Ireland are just over, and the Government have been defeated, which I find they think might be productive of very important consequences to the peace of the country. The exertions of O'Connell, who appears to have acted with great ability, produced this result. It is, however, agreed on all hands, notwithstanding these excesses, that the state of the country is improving, and the Emancipation Bill producing fresh benefits every day.

November 9th.—Dined to-day with Byng [1] and met Tom Moore, who was very agreeable; he told us a great deal

[1] Honble. Frederick Byng, formerly of the Foreign Office, generally known as "the Poodle."

about his forthcoming "Life of Byron." He is nervous about it; he is employed in conjunction with Scott [1] and Mackintosh[2] to write a history of England for one of the new publications like the Family Library. Scott is to write Scotland, Mackintosh England, and Moore Ireland; and they get 1,000*l.* apiece; but Scott could not compress his share into one volume, so he is to have 1,500*l.* The republication of Scott's works will produce him an enormous fortune; he has already paid off 30,000*l.* of the Constable bankruptcy debt, and he is to pay the remaining 30,000*l.* very soon. A new class of readers is produced by the Bell and Lancaster schools, and this is the cause of the prodigious and extensive sale of cheap publications. Moore had received a letter from Madame de Guiccioli to-day; he says she is not handsome. Byron's exploits, especially at Venice, seem to have been marvellous. Moore said he wrote with extraordinary rapidity, but his corrections were frequent and laborious. When he wrote the address for the opening of Drury Lane Theatre, he corrected it repeatedly.

The King, who was to have gone to Brighton, has given it up, nobody knows why, but it is supposed that the Marchioness is not well. This morning the Duke and my brother were occupied for half an hour in endeavouring to fold a letter to his Majesty in a particular way, which he has prescribed, for he will have his envelopes made up in some French fashion. I hear he thinks that he rode Fleur de Lis for the cup at Goodwood, which he may as well do as think (which he does) that he led the heavy dragoons at Salamanca.

November 12th.—At Roehampton at Lord Clifden's from Tuesday, the 10th, till to-day; Sir James Mackintosh, Moore, Poodle Byng, and the Master of the Rolls. It was uncommonly agreeable. I never was in Mackintosh's

[1] Sir Walter Scott was now fifty-eight, and at the height of his fame. The collected edition of the Waverley novels was just coming out. He died three years later.

[2] For Mackintosh see March 5th, 1819.

society for so long before, and never was more filled with admiration. His prodigious memory and the variety and extent of his information remind me of all I have heard and read of Burke and Johnson; but his amiable, modest, and unassuming character makes him far more agreeable than they could either of them (particularly Johnson) have been, while he is probably equally instructive and amusing. Not a subject could be mentioned of which he did not treat with equal facility and abundance, from the Council of Trent to Voltaire's epistles; every subject, every character, every work, all were familiar to him, and I do not know a greater treat than to hear him talk.

Mackintosh said he was a great reader of novels; had read " Old Mortality " four times in English and once in French. Ellis said he preferred Miss Austen's novels to Scott's. Talked of the old novelists—Fielding, little read now, Smollett less; Mackintosh is a great admirer of Swift, and does not think his infamous conduct to Vanessa quite made out. Talked of the articles of our religion, and said that they were in almost exact conformity with certain doctrines laid down in the Council of Trent.

Moore told several stories which I don't recollect, but this amused us:—Some Irish had emigrated to some West Indian colony; the negroes soon learnt their brogue, and when another shipload of Irish came soon after, the negroes as they sailed in said, " Ah, Paddy, how are you? " " Oh, Christ! " said one of them, " what, y're become black already! "

Moore, without displaying the astonishing knowledge of Mackintosh, was very full of information, gaiety, and humour. Two more delightful days I never passed.

November 20th.—Roehampton. Only Moore and myself; Washington Irving and Maclane, the American Minister, come to-morrow. Moore spoke in the highest terms of Luttrell, of his wit and information, and of his writings, to which he does not think the world does justice, particularly the " Advice to Julia," but he says Luttrell is

too fearful of giving offence. Moore was very agreeable, told a story of Sir —— St. George in Ireland. He was to attend a meeting at which a great many Catholics were to be present (I forget where), got drunk and lost his hat, when he went into the room where they were assembled and said, " Damnation to you all; I came to emancipate you, and you've stolen my hat."

Yesterday I met the Chancellor at dinner at the Master of the Rolls', when he told me about the King and Denman.[1] The King would not have the Recorder's report last week, because the Recorder was too ill to attend, and he was resolved not to see Denman. The Duke went to him, when he threw himself into a terrible tantrum, and was so violent and irritable that they were obliged to let him have his own way for fear he should be ill, which they thought he would otherwise certainly be. He is rather the more furious with Denman from having been forced to consent to his having the silk gown, and he said at that time that he should never set his foot in any house of his; so that business is at a standstill, and the unfortunate wretches under sentence of death are suffered to linger on, because he does not choose to do his duty and admit to his presence an officer to whom he has taken an aversion. As the Chancellor said to me, " the fact is, he is mad." The fact is that he is a spoiled, selfish, odious beast, and has no idea of doing anything but what is agreeable to himself, or of there being any duties attached to the office he holds. The expenses of the Civil List exceed the allowance in every branch, every quarter; but nobody can guess how the money is spent, for the King makes no show and never has anybody there. Among other expenses his tailor's bill is said to be 4,000*l.* or 5,000*l.* a year. He is now employed in devising a new dress for the Guards.

[1] Thomas Denman, K.C., afterwards Lord Chief Justice, was at this time Common Serjeant. George IV hated him for the part he had taken in the Queen's trial.

December 19th.—Ashley told me a curious thing about Sir Thomas Lawrence[1] the other day. His father kept the inn at Devizes, and when Lord Shaftesbury's father and mother were once at the inn with Lord Shaftesbury, then a boy, the innkeeper came into the room and said he had a son with a genius for drawing, and, if they would allow him, his little boy should draw their little boy's picture; on which the little Lawrence was sent for, who produced his chalk and paper, and made a portrait of the young Lord.

December 23rd.—Went to the Court of King's Bench this morning to prove that the Duke of Wellington is a Privy Councillor, on the trial of the action which the Duke brought against the *Morning Journal.* The action brought by the Chancellor had been tried the day before. Scarlett was feeble; Alexander again defended himself in a very poor speech; the jury retired for three hours, and I thought would have said " Not guilty "; but they brought in a verdict which is tantamount to a defeat of the prosecution on this charge, and amply proves the folly of having instituted it at all. I did not hear the second trial, on which they gave a verdict of guilty, after consulting for about half an hour. The jury in each case consisted of eight special jurors and four talesmen. The result of the trials proves the egregious folly of having ever brought them on, especially the Duke's. One of the verdicts is, as far as he is concerned, an acquittal; the author showed himself to be so contemptible that he had better have been treated with indifference. He has been converted into a sort of martyr, and whatever may have been thought of the vulgar scurrility of the language, ruin and imprisonment will appear to most people too severe

[1] The most fashionable portrait-painter of his day; had been for ten years President of the Academy. His father kept the " Black Bear " at Devizes, and the boy at six years old began to be known as an infant prodigy. Before he was twelve his studio is said to have been " the resort of the beauty and fashion of Bath." He died in 1830 at the age of sixty-one.

a punishment for the offence. Then the whole press have united upon this occasion, and in some very powerful articles have spread to every corner of the country the strongest condemnation of the whole proceeding. The Government, or rather the Duke, is likely to become unpopular, and no good end will have been answered. I do not believe that these prosecutions originate in a desire to curb the press, but merely in that of punishing a writer who had so violently abused him; not, however, that he would be sorry to adopt any measure which should tend to fetter free discussion, and subject the press to future punishment. But this would be a fearful war to wage, and I do not think he is rash enough to undertake such a crusade.

1830

January 5th.—There are many speculations about Vesey's[1] successor; some think Lord Chandos or Herries; I think Frankland Lewis, but that Lord Chandos will have some place before long; the Duke has a great hankering after that set. In the meantime all accounts concur in admitting the great and increasing distress; and, as such a state of things not unnaturally produces a good deal of ill-humour, the Duke is abused for gadding about, visiting, and shooting while the country is in difficulty, and it is argued that he must be very unfeeling and indifferent to it all to amuse himself in this manner. Nothing can be more unjust than such accusations as these. The sort of relaxation he takes is necessary to his health, and, all things considered, it is not extraordinary he should prefer other people's houses to his own, particularly when

[1] Vesey Fitzgerald, President of the Board of Trade, who had resigned through ill-health.

everyone invites him in the most pressing manner. But these visits by no means interrupt the course of his official business; all his letters are regularly sent to him, and as regularly answered every day, and it is his habit to open his letters himself, to read them all, and to answer all. He never receives any letter, whatever may be the subject or the situation of the writer, that he does not answer, and that immediately, to a degree which is not only unprecedented, but quite necessary, and I think unwise, although certainly it contributes to his popularity. It is another proof of that simplicity of character and the absence of all arrogance which are so remarkable in him, especially as he has long been used to command and to implicit obedience, and the whole tenor of his conduct since he has been in office shows that he is covetous of power and authority, and will not endure anybody who will not be subservient to him; still in his manner and bearing there is nothing but openness, frankness, civility, and good-humour. As to his supposed indifference to the public distress, I firmly believe that his mind is incessantly occupied with projects for its relief, and that when unwarped by particular prejudices, partialities, and antipathies, which have had a stronger and more frequent influence over him than befits so great a man, he is animated with a sincere desire to reform abuses of any kind, and is not diverted from his purpose by any personal considerations or collateral objects.

January 17th.—The country gentlemen are beginning to arrive, and they all tell the same story as to the universally prevailing distress and the certainty of things becoming much worse; of the failure of rents all over England, and the necessity of some decisive measures or the prospect of general ruin. Of course they differ as to the measures, but there appears to be a strong leaning towards the alteration in the currency and one pound notes. It really does appear, from many representations, that a notion prevails of the Duke of Wellington's

indifference to the state of the country, and of his disposition to treat the remonstrances and petitions of the people, as well as their interests and feelings, with contempt, which I believe most false and unjust. He has an overweening opinion of his own all-sufficiency, and that is his besetting sin, and the one which, if anything does, will overturn his Government; for if he would be less dictatorial and opinionated, and would call to his assistance such talents and information as the crisis demands, he would be universally voted the best man alive to be at the head of the Government; but he has such a set of men under him, and Peel will never get over the Catholic question. [Peel got over it, but not before he had expiated his conduct by being turned out.]

January 22nd.—The Duke has lately given audience to the West Indians who came to complain of their sufferings and taxation and to implore relief. Murray and Goulburn were present, neither of whom, it is said, spoke a word. The Duke cut them very short, and told them they were not distressed at all, and that nothing would be done for them. He is like the philosopher in Molière's play, who says, "Il ne faut pas dire que vous avez reçu des coups de bâton, mais qu'il vous semble que vous en avez reçus."

January 30th.—The greatest curiosity and interest prevail about the transactions in the ensuing session—whether there will be any opposition, and from what quarter, how Peel will manage, how the country gentlemen will act and what language they will hold, and whether the Duke will produce any plan for alleviating the distress. I think there will be a great deal of talking and complaining, a great many half-measures suggested, but no opposition, and that the Duke will do nothing, and get through the session without much difficulty.

February 3rd.—I have just finished the first volume of Moore's "Life of Byron." I don't think I like this style of biography, half-way between ordinary narrative and

self-delineation in the shape of letters and diary. Moore's part is agreeably and feelingly written, and in a very different style from the "Life of Sheridan"—no turgid diction and brilliant antithesis. It is, however, very amusing; the letters are exceedingly clever, full of wit, humour, and point, abounding in illustration, imagination, and information, but not the most agreeable sort of letters. They are joined together by a succession of little essays upon his character. But as to life, it is no life at all; it merely tells you that the details of his life are not tellable, that they would be like those of Tilly or Casanova, and so indecent, and compromise so many people, that we must be content to look at his life through an impenetrable veil. Then in the letters and diary the perpetual hiatus, and asterisks, and initials are exceedingly tantalising; but altogether it is very amusing. As to Byron, I have never had but one opinion about his poetry, which I think of first-rate excellence; an enormous heresy, of course, more particularly with those whose political taste rests upon the same foundation that their religious creed does—that of having been taught what to admire in the one case as they have been enjoined what to believe in the other. With regard to his character, I think Moore has succeeded in proving that he was far from deficient in amiable qualities; he was high-minded, liberal, generous, and good-natured, and, if he does not exaggerate his own feelings, a warm-hearted and sincere friend. But what a wretch he was! how thoroughly miserable with such splendid talents! how little philosophy!—wretched on account of his lame foot; not even his successes with women could reconcile him to a little personal deformity, though this is too hard a word for it; then tormenting himself to death nobody can tell why or wherefore. There never was so ill-regulated a mind, and he had not even the talent of making his pleasures subservient to his happiness—not any notion of *enjoyment*; all with him was riot, and debauchery, and rage and despair. But the more one reads and hears

of great men the more reconciled one becomes to one's own mediocrity.

> Say thou, whose thoughts at nothingness repine,
> Shall Byron's fame with Byron's fate be thine?

Who would not prefer any obscurity before such splendid misery as was the lot of that extraordinary man? Even Moore is not happy. One thinks how one should like to be envied, and admired, and applauded, but after all such men suffer more than we know or they will confess, and their celebrity is dearly purchased.

One word more about Byron and I have done. I was much struck by the coincidence of style between his letters and his journal, and that appears to me a proof of the reality and nature which prevailed in both.

February 13th.—In the House of Lords last night Lord Holland's motion on Greece came on; his speech was amusing, but not so good as he generally is; Aberdeen wretched, the worst speaker I ever heard and incapable of a reply; I had no idea he was so bad. The Duke made a very clever speech, answering Holland and Melbourne, availing himself with great dexterity of the vulnerable parts of their speeches and leaving the rest alone. I was sitting by Robert Grant on the steps of the throne, and said to him, "That is a good speech of the Duke's," and he said, "He speaks like a great man"; and so he did; it was bold and manly, and a high tone, not like a practised debater, but a man with a vigorous mind and determined character.

February 16th.—Last night the English Opera House was burnt down—a magnificent fire. I was playing at whist at the "Travellers" with Lord Granville, Lord Auckland, and Ross, when we saw the whole sky illuminated and a volume of fire rising in the air. We thought it was Covent Garden, and directly set off to the spot. We found the Opera House and several houses in Catherine Street on fire (sixteen houses), and, though it was three in the morning, the streets filled by an immense

multitude. Nothing could be more picturesque than the scene, for the flames made it as light as day, and threw a glare upon the strange and motley figures moving about. All the gentility of London was there from Princess Esterhazy's ball and all the clubs; gentlemen in their fur cloaks, pumps, and velvet waistcoats mixed with objects like the *sans-culottes* in the French Revolution—men and women half-dressed, covered with rags and dirt, some with nightcaps or handkerchiefs round their heads —then the soldiers, the firemen, and the engines, and the new police running and bustling, and clearing the way, and clattering along, and all with that intense interest and restless curiosity produced by the event, and which received fresh stimulus at every renewed burst of the flames as they rose in a shower of sparks like gold dust. Poor Arnold lost everything and was not insured. I trust the paraphernalia of the Beefsteak Club perished with the rest, for the enmity I bear that society for the dinner they gave me last year.

February 23rd.—Dined with Lord Bathurst and a dull party; but after dinner Lady Bathurst began talking about the King, and told me one or two anecdotes. When the account of Lord Liverpool's seizure reached the King at Brighton, Peel was at the Pavilion; the King got into one of his nervous ways, and sent for him in the middle of the night, desiring he would not dress; so he went down in his bedgown and sat by the side of the King's bed. Peel has got an awkward way of thrusting out his hands while he talks, which at length provoked the King so much that he said, " Mr. Peel, it is no use going on so (taking him off) and thrusting out your hands, which is no answer to my question."

February 26th.—Intended to go to the House of Lords to hear the debate on Lord Stanhope's motion (state of the nation), but went to see Fanny Kemble in " Mrs. Beverley " instead.

The debate in the Lords was not lively, and the Duke,

they say, made a most execrable speech. The fact is that he is not up to a great speech on a great question; he wants the information and preparation, the discipline of mind, that is necessary, and accordingly he exposes himself dreadfully, and entirely lost all the advantages he had gained by the excellent speeches he had previously made on other and more confined questions.

March 2nd.—To-morrow I set out to Italy, after many years of anxiety to go there, without violent expectations of pleasure, but not thinking of disappointment. I care not for leaving London or anything in it; there are a few people whose society I regret, but as to friends or those who care for me, or for whom I care, I leave few behind.

[The journal for the next four months is occupied with Greville's tour in Italy. At Rome on May 11th he receives two important items of news.]

Rome, May 12th.—Just before I went to the Vatican I read in "Galignani" the agreeable intelligence that my mare Lady Emily had beaten Clotilde at Newmarket, which I attribute entirely to my *ex voto* of a silver horse-shoe, which I vowed, before I went to Naples, to the Virgin of the Pantheon in case I won the match; and, as I am resolved to be as good as my word, I have ordered the horse-shoe, which is to be sent on Monday, and as soon as it arrives it shall be suspended amongst all the arms, and legs, and broken gigs, and heads, and silver hearts, and locks of hair.

Everybody here is in great alarm about the King (George IV), who I have no doubt is very ill. I am afraid he will die before I get home, and I should like to be in at the death and see all the proceedings of a new reign; but, now I am here, I must stay out my time, let what will happen. I shall probably never see Rome again, and "according to the law of probability, so true in general, so false in particular," I have a good chance of seeing at least one more King leave us.

[Accordingly he stays in Rome for another month; then

visits Venice, Vicenza, Brescia, Verona and Milan; and returns over the Simplon Pass.]

Geneva, June 29th.—Got here last night, and found twenty letters at least. I only think of getting home as fast as I can.

Paris, July 3rd.—Got here last night, after a fierce journey of sixty-three hours from Geneva, only stopping two hours for breakfast; but by never touching anything but bread and coffee I was neither heated nor tired.

Calais, July 6th.—Voilà qui est fini. Got here last night, and found the Government packet only goes out five days a week, and not to-day. I am very sorry my journey is all over, but glad to find myself in England again—that is, when I get there. Heard all the news of London and Paris, such as it was. The King of France was very civil about the death of our King,[1] and, without waiting, as is usual, for the announcement of the event by the English Ambassador, he ordered the Court into mourning upon the telegraphic account reaching Paris.

Here is the end of my brief but most agreeable expedition, probably the only one I shall ever make.

[1] He died at Windsor on June 26th.

CHAPTER II

REVOLUTION OR REFORM

(1830-33)

1830

London, July 16th.—I returned here on the 6th of this month, and have waited these ten days to look about me and see and hear what is passing. The present King and his proceedings occupy all attention, and nobody thinks any more of the late King than if he had been dead fifty years, unless it be to abuse him and to rake up all his vices and misdeeds. Never was elevation like that of King William IV. His life has been hitherto passed in obscurity and neglect, in miserable poverty, surrounded by a numerous progeny of bastards, without consideration or friends, and he was ridiculous from his grotesque ways and little meddling curiosity. Nobody ever invited him into their house, or thought it necessary to honour him with any mark of attention or respect; and so he went on for above forty years, till Canning brought him into notice by making him Lord High Admiral at the time of his grand Ministerial schism. In that post he distinguished himself by making absurd speeches, by a morbid official activity, and by a general wildness which was thought to indicate incipient insanity, till shortly after Canning's death and the Duke's accession, as is well known, the latter

dismissed him. He then dropped back into obscurity, but had become by this time somewhat more of a personage than he was before. His brief administration of the navy, the death of the Duke of York, which made him heir to the throne, his increased wealth and regular habits, had procured him more consideration, though not a great deal. Such was his position when George IV broke all at once, and after three months of expectation William finds himself King.

July 18th.—King George had not been dead three days before everybody discovered that he was no loss, and King William a great gain. Certainly nobody ever was less regretted than the late King, and the breath was hardly out of his body before the press burst forth in full cry against him, and raked up all his vices, follies, and misdeeds, which were numerous and glaring enough.

The new King began very well. Everybody expected he would keep the Ministers in office, but he threw himself into the arms of the Duke of Wellington with the strongest expressions of confidence and esteem. He proposed to all the Household, as well as to the members of Government, to keep their places, which they all did except Lord Conyngham and the Duke of Montrose. He soon after, however, dismissed most of the equerries, that he might fill their places with the members of his own family. Of course such a King wanted not due praise, and plenty of anecdotes were raked up of his former generosities and kindnesses. His first speech to the Council was well enough given, but his burlesque character began even then to show itself. Nobody expected from him much real grief, and he does not seem to know how to act it consistently; he spoke of his brother with all the semblance of feeling, and in a tone of voice properly softened and subdued, but just afterwards, when they gave him the pen to sign the declaration, he said, in his usual tone, "This is a damned bad pen you have given me." My worthy colleague Mr. James Buller began to swear

Privy Councillors in the name of "King George IV—William I mean," to the great diversion of the Council.

A few days after my return I was sworn in, all the Ministers and some others being present. His Majesty presided very decently, and looked like a respectable old admiral. The Duke [of Wellington] told me he was delighted with him—"If I had been able to deal with my late master as I do with my present, I should have got on much better"—that he was so reasonable and tractable, and that he had done more business with him in ten minutes than with the other in as many days.

I met George Fitzclarence, afterwards Earl of Munster,[1] the same day, and repeated what the Duke said, and he told me how delighted his father was with the Duke, his entire confidence in him, and that the Duke might as entirely depend upon the King.

He began immediately to do good-natured things, to provide for old friends and professional adherents, and he bestowed a pension upon Tierney's widow. The great offices of Chamberlain and Steward he abandoned to the Duke of Wellington. There never was anything like the enthusiasm with which he was greeted by all ranks; though he has trotted about both town and country for sixty-four years, and nobody ever turned round to look at him, he cannot stir now without a mob, patrician as well as plebeian, at his heels. All the Park congregated round the gate to see him drive into town the day before yesterday. But in the midst of all this success and good conduct certain indications of strangeness and oddness peep out which are not a little alarming, and he promises to realise the fears of his Ministers that he will do and say too much, though they flatter themselves that they have muzzled him in his approaching progress by reminding

[1] Eldest son of King William IV by Mrs. Jordan, who was shortly after the accession created an earl by his father. The rank of "Marquis's younger children" was conferred upon the rest of the family, which consisted of four sons and five daughters.

him that his words will be taken as his Ministers', and he must, therefore, be chary of them.

At the late King's funeral he behaved with great indecency. That ceremony was very well managed, and a fine sight, the military part particularly, and the Guards were magnificent. The attendance was not very numerous, and when they had all got together in St. George's Hall a gayer company I never beheld; with the exception of Mount Charles, who was deeply affected, they were all as merry as grigs. The King was chief mourner, and, to my astonishment, as he entered the chapel directly behind the body, in a situation in which he should have been apparently, if not really, absorbed in the melancholy duty he was performing, he darted up to Strathaven, who was ranged on one side below the Dean's stall, shook him heartily by the hand, and then went on nodding to the right and left. The morning after the funeral, having slept at Frogmore, he went all over the Castle, into every room in the house, which he had never seen before except when he came there as a guest; after which he received an address from the ecclesiastical bodies of Windsor and Eton, and returned an answer quite unpremeditated which they told me was excellent.

The King's good-nature, simplicity, and affability to all about him are certainly very striking, and in his elevation he does not forget any of his old friends and companions. He was in no hurry to take upon himself the dignity of King, nor to throw off the habits and manners of a country gentleman. When Lord Chesterfield went to Bushey to kiss his hand and be presented to the Queen, he found Sir John and Lady Gore there lunching, and when they went away the King called for their carriage, handed Lady Gore into it, and stood at the door to see them off. When Lord Howe came over from Twickenham to see him, he said the Queen was going out driving, and should "drop him" at his own house. The Queen, they say, is by no means delighted at her elevation. She likes quiet

and retirement and Bushey (of which the King has made her Ranger), and does not want to be a Queen. However, "l'appétit viendra en mangeant." He says he does not want luxury and magnificence, has slept in a cot, and he has dismissed the King's cooks, "renversé la marmite." He keeps the stud (which is to be diminished) because he thinks he ought to support the turf. Altogether he seems a kind-hearted, well-meaning, not stupid, burlesque, bustling old fellow, and if he doesn't go mad may make a very decent King, but he exhibits oddities. He would not have his servants in mourning—that is, not those of his own family and household—but he sent the Duke of Sussex to Mrs. Fitzherbert[1] to desire she would put hers in mourning, and consequently so they are. The King and she have always been friends, as she has, in fact, been with all the Royal Family, but it was very strange. Yesterday morning he sent for the officer on guard, and ordered him to take all the muffles off the drums, the scarfs off the regimentals, and so to appear on parade, where he went himself. The colonel would have put the officer under arrest for doing this without his orders, but the King said he was commanding officer of his own guard, and forbade him. All odd, and people are frightened, but his wits will at least last till the new Parliament meets. I sent him a very respectful request through Taylor that he would pay 300*l*., all that remained due of the Duke of York's debts at Newmarket, which he assented to directly, as soon as the Privy Purse should be settled—very good-natured.

July 20*th*.—Yesterday was a very busy day with his Majesty, who is going much too fast, and begins to alarm his Ministers and astonish the world. In the morning he inspected the Coldstream Guards, dressed (for the first

[1] Widow, according to the law of the Church, of the late King, and probably the only person in the world, except himself, whom he ever loved. She died seven years later at the age of eighty (see below March 31st, 1837).

time in his life) in a military uniform and with a great pair of gold spurs half-way up his legs like a game-cock, although he was not to ride, for having chalk-stones in his hands he can't hold the reins.

At one there was to be a Council, to swear in Privy Councillors and Lords-Lieutenant, and receive Oxford and Cambridge addresses. The review made it an hour later, and the Lieutenants, who had been summoned at one, and who are great, selfish, pampered aristocrats, were furious at being kept waiting, particularly Lord Grosvenor and the Duke of Newcastle, the former very peevish, the latter better-humoured. I was glad to see them put to inconvenience. I never saw so full a Court, so much nobility with academical tagrag and bobtail. After considerable delay the King received the Oxford and Cambridge addresses on the throne, which (having only one throne between them) he then abdicated for the Queen to seat herself on and receive them too. She sat it very well, surrounded by the Princesses and her ladies and household. When this mob could be got rid of the table was brought in and the Council held. The Duke was twice sworn as Constable of the Tower and Lieutenant of Hants; then Jersey and the new Privy Councillors; and then the host of Lieutenants six or seven at a time, or as many as could hold a bit of the Testament. I told the King their name or county, or both, and he had a civil word to say to everybody, inviting some to dinner, promising to visit others, reminding them of former visits, or something good-humoured; he asked Lord Egremont's *permission* to go and live in his county, at Brighton.

All this was very well; no great harm in it; more affable, less dignified than the late King; but when this was over, and he might very well have sat himself quietly down and rested, he must needs put on his plainer clothes and start on a ramble about the streets, alone too. In Pall Mall he met Watson Taylor, and took his arm and went up St. James's Street. There he was soon followed

by a mob making an uproar, and when he got near White's a woman came up and kissed him. Belfast (who had been sworn in Privy Councillor in the morning), who saw this from White's, and Clinton thought it time to interfere, and came out to attend upon him. The mob increased, and always holding W. Taylor's arm, and flanked by Clinton and Belfast, who got shoved and kicked about to their inexpressible wrath, he got back to the Palace amid shouting and bawling and applause. When he got home he asked them to go in and take a quiet walk in the garden, and said, "Oh, never mind all this; when I have walked about a few times they will get used to it, and will take no notice." There are other stories, but I will put down nothing I do not see or hear, or hear from the witnesses. Belfast told me this in the Park, fresh from the scene and smarting from the buffeting he had got.

July 24th.—Yesterday the King went to the House of Lords, and was admirably received. I can fancy nothing like his delight at finding himself in the state coach surrounded by all his pomp. He delivered the Speech very well, they say, for I did not go to hear him. He did not wear the crown, which was carried by Lord Hastings. Etiquette is a thing he cannot comprehend. He wanted to take the King of Würtemberg with him in his coach, till he was told it was out of the question. In his private carriage he continues to sit backwards, and when he goes with men makes one sit by him and not opposite to him. Yesterday, after the House of Lords, he drove all over the town in an open calèche with the Queen, Princess Augusta and the King of Würtemberg, and coming home he set down the King (*dropped him*, as he calls it) at Grillon's Hotel. The King of England dropping another king at a tavern! It is impossible not to be struck with his extreme good-nature and simplicity, which he cannot or will not exchange for the dignity of his new situation and the trammels of etiquette; but he

ought to be made to understand that his simplicity degenerates into vulgarity, and that without departing from his natural urbanity he may conduct himself so as not to lower the character with which he is invested, and which belongs not to him, but to the country.

To the Freemasons he was rather good. The Duke of Sussex wanted him to receive their address in a solemn audience, which he refused; and when they did come he said, "Gentlemen, if my love for you equalled my ignorance of everything concerning you, it would be unbounded," and then he added something good-humoured. The consequence of his trotting about, and saying the odd things he does, is that there are all sorts of stories about him which are not true, and he is always expected everywhere.

July 25th.—The King continues very active; he went after the Council to Buckingham House, then to the Thames Tunnel, has immense dinners every day, and the same people two or three days running. He has dismissed the late King's band, and employs the bands of the Guards every night, who are ready to die of it, for they get no pay and are prevented earning money elsewhere. The other night the King had a party, and at eleven o'clock he dismissed them thus: "Now, ladies and gentlemen, I wish you a good night. I will not detain you any longer from your amusements, and shall go to my own, which is to go to bed; so come along, my Queen." The other day he was very angry because the guard did not know him in his plain clothes and turn out for him—the first appearance of jealousy of his greatness he has shown —and he ordered them to be more on the alert for the future.

July 30th.—The King has been to Woolwich, inspecting the artillery, to whom he gave a dinner, with toasts and hip, hip, hurrahing and three times three, himself giving the time. I tremble for him; at present he is only a mountebank, but he bids fair to be a maniac.

July 31st.—Yesterday morning I met Matuscewitz[1] in St. James's Street, who said, "You have heard the news?" But I had not, so I got into his cabriolet, and he told me that Bülow had just been with him with an account of Rothschild's estafette, who had brought intelligence of a desperate conflict at Paris between the people and the Royal Guard, in which 1,000 men had been killed of the former, and of the eventful revolt of two regiments, which decided the business; that the Swiss had refused to fire on the people; the King is gone to Rambouillet, the Ministers are missing, and the Deputies who were at Paris had assembled in the Chambers, and declared their sittings permanent. Nothing can exceed the interest and excitement that all these proceedings create here, and unless there is a reaction, which does not seem probable, the game is up with the Bourbons. They richly deserve their fate.

August 2nd.—This morning, on going into town, I read in the *Times* the news of the day—the proclamation of the Provisional Government, the invitation to the Duke of Orleans, his proclamation, and the account of the conversation between Lafitte and Marmont. It is in vain to look for private or official information, for the *Times* always has the latest and the best; Stuart sends next to nothing. Soon after I got to George Street the Duke of Wellington came in, in excellent spirits, and talked over the whole matter. He said he could not comprehend how the Royal Guard had been defeated by the mob, and particularly how they had been forced to evacuate the Tuileries; that he had seen English and French troops hold houses whole days not one-fourth so strong.

August 3rd.—I went yesterday to the sale of the late King's wardrobe, which was copious enough to fill Monmouth Street, and sufficiently various and splendid for the wardrobe of Drury Lane. He hardly ever gave away anything except his linen, which was distributed every

[1] The Russian ambassador.

year. These clothes are the perquisite of his pages, and will fetch a pretty sum. There are all the coats he has ever had for fifty years, 300 whips, canes without number, every sort of uniform, the costumes of all the orders in Europe, splendid furs, pelisses, hunting-coats and breeches, and among other things a dozen pair of corduroy breeches he had made to hunt in when Don Miguel was here. His profusion in these articles was unbounded, because he never paid for them, and his memory was so accurate that one of his pages told me he recollected every article of dress, no matter how old, and that they were always liable to be called on to produce some particular coat or other article of apparel of years gone by. It is difficult to say whether in great or little things that man was most odious and contemptible.

Nothing from France yesterday but the most absurd reports.

Goodwood, August 10th.—Came here yesterday, and found thirty-two people assembled. I rode over the downs three or four miles (from Petworth), and never saw so delightful a country to live in. There is an elasticity in the air and turf which communicates itself to the spirits.

In the meantime the French Revolution has been proceeding rapidly to its consummation, and the Duke of Orleans is King. Montrond, who was at Stoke, thinks that France will gravitate towards a Republic, and principally for this reason, that there is an unusual love of equality, and no disposition to profit by the power of making *majorats*, therefore that there never can be anything like an aristocracy. We are so accustomed to see the regular working of our constitutional system, with all its parts depending upon each other, and so closely interwoven, that we have difficulty in believing that any monarchical government can exist which is founded on a basis so different. This is the great political problem which is now to be solved.

London, August 14th.—Stayed at Goodwood till the

12th, went to Brighton, riding over the Downs from Goodwood to Arundel, a delightful ride. How much I prefer England to Italy! There we have mountains and sky; here vegetation and verdure, fine trees and soft turf; and in the long run the latter are the most enjoyable.

In the meantime our elections here are still going against Government, and the signs of the times are all for reform and retrenchment, and against slavery. It is astonishing the interest the people generally take in the slavery question, which is the work of the Methodists, and shows the enormous influence they have in the country. The Duke (for I have not seen him) is said to be very easy about the next Parliament, whereas, as far as one can judge, it promises to be quite as unmanageable as the last, and is besides very ill-composed—full of boys and all sorts of strange men.

August 29th.—Dined with Dudley the day before yesterday to meet Marmont,[1] who is made very much of here by the few people who are left. He had been to Woolwich in the morning, where the Duke of Wellington had given orders that everything should be shown to him, and the honours handsomely done. He was very much gratified, and he found the man who had pointed the gun which wounded him at Salamanca, and who had since lost his own arm at Waterloo. Marmont shook hands with him and said, " Ah, mon ami, chacun a son tour." Lady Aldborough came in the evening, and flew up to him with " Ah, mon cher Maréchal, embrassezmoi "; and so after escaping the cannon's mouth at Paris, he was obliged to face Lady Aldborough's mouth here.

Stoke, August 31st.—On Sunday I met Prince Esterhazy[2] in Oxford Street with a face a yard long. He turned back with me, and told me that there had been

[1] One of Napoleon's marshals; had fought against Wellington in Spain, but was Commander of the Royal troops during the recent revolution, and came over to England with Charles X.

[2] Prince Paul Esterhazy, the Austrian ambassador.

disturbances at Brussels, but that they had been put down by the gendarmerie. He was mightily alarmed, but said that his Government would recognise the French King directly, and in return for such general and prompt recognition as he was receiving he must restrain France from countenancing revolutions in other countries, and that, indeed, he had lost no time in declaring his intention to abstain from any meddling. Yesterday morning, however, it appeared that the affair at Brussels was much more serious than Esterhazy had given me to understand; and, as far as can be judged from the unofficial statements which we have, it appears likely that Belgium will separate from Holland altogether, it being very doubtful whether the Belgian troops will support the King's Government.

In these difficult circumstances, and in the midst of possibilities so tremendous, it is awful to reflect upon the very moderate portion of wisdom and sagacity which is allotted to those by whom our affairs are managed. I am by no means easy as to the Duke of Wellington's sufficiency to meet such difficulties; the habits of his mind are not those of patient investigation, profound knowledge of human nature, and cool, discriminating sagacity. He is exceedingly quick of apprehension, but deceived by his own quickness into thinking he knows more than he does. He has amazing confidence in himself, which is fostered by the deference of those around him and the long experience of his military successes. He is upon ordinary occasions right-headed and sensible, but he is beset by weaknesses and passions which must, and continually do, blind his judgment. If Canning were now alive we might hope to steer through these difficulties, but if he had lived we should probably never have been in them. He was the only statesman who had sagacity to enter into and comprehend the spirit of the times, and to put himself at the head of that movement which was no longer to be arrested. The march of Liberalism (as it is called) would not be stopped, and this he knew, and he resolved

to govern and lead, instead of opposing it. The idiots who so rejoiced at the removal of this master mind (which alone could have saved them from the effects of their own folly) thought to stem the torrent in its course, and it has overwhelmed them.

September 9th.—Came from Stoke the day after the Egham races, and went to Brocket Hall [1] on Saturday last; returned the day before yesterday. Nothing can exceed the interest, the excitement, the consternation which prevail here. On Saturday last the funds suddenly fell near three per cent.; no cause apparent, a thousand reports, and a panic on the Stock Exchange. At Brocket I had a long conversation with my brother-in-law,[2] who is never very communicative or talkative, but he takes a gloomy view of everything, not a little perhaps tinctured by the impending ruin which he foresees to his own property from the Liverpool Railroad, which is to be opened with great ceremony on the 15th; moreover he thinks the Government so weak that it cannot stand, and expects the Duke will be compelled to resign.

September 10th.—The Duke is very much disturbed about the state of affairs, thinks ill of France and generally of the state of Europe. I think the alarmists are increasing everywhere, and the signs of the times are certainly portentous; still I doubt there being any great desire of change among the mass of the people of England, and prudent and dexterous heads (if there be any such) may still steer on through the storm.

September 14th.—Last Saturday to Panshanger;[3] returned yesterday with Melbourne,[4] George Lamb, and the Ashleys. George said there would be a violent Opposition in the

[1] Lord Melbourne's house in Hertfordshire.

[2] [Lord Francis Egerton, afterwards Earl of Ellesmere, owner of the Bridgewater Estates and Canal which was threatened by the competition of the newly made Liverpool and Manchester Railway.]

[3] Lord Cowper's house, near Brocket.

[4] William, Lord Melbourne, the Home Secretary; afterwards Prime Minister.

approaching session. William told me he thought Huskisson was the greatest practical statesman he had known, the one who united theory with practice the most, but owned he was not popular and not thought honest.

Newark, September 18th.—Went back to Panshanger last Tuesday; found there Madame de Lieven, Melbourne, and the Hollands and Allen. Lord Holland was very agreeable, as he always is, and told many anecdotes of George Selwyn, Lafayette, and others. I saw them arrive in a coach-and-four and chaise-and-pair—two footmen, a page, and two maids. Came to town on Thursday, and in the afternoon heard the news of Huskisson's horrible accident, and yesterday morning got a letter from Henry with the details, which are pretty correctly given in the *Times* newspaper. It is a very odd thing, but I had for days before a strong presentiment that some terrible accident would occur at this ceremony, and I told Lady Cowper so, and several other people. Nothing could exceed the horror of the few people in London at this event, or the despair of those who looked up to him politically. It seems to have happened in this way: While the Duke's car was stopping to take in water, the people alighted and walked about the railroad; when suddenly another car, which was running on the adjoining level, came up. Everybody scrambled out of the way, and those who could got again into the first car. This Huskisson attempted to do, but he was slow and awkward; as he was getting in some part of the machinery of the other car struck the door of his, by which he was knocked down. He was taken up, and conveyed by Wilton[1] and Mrs. Huskisson (who must have seen the accident happen) to the house of Mr. Blackburne, eight miles from Heaton. Wilton saved his life for a few hours by knowing how to tie up the artery; amputation was not possible, and he expired at ten o'clock that night.

[1] Thomas Grosvenor Egerton, second Earl of Wilton.

Huskisson was about sixty years old, tall, slouching, and ignoble-looking. In society he was extremely agreeable, without much animation, generally cheerful, with a great deal of humour, information, and anecdote, gentlemanlike, unassuming, slow in speech, and with a downcast look, as if he avoided meeting anybody's gaze. I have said what Melbourne thought of him, and that was the opinion of his party. It is probably true that there is no man in Parliament, or perhaps out of it, so well versed in finance, commerce, trade, and colonial matters, and that he is therefore a very great and irreparable loss.

Chatsworth, September 27th.—Came here on Friday night, and found as usual a large party, but rather dull; Granvilles, Newboroughs, Wharncliffes, G. Seymours, Sir J. and Lady Fitzgerald (very pretty), Talbots, Madame Bathyani, Beaumonts, G. Lamb. Yesterday Brougham came with his brother, sister, and daughter-in-law, in the highest spirits and state of excitement, going about Yorkshire, dining and speechifying; he was at Doncaster too. Lord Granville was just returned from Huskisson's funeral at Liverpool. It was attended by a great multitude, who showed every mark of respect and feeling. He died the death of a great man, suffering torments, but always resigned, calm, and collected; took the Sacrament, and made a codicil to his will, said the country had had the best of him, and that he could not have been useful for many more years; hoped he had never committed any political sins that might not be easily forgiven, and declared that he died without a feeling of ill-will and in charity with all men. As he lay there he heard the guns announcing the Duke of Wellington's arrival at Manchester, and he said, "I hope to God the Duke may get safe through the day." When he had done and said all he desired, he begged they would open a vein and release him from his pain. From the beginning he only wished to die quickly.

Buckenham, October 25th.—A month nearly since I

have written a line; always racing and always idleness. Went from Chatsworth to Heaton Park; an immense party, excellent house and living, and very good sport for the sort of thing in a park, with gentlemen riders.

I have lost sight of politics, and know nothing of what is going on, except that all things look gloomy, and people generally are alarmed.

London, November 8th.—Went from Buckenham to Euston, and then back to Newmarket, where I never have time or inclination to write or read. Parliament met, and a great clamour was raised against the King's Speech, without much reason; but it was immediately evident that the Government was in a very tottering condition, and the first night of this session the Duke of Wellington made a violent and uncalled-for declaration against Reform, which has without doubt sealed his fate. Never was there an act of more egregious folly, or one so universally condemned by friends and foes. The sensation produced in the country has not yet been ascertained, but it is sure to be immense. I came to town last night, and found the town ringing with his imprudence, and everybody expecting that a few days would produce his resignation.

The King's visit to the City was regarded with great apprehension, as it was suspected that attempts would be made to produce riot and confusion at night, and consequently all the troops that could be mustered were prepared, together with thousands of special constables, new police, volunteers, sailors, and marines; but last night a Cabinet Council was held, when it was definitely arranged to put it off altogether, and this morning the announcement has appeared in the newspapers. Every sort of ridicule and abuse was heaped upon the Government, the Lord Mayor, and all who had any share in putting off the King's visit to the City; very droll caricatures were circulated.

I met Matuscewitz last night, who was full of the

Duke and his speech, and of regrets at his approaching fall, which he considers as the signal for fresh encroachments in France by the Liberal party, and a general impulse to the revolutionary factions throughout Europe. I hear that nothing can exceed the general excitement and terror that prevail, everybody feeling they hardly know what.

November 9th.—Yesterday morning I sallied forth and called on Arbuthnot, whom I did not find at home, but Mrs. Arbuthnot was. I walked with her down to Downing Street, and, as she utters the Duke's sentiments, was anxious to hear what she would say about their present condition. I said, "Well, you are in a fine state; what do you mean to do?" "Oh, are you alarmed? Well, I am not; everybody says we are to go out, and I don't believe a word of it. They will be beat on the question of Reform; people will return to the Government, and we shall go on very well. You will see this will be the end of it." I told her I did not believe they could stay in, and attacked the Duke's speech, which at last she owned she was sorry he had made. In Downing Street we met George Dawson, who told us the funds had fallen three per cent., and that the panic was tremendous, so much so that they were not without alarm lest there should be a run on the Bank for gold. Later in the day, however, the funds improved.

November 10th.—It was expected last night that there would be a great riot, and preparations were made to meet it. Troops were called up to London, and a large body of civil power put in motion. People had come in from the country in the morning, and everything indicated a disturbance. After dinner I walked out to see how things were going on. There was little mob in the west end of the town, and in New Street, Spring Gardens, a large body of the new police was drawn up in three divisions, ready to be employed if wanted. The Duke of Wellington expected Apsley House to be attacked, and

made preparations accordingly. He desired my brother to go and dine there, to assist in making any arrangements that might be necessary. In Pall Mall I met Mr. Glyn, the banker, who had been up to Lombard Street to see how matters looked about his house, and he told us (Sir T. Farquhar and me) that everything was quiet in the City. One of the policemen said that there had been a smart brush near Temple Bar, where a body of weavers with iron crows and a banner had been dispersed by the police, and the banner taken. The police, who are a magnificent set of fellows, behave very well, and it seems pretty evident that these troubles are not very serious, and will soon be put an end to.

November 12th.—Yesterday morning I met Robert Clive, a thick-and-thin Government man, and he began with the usual topic, for everybody asks after the State, as one does about a sick friend; and then he went on to say (concurring with my opinion that everything went on ill), "Why won't the Duke strengthen himself?" "He can't; he has tried, and you see he can't do anything." "Ah! but he must make sacrifices; things cannot go on as they do, and he must make sacrifices." Lord Bath, too, came to town, intending to leave his proxy with the Duke, and went away with it in his pocket, after hearing his famous speech; though he has a close borough, which he by no means wishes to lose, still he is for Reform. What they all feel is that his obstinacy will endanger everything; that by timely concession, and regulating the present spirit, real improvements might be made and extreme measures avoided.

November 15th.—Yesterday morning I breakfasted with Taylor[1] to meet Southey: the party was Southey; Strutt, member for Derby, a Radical; young Mill, a political

[1] Henry Taylor, the author of "Philip van Artevelde." Southey was Poet Laureate. "Young Mill" was the eminent economist, John Stuart Mill. Charles Villiers, a Radical M.P., one of the earliest advocates of Free Trade.

economist; Charles Villiers, young Elliot, and myself. Southey is remarkably pleasing in his manner and appearance, unaffected, unassuming, and agreeable; at least such was my impression for the hour or two I saw him. Young Mill is the son of Mill who wrote the "History of British India," and said to be cleverer than his father. He has written many excellent articles in reviews, pamphlets, etc., but though powerful with a pen in his hand, in conversation he has not the art of managing his ideas, and is consequently hesitating and slow, and has the appearance of being always working in his mind propositions or a syllogism.

Taylor told a story (we were talking of the negroes and savages) of a girl (in North America) who had been brought up for the purpose of being eaten on the day her master's son was married or attained a certain age. She was proud of being the *plat* for the occasion, for when she was accosted by a missionary, who wanted to convert her to Christianity and withdraw her from her fate, she said she had no objection to be a Christian, but she must stay to be eaten, that she had been fattened for the purpose and must fulfil her destiny.

November 16th.—The Duke of Wellington's Administration is at an end. If he has not already resigned, he probably will do so in the course of the day. Everybody was so intent on the Reform question that the Civil List was not thought of, and consequently the defeat of Government last night was unexpected.[1]

November 17th.—Went to Downing Street yesterday morning between twelve and one, and found that the Duke and all the Ministers were just gone to the King. He received them with the greatest kindness, shed tears, but accepted their resignation without remonstrance.

I met the Duke coming out of his room, but did not like to speak to him; he got into his cabriolet, and nodded

[1] The division was taken on Sir Henry Parnell's motion to refer the Civil List to a Select Committee, which was carried by 233 to 204.

as he passed, but he looked very grave. The King seems to have behaved perfectly throughout the whole business, no intriguing or underhand communication with anybody, with great kindness to his Ministers, anxious to support them while it was possible, and submitting at once to the necessity of parting with them. The fact is he turns out an incomparable King, and deserves all the encomiums that are lavished on him. All the mountebankery which signalised his conduct when he came to the throne has passed away with the excitement which caused it, and he is as dignified as the homeliness and simplicity of his character will allow him to be.

November 19th.—The day before yesterday Lord Grey went to the King, who received him with every possible kindness, and gave him *carte blanche* to form a new Administration, placing even the Household at his disposal —much to the disgust of the members of it. Ever since the town has been, as usual, teeming with reports, but with fewer lies than usual. The fact is Lord Grey has had no difficulties, and has formed a Government at once; only Brougham put them all in a dreadful fright. He all but declared a hostile intention to the future Administration; he boasted that he would take nothing, refuse even the Great Seal, and flourished his Reform *in terrorem* over their heads.

November 20th.—Here I was interrupted, and broke off yesterday morning. At twelve o'clock yesterday everything was settled but the Great Seal, and in the afternoon the great news transpired that Brougham had accepted it. Great was the surprise, greater still the joy at a charm having been found potent enough to lay the unquiet spirit, a bait rich enough to tempt his restless ambition. I confess I had no idea he would have accepted the Chancellorship after his declarations in the House of Commons and the whole tenor of his conduct. I was persuaded that he had made to himself a political existence the like of which no man had ever before possessed, and

that to have refused the Great Seal would have appeared more glorious than to take it. As it is all men feel that he is emasculated and drops on the Woolsack as on his political deathbed; once in the House of Lords, there is an end of him, and he may rant, storm, and thunder without hurting anybody.

November 21st.—The new Government will find plenty to occupy their most serious thoughts and employ their best talents. The state of the country is dreadful; every post brings fresh accounts of conflagrations, destruction of machinery, association of labourers, and compulsory rise of wages. Cobbett and Carlile write and harangue to inflame the minds of the people, who are already set in motion and excited by all the events which have happened abroad. Distress is certainly not the cause of these commotions, for the people have patiently supported far greater privations than they had been exposed to before these riots, and the country was generally in an improving state.

The Duke of Richmond went down to Sussex and had a battle with a mob of 200 labourers, whom he beat with fifty of his own farmers and tenants, harangued them, and sent them away in good humour. He is, however, very popular. In Hants the disturbances have been dreadful. There was an assemblage of 1,000 or 1,500 men, a part of whom went towards Baring's house (the Grange) after destroying threshing-machines and other agricultural implements; they were met by Bingham Baring, who attempted to address them, when a fellow (who had been employed at a guinea a week by his father up to four days before) knocked him down with an iron bar and nearly killed him. They have no troops in that part of the country, and there is a depot of arms at Winchester. Altogether the alarm which prevails is very great, and those even are terrified who never were so before.

November 22nd.—Dined yesterday at Sefton's; nobody there but Lord Grey and his family, Brougham and

Montrond, the latter just come from Paris. It was excessively agreeable. Lord Grey in excellent spirits, and Brougham, whom Sefton bantered from the beginning to the end of dinner. Be Brougham's political errors what they may, his gaiety, temper, and admirable social qualities make him delightful, to say nothing of his more solid merits, of liberality, generosity, and charity; for charity it is to have taken the whole family of one of his brothers who is dead—nine children—and maintained and educated them. From this digression to return to our dinner; it was uncommonly gay. Lord Grey said he had taken a task on himself which he was not equal to, prided himself on having made his arrangements so rapidly, and on having named no person to any office who was not efficient. He would not tell us whom he has got for the Ordnance. John Russell was to have had the War Office, but Tavistock[1] entreated that the appointment might be changed, as his brother's health was unequal to it; so he was made Paymaster. Lord Grey said he had more trouble with those offices than with the Cabinet ones. Sefton did nothing but quiz Brougham —" My Lord " every minute, and " What does his Lordship say? " " I'm sure it is very condescending of his Lordship to speak to such *canaille* as all of you," and a thousand jokes. After dinner he walked out before him with the fire shovel for the mace, and left him no repose all the evening.

November 25th.—The accounts from the country on the 23rd were so bad that a Cabinet sat all the morning, and concerted a proclamation offering large rewards for the discovery of offenders, rioters, or burners.

November 28th.—There has been nothing new within these three days, but the alarm is still very great, and the general agitation which pervades men's minds unlike what I have ever seen. Reform, economy, echoed backwards

[1] Afterwards Duke of Bedford, who became a great friend of Greville's, and one of his principal correspondents.

and forwards, the doubts, the hopes, and the fears of those who have anything to lose, the uncertainty of everybody's future condition, the immense interests at stake, the magnitude and imminence of the danger, all contribute to produce a nervous excitement, which extends to all classes—to almost every individual. Until the Ministers are re-elected nobody can tell what will be done in Parliament, and Lord Grey himself has no idea of what sort of strength the Government will have in either House; but there is a prevailing opinion that they ought to be supported at this moment, although the Duke of Wellington and Peel mean to keep their party together.

December 1st.—The last two or three days have produced no remarkable outrages, and though the state of the country is still dreadful, it is rather better on the whole than it was; but London is like the capital of a country desolated by cruel war or foreign invasion, and we are always looking for reports of battles, burnings, and other disorders. Wherever there has been anything like fighting, the mob has always been beaten, and has shown the greatest cowardice. They do not, however, seem to have been actuated by a very ferocious spirit; and, considering the disorders of the times, it is remarkable that they have not been more violent and rapacious. Lord Craven, who is just of age, with three or four more young Lords, his friends, defeated and dispersed them in Hampshire. They broke into the Duke of Beaufort's house at Heythrop, but he and his sons got them out without mischief, and afterwards took some of them. On Monday, as the field which had been out with the King's hounds were returning to town, they were summoned to assist in quelling a riot at Woburn, which they did; the gentlemen charged and broke the people, and took some of them, and fortunately some troops came up to secure the prisoners. The alarm, however, still continues, and a feverish anxiety about the future universally prevails, for no man can foresee what course events will take, nor

how his own individual circumstances may be affected by them.

December 2nd.—The Liverpool election, which is just over, was, considering the present state of things, a remarkable contest. It is said to have cost near 100,000*l.* to the two parties, and to have exhibited a scene of bribery and corruption perfectly unparalleled; no concealment or even semblance of decency was observed; the price of tallies and of votes rose, like stock, as the demand increased, and single votes fetched from 15*l.* to 100*l.* apiece. They voted by tallies; as each tally voted for one or the other candidate they were furnished with a receipt for their votes, with which they went to the committee, when through a hole in the wall the receipt was handed in, and through another the stipulated sum handed out; and this scene of iniquity has been exhibited at a period when the cry for Reform is echoed from one end of the country to the other, and in the case of a man (Denison) who stood on the principle of Reform. If anybody had gone down at the eleventh hour and polled one good vote, he would have beaten both candidates and disfranchised the borough. As it is, it is probable the matter will be taken up and the borough disfranchised. The franchise is as bad as possible in the freemen, who are the lowest rabble of the town and, as it appears, a parcel of venal wretches. Here comes the difficulty of Reform, for how is it possible to reform the electors?

December 5th.—The country is getting quieter, but though the immediate panic is passing away, men's minds are not the less disquieted as to our future prospects. Not a soul knows what plan of Reform the Ministers will propose, nor how far they are disposed to go. The Duke of Devonshire has begun in his own person by announcing to the Knaresborough people that he will never again interfere with that borough. Then the Black Book, as it is called, in which all places and pensions are exhibited, has struck terror into all who are named and virtuous

indignation into all who are not. Nothing can be more *mal à propos* than the appearance of this book at such a season, when there is such discontent about our institutions and such unceasing endeavours to bring them into contempt. The history of the book is this:—Graham moved last year for a return of all Privy Councillors who had more than 1,000*l.* a year, and Goulburn chose to give him a return of *all persons* who had more than 1,000*l.* a year, because he thought the former return would be invidious to Privy Councillors; so he caused that to be published, which will remove no obloquy from those he meant to save, but draw down a great deal on hundreds of others, and on the Government under which such things exist. I speak feelingly, for "quorum pars magna sum."[1]

The Duke of Wellington gave a great dinner yesterday to all the people who had gone out of office (about fifty), so that it is clear they mean to keep together. Whether he looks forward to be Prime Minister again it is impossible to say, but his real friends would prefer his taking the command of the army, whatever his fools and flatterers may do. Lord Lyndhurst, who loses everything by the fall of the late Government, cannot get over it, particularly as he feels that the Duke's obstinacy brought it about, and that by timely concessions and good management he might have had Lord Grey, Palmerston, and all that are worth having. Peel, on the contrary, is delighted; he wants leisure, is glad to get out of such a firm, and will have time to form his own plans and avail himself of circumstances, which, according to every probability, must turn out in his favour. His youth (for a public man), experience, and real capacity for business will inevitably make him Minister hereafter.

December 12*th*.—For the last few days the accounts from the country have been better; there are disturbances

[1] "Of whom I am a great part." In a later passage he speaks of himself as "a double placeman," referring to the two offices he held under the Crown, though only one of them was really a sinecure.

in different parts, and alarms given, but the mischief seems to be subsiding. The burnings go on, and though they say that one or two incendiaries have been taken up, nothing has yet been discovered likely to lead to the detection of the system. In the meantime the Government is going on what is called well—that is, there is a great disposition to give them a fair trial. All they have done and promise to do about economy gives satisfaction, and Reform (the awful question) is still at a distance.

As yet not much can be known of the efficiency of the rest of the Ministers. The only one who has had anything to do is Melbourne,[1] and he has surprised all those about him by a sudden display of activity and vigour, rapid and diligent transaction of business, for which nobody was prepared, and which will prove a great mortification to Peel and his friends, who were in hopes he would do nothing and let the country be burnt and plundered without interruption. The Duke of Richmond has plunged neck-deep in politics, and says he is delighted with it all, and with Lord Grey's candour and unassuming bearing in the Cabinet. He is evidently piqued that none of his party have followed him, and made a speech in the House of Lords the other night expressing his readiness to defend his having taken office,[2] when nobody attacked him. Knowing him as I do, and the exact extent of his capacity, I fancy he must feel rather small by the side of Lord Grey and Brougham. Graham's elevation[3] is the most monstrous of all. He was once my friend, a college intimacy revived in the world, and which lasted six months, when, thinking he could do better, he cut me, as he had done others before. I am not a fair judge of him, because the pique which his conduct to me naturally gave me would induce me to underrate him, but I take vanity and self-sufficiency to be the prominent features of his character,

[1] The new Home Secretary.
[2] As Postmaster-General.
[3] As First Lord of the Admiralty.

though of the extent of his capacity I will give no opinion. Let time show; I think he will fail.[1]

He came into Parliament ten years ago, spoke and failed. He had been a provincial hero, the Cicero and the Romeo of Yorkshire and Cumberland, a present Lovelace and a future Pitt. He was disappointed in love (the particulars are of no consequence), married and retired to digest his mortifications of various kinds, to become a country gentleman, patriot, reformer, financier, and what not, always good-looking (he had been very handsome), pleasing, intelligent, cultivated, agreeable as a man can be who is not witty and who is rather pompous and slow, after many years of retirement, in the course of which he gave to the world his lucubrations on corn and currency. Time and the hour made him master of a large but encumbered estate and member for his county. Armed with the importance of representing a great constituency, he started again in the House of Commons; took up Joseph Hume's line, but ornamented it with graces and flourishes which had not usually decorated such dry topics. He succeeded, and in that line is now the best speaker in the House. But it is one thing to attack strong abuses and fire off well-rounded set phrases, another to administer the naval affairs of the country and be ready to tilt against all comers, as he must do for the future. Palmerston is said to have given the greatest satisfaction to the foreign Ministers, and to have begun very well. So much for the Ministers.

December 16th.—There has been a desperate quarrel between the King and his sons. George Fitzclarence wanted to be made a Peer and have a pension; the King said he could not do it, so they struck work in a body, and George resigned his office of Deputy Adjutant-General and wrote the King a furious letter. They want to renew the days of Charles II., instead of waiting patiently and

[1] Time did show it to be very considerable, and the *volvenda dies* brought back our former friendship, as will hereafter appear; he certainly did *not fail*.—Author's note.

letting the King do what he can for them, and as he can.

December 23rd.—O'Connell had a triumphant entry into Dublin, and advised that no honours should be shown to Lord Anglesey. They had an interview of two hours in London, when Lord Anglesey asked him what he intended to do. He said, " Strive *totis viribus* to effect a repeal of the Union "; when Lord Anglesey told him that he feared he should then be obliged to govern Ireland by force, so that they are at daggers drawn. There is not a doubt that Repeal is making rapid advances.

Roehampton, December 26th.—At Lord Clifden's; Luttrell, Byng, and Dudley; the latter very mad, did nothing but soliloquise, walk about, munch, and rail at Reform of every kind. Lord Anglesey has entered Dublin amidst silence and indifference, all produced by O'Connell's orders, whose entry was greeted by the acclamations of thousands, and his speeches then and since have been more violent than ever.

We had a meeting at the Council Office on Friday to order a prayer " on account of the troubled state of certain parts of the United Kingdom "—great nonsense.

The King of the French has put an end to the disturbances of Paris about the sentence on the ex-Ministers by a gallant *coup d'état*. At night, when the streets were most crowded and agitated, he sallied from the Palais Royal on horseback, with his son, the Duc de Nemours, and his personal *cortège,* and paraded through Paris for two hours. This did the business; he was received with shouts of applause, and at once reduced everything to tranquillity. He deserves his throne for this, and will probably keep it.

December 30th.—Notwithstanding the conduct of King Louis Philippe, and the happy termination of the disorders and tumults at Paris last week, the greatest alarm still prevails about the excitement in that place. I never remember times like these, nor read of such—the terror

and lively expectation which prevail, and the way in which people's minds are turned backwards and forwards from France to Ireland, then range excursively to Poland or Piedmont, and fix again on the burnings, riots, and executions here.

1831

January 12th.—Passed two days at Panshanger, but my room was so cold that I could not sit in it to write. Nobody there but Frederick Lamb and John Russell.

An Envoy is come here from the Poles,[1] who brought a letter from Prince Czartoryski to Lord Grey, who has not seen him, and whose arrival has naturally given umbrage to the Lievens.

January 19th.—George Lamb said that the King is supposed to be in a bad state of health, and this was confirmed to me by Keate the surgeon, who gave me to understand that he was going the way of both his brothers. He will be a great loss in these times; he knows his business, lets his Ministers do as they please, but expects to be informed of everything. He lives a strange life at Brighton, with tagrag and bobtail about him, and always open house. The Queen is a prude, and will not let the ladies come *décolletées* to her parties. George IV., who liked ample expanses of that sort, would not let them be covered. In the meantime matters don't seem more promising either here or abroad. In Ireland there is open war between Anglesey and O'Connell, to whom it is glory enough (of his sort) to be on a kind of par with the Viceroy, and to have a power equal to that of the Government. Anglesey issues proclamation after proclamation, the other speeches and letters in retort. Nothing can be

[1] Count Alexander Walewski, a natural son of the Emperor Napoleon. During his residence in England in 1831 he married Lady Caroline Montague, a daughter of the Earl of Sandwich, and being both handsome and agreeable became very popular in London society.

more awful than the state of that country, and everybody expects that it will be found necessary to strengthen the hands of the Government with extraordinary powers to put an end to the prevailing anarchy. O'Connell is a coward, and that is the best chance of his being beaten at last.

Roehampton, January 22nd.—The event of the week is O'Connell's arrest on a charge of conspiracy to defeat the Lord-Lieutenant's proclamation. Lord Anglesey writes to Lady Anglesey thus:—"I am just come from a consultation of six hours with the law officers, the result of which is a determination to arrest O'Connell, for things are now come to that pass that the question is whether he or I shall govern Ireland." We await the result with great anxiety, for the opinion of lawyers seems divided as to the legality of the arrest, and laymen can form none.

January 23rd.—Nothing but talk about O'Connell and his trial, and we have more fears lest he be acquitted than hopes that he will be convicted. They still burn in the country, and I heard the other day that the manufacturing districts, though quiet, are in a high state of organisation.

January 25th.—Met Colonel Napier[1] last night, and talked for an hour of the state of the country. He gave me a curious account of the organisation of the manufacturers in and about Manchester, who are divided into four different classes, with different objects, partly political, generally to better themselves, but with a regular Government, the seat of which is in the Isle of Man. He says that the agriculturists are likewise organised in Wiltshire, and that there is a sort of freemasonry among them; he thinks a revolution inevitable; and when I told him what Southey had said—that if he had money enough, he would transport his family to America—he said he would not himself leave England in times of danger, but that he should like to remove his family if he could.

The King is ill. I hope he won't die; if he does, and

[1] Author of the "History of the Peninsular War."

the little girl,[1] we shall have Cumberland, and (though Lyndhurst said he would make a very good King the other night) that would be a good moment for dispensing with the regal office. It is reported that they differ in the Cabinet about Reform; probably not true. What a state of terror and confusion we are in, though it seems to make no difference!

January 31st.—Yesterday there was a dinner at Lord Lansdowne's to name the Sheriffs, and there was I in attendance on my old schoolfellows and associates Richmond, Durham, Graham, all great men now.

> While some do laugh, and some do weep,
> Thus runs the world away.

Lord Grey was not there, for he was gone to Brighton to lay the Reform Bill before the King.

February 6th.—Parliament met again on the 3rd, and the House of Commons exhibited a great array on the Opposition benches; nothing was done the first day but the announcement of the Reform measure for the 2nd of March, to be brought in by Lord John Russell in the House of Commons, though not a Cabinet Minister. The fact is that if a Cabinet Minister had introduced it, it must have been Althorp, and he is wholly unequal to it; he cannot speak at all, so that though the pretence is to pay a compliment to John Russell because he had on former occasions brought forward plans of Reform, it is really an expedient to take the burden off the leader of the Government.

February 9th.—Just got into my new home—Poulett Thomson's house, which I have taken for a year.

Met with Sir J. Burke on Sunday at Brooks's, who said that O'Connell was completely beaten by the address of the merchants and bankers, among whom were men—Mahon, for instance (O'Gorman Mahon's uncle)—who had always stood by him. I do not believe he is completely

[1] The Princess Victoria, who was then ten years old.

beaten, and his resources for mischief are so great that he will rally again before long, I have little doubt. However, what has occurred has been productive of great good; it has elicited a strong Conservative demonstration, and proved that out of the rabble-oracy (for everything is an *oracy* now) his power is anything but unlimited. There are 20,000 men in Ireland, so Lord Hill told me last night. Hunt[1] spoke for two hours last night; his manner and appearance very good, like a country gentleman of the old school, a sort of rural dignity about it, very civil, good-humoured, and respectful to the House, but dull; listened to, however, and very well received.

February 15th.—Yesterday morning news came that O'Connell had withdrawn his plea of not guilty and (by his counsel, Mr. Perrin) pleaded guilty, to the unutterable astonishment of everybody and not less delight. Sheil wrote word that his heart sank at the terror of a gaol, and "how would such a man face a battle, who could not encounter Newgate?" He comes to England directly, and will be brought up for judgment (if at all, which I doubt) next term. He gives out that he was forced to do this in order to hasten to England and repair in the House of Commons the errors of O'Gorman Mahon.[2] There is no calculating what may be the extent of the credulity of an Irish mob with regard to him, but after all his bullies and bravadoes this will hardly go down even with them. Sheil says, "O'Connell is fallen indeed." I trust, though hardly dare hope, that "he sinks like stars that fall to rise no more."

February 17th.—The Duke of Wellington called on my family yesterday; he says the Reform question will not be carried, and he thinks the Government cannot stand, that things are certainly better (internally), and that the great fear is lest people should be too much afraid.

[1] Generally known as Orator Hunt; had just been returned in opposition to Stanley as member for Preston.

[2] One of the Irish members, who had recently brought on a debate on Ireland.

Went to Lady Dudley Stewart's last night; a party; saw a vulgar-looking, fat man with spectacles, and a mincing, rather pretty pink and white woman, his wife. The man was Napoleon's nephew, the woman Washington's granddaughter. What a host of associations, all confused and degraded! He is a son of Murat, the King of Naples, who was said to be " le dieu Mars jusqu'à six heures du soir." He was heir to a throne, and is now a lawyer in the United States, and his wife, whose name I know not, Sandon told me, was Washington's granddaughter.[1] (This must be a mistake, for I think Washington never had any children.)

February 24th.—At Newmarket for three days, from Saturday till Tuesday; riding out at eight o'clock every morning and inhaling salubrious air. Came back the night before last and found matters in a strange state. The Government, strong in the House of Lords (which is a secondary consideration), is weak in the House of Commons to a degree which is contemptible and ridiculous. Even Sefton now confesses that Althorp is wretched. There he is *leading* the House of Commons without the slightest acquaintance with the various subjects that come under discussion, and hardly able to speak at all; not one of the Ministers exhibits anything like vigour, ability, or discretion. The exultation of the Opposition is unbounded, and Peel plays with his power in the House, only not putting it forth because it does not suit his convenience; but he does what he likes, and it is evident that the very existence of the Government depends upon his pleasure. Neither the late nor any other Government ever cut so poor a figure as this does.

The King went to the play the night before last; was well received in the house, but hooted and pelted coming home, and a stone shivered a window of his coach and fell into Prince George of Cumberland's lap. The King

[1] Achille Murat and his wife were living at this time in the Alpha Road, Regent's Park. It was said she was Washington's grand-niece.

was excessively annoyed, and sent for Baring, who was the officer riding by his coach, and asked him if he knew who had thrown the stone; he said that it terrified the Queen, and " was very disagreeable, as he should always be going somewhere."

February 25th.—I am just come home from breakfasting with Henry Taylor to meet Wordsworth; the same party as when he had Southey—Mill, Elliot, Charles Villiers. Wordsworth may be bordering on sixty; [1] hard-featured, brown, wrinkled, with prominent teeth and a few scattered grey hairs, but nevertheless not a disagreeable countenance; and very cheerful, merry, courteous, and talkative, much more so than I should have expected from the grave and didactic character of his writings. He held forth on poetry, painting, politics, and metaphysics, and with a great deal of eloquence; he is more conversable and with a greater flow of animal spirits than Southey. He mentioned that he never wrote down as he composed, but composed walking, riding, or in bed, and wrote down after; that Southey always composes at his desk. He talked a great deal of Brougham, whose talents and domestic virtues he greatly admires; that he was very generous and affectionate in his disposition, full of duty and attention to his mother, and had adopted and provided for a whole family of his brother's children, and treats his wife's children as if they were his own. He insisted upon taking them both with him to the drawing-room the other day when he went in state as Chancellor. They remonstrated with him, but in vain.

March 2nd.—The great day at length arrived, and yesterday Lord John Russell moved for leave to bring in his Reform Bill. To describe the curiosity, the intensity of the expectation and excitement, would be impossible, and the secret had been so well kept that not a soul knew what the measure was (though most people guessed pretty well) till they heard it. He rose at six o'clock, and spoke

[1] He was almost sixty-one, and lived for nearly twenty years more.

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for two hours and a quarter—a sweeping measure indeed, much more so than anyone had imagined, because the Ministers had said it was one which would give *general* satisfaction, whereas this must dissatisfy all the moderate and will probably just stop short enough not to satisfy the Radicals. They say it was ludicrous to see the faces of the members for those places which are to be disfranchised as they were severally announced, and Wetherell, who began to take notes, as the plan was gradually developed, after sundry contortions and grimaces and flinging about his arms and legs, threw down his notes with a mixture of despair and ridicule and horror.

What everybody enquires is what line Peel will take, and though each party is confident of success in this question, it is thought to depend mainly upon the course he adopts and the sentiments he expresses. Hitherto he has cautiously abstained from committing himself in any way, and he is free to act as he thinks best, but he certainly occupies a grand position when he has *omnium oculos in se conversos,* and the whole House of Commons looking with unutterable anxiety to his opinions and conduct. Such has the course of events and circumstances made this man, who is probably yet destined to play a great part, and it may be a very useful one. As to this measure, the greatest evil of it is that it is a pure speculation, and may be productive of the best consequences, or the worst, or even of none at all, for all that its authors and abettors can explain to us or to themselves.

March 5th.—On Thursday night the great speeches were those of Hobhouse on one side and Peel on the other, which last was received with the greatest enthusiasm, and some said (as usual) that it was the finest oration they had ever heard within the walls of Parliament; it seems by the report of it to have been very able and very eloquent. The people come into the " Travellers " after the debate, and bring their different accounts all tinctured by their particular opinions and prejudices, so that the exact truth

of the relative merits of the speakers is only attainable by the newspaper reports, imperfect as they are, the next day. The excitement is beyond anything I ever saw. Last night Stanley answered Peel in an excellent speech, and one which is likely to raise his reputation very high. He is evidently desirous of pitting himself against Peel, whom he dislikes; and it is probable that they are destined to be the rival leaders[1] of two great Parliamentary parties, if things settle down into the ancient practices of Parliamentary warfare.

March 7th.—Nothing talked of, thought of, dreamt of, but Reform. Every creature one meets asks, What is said now? How will it go? What is the last news? What do *you* think? and so it is from morning till night, in the streets, in the clubs, and in private houses. Yesterday morning met Hobhouse; told him how well I heard he had spoken, and asked him what he thought of Peel's speech; he said it was brilliant, imposing, but not much in it. Everybody cries up (more than usual) the speeches on their own side, and despises those on the other, which is peculiarly absurd, because the speaking has been very good, and there is so much to be said on both sides that the speech of an adversary may be applauded without any admission of his being in the right.

Grant gave me a curious account of old Sir Robert Peel. He was the younger son of a merchant, his fortune (very small) left to him in the house, and he was not to take it out. He gave up the fortune and started in business without a shilling, but as the active partner in a concern with two other men—Yates (whose daughter he afterwards married) and another—who between them made up 6,000*l.*; from this beginning he left 250,000*l.* apiece to his five younger sons, 60,000*l.* to his three daughters each,

[1] Stanley, who was now Secretary for Ireland, resigned his office in 1834, and in the following year went over, with Lord George Bentinck and others, to the Tory party. In 1847, after the fall of Peel, he became leader of the party, and was three times Prime Minister—in 1852, 1858 and 1866.

and 22,000*l.* a year in land and 450,000*l.* in the funds to Peel. In his lifetime he gave Peel 12,000*l.* a year, the others 3,000*l.* and spent 3,000*l.* himself. He was always giving them money, and for objects which it might have been thought he would have undervalued. He paid for Peel's house when he built it, and for the Chapeau de Paille (2,700 guineas) when he bought it.

March 11th.—It is curious to see the change of opinion as to the passing of this Bill. The other day nobody would hear of the possibility of it, now everybody is beginning to think it will be carried. The tactics of the Opposition have been very bad, for they ought to have come to a division immediately, when I think Government would have been beaten, but it was pretty certain that if they gave time to the country to declare itself the meetings and addresses would fix the wavering and decide the doubtful. There certainly never was anything like the unanimity which pervades the country on the subject; and though I do not think they will break out into rebellion if it is lost, it is impossible not to see that the feeling for it, kept alive as it will be by every sort of excitement, must prevail, and that if this particular Bill is not carried some other must very like it, and which, if it is much short of this, will only leave a peg to hang fresh discussions upon.

March 15th.—It is universally believed that this Bill will pass, except by some of the ultras against it, or by the fools. But what next? That nobody can tell, though to see the exultation of the Government one would imagine they saw their way clearly to a result of wonderful good. I have little doubt that it will be read a second time, and be a good deal battled in Committee. But when it comes into operation how disappointed everybody will be, and first of all the people! [1]

I dined with Lord Grey on Sunday; they are all in high

[1] They were. Their disappointment led, about six years later, to the revival of Chartism.

spirits. Howick told his father that he had received a letter from some merchant in the North praising the Bill, and saying he approved of the whole Government except of Poulett Thomson. In the evening Brougham, John Russell, and others arrived. I hear of Brougham from Sefton, with whom he passes most of his spare time, to relieve his mind by small talk, *persiflage*, and the gossip of the day. He tells Sefton "that he likes his office, but that it is a mere plaything, and there is nothing to do; his life is too idle, and when he has cleared off the arrears, which he shall do forthwith, that he really does not know how he shall get rid of his time." He is a wonderful man, the most extraordinary I ever saw, but there is more of the mountebank than of greatness in all this. The stories of him as told by Sefton would be invaluable to his future biographer, and never was a life more sure to be written hereafter.

March 17th.—The Reform Bill is just printed, and the various objections raised against different parts of it already are sufficient to show that it will be pulled to pieces in Committee. Both parties confident of success on the second reading, but the country *will* have it; there is a determination on the subject, and a unanimity perfectly marvellous, and no demonstration of the unfitness of any of its parts will be of any avail; some of its details may be corrected and amended, but substantially it must pass pretty much as it is.

March 18th.—Met Robert Clive yesterday morning; very low about the Bill, which he thinks so sure to be carried that he questions the expediency of dividing on the second reading; complained bitterly of the bad tactics and want of union of the party, and especially of Peel's inactivity and backwardness in not having rallied and taken the lead more than he has; he is in fact so cold, phlegmatic, and calculating that he disgusts those who can't do without him as a leader; he will always have political but never personal influence.

March 20th.—I still think the second reading of the Reform Bill will pass, and, all things considered, that it would be the best thing that could happen; it is better to capitulate than to be taken by storm. The people are unanimous, good-humoured, and determined; if the Bill is thrown out, their good humour will disappear, the country will be a scene of violence and uproar, and a most ferocious Parliament will be returned, which will not only carry the question of Reform, but possibly do so in a very different form.

March 23rd.—The House divided at three o'clock this morning, and the second reading was carried by a majority of *one* in the fullest House that ever was known—303 to 302—both parties confident up to the moment of division; but the Opposition most so, and at last the Government expected to be beaten. I stopped at the " Travellers " till past three, when a man came in and told me the news. I walked home, and found the streets swarming with members of Parliament coming from the House. My belief is that if they manage well and are active and determined the Bill will be lost in Committee, and then this will be the best thing that could have occurred.

March 24th.—The agitation the other night on the division was prodigious. The Government, who stayed in the House, thought they had lost it by ten, and the Opposition, who were crowded in the lobby, fancied from their numbers that they were sure of winning. There was betting going on all night long, and large sums have been won and lost. The people in the lobby were miscounted, and they thought they had 303. At the levee yesterday and Council; the Government are by way of being satisfied, but hardly can be. I met the Duke of Wellington afterwards, who owned to me that he thought this small majority for the Bill was on the whole the best thing that could have occurred, and that seems to be the opinion generally of its opponents.

Nothing particular at the levee; Brougham very good

fun. The King, who had put off going to the Opera on account of the death of his son-in-law Kennedy, appeared in mourning (crape, that is), which is reckoned bad taste; the public allow natural feeling to supersede law and etiquette, but it is too much to extend that courtesy to a "son-in-law," and his daughter is not in England. Somebody said that "it was the first time a King of England had appeared in mourning that his subjects did not wear."

A sort of repose from the cursed Bill for a moment, but it is said that many who opposed it before are going to support it in Committee; nobody knows. When the Speaker put the question, each party roared "Aye" and "No" *totis viribus*. He said he did not know, and put it again. After that he said, "I am not sure, but I think the ayes have it." Then the noes went out into the lobby, and the others thought they never would have done filing out, and the House looked so empty when they were gone that the Government was in despair. They say the excitement[1] was beyond anything. I continue to hear great complaints of Peel—of his coldness, incommunicativeness, and deficiency in all the qualities requisite for a leader, particularly at such a time. There is nobody else, or he would be deserted for any man who had talents enough to take a prominent part, so much does he disgust his adherents.

April 14th.—The Reform campaign has reopened with a violent speech from Hunt denouncing the whole thing as a delusion; that the people begin to find out how they are humbugged, and that as it will make nothing cheaper they don't care about it. The man's drift is not very clear whether the Bill is really unpalatable at Preston or whether he wants to go further directly. At the same time John Russell announced some alterations in the Bill,

[1] In a letter to a friend Macaulay wrote: "But you might have heard a pin drop as Duncannon read the numbers. Then again the shouts broke out, and many of us shed tears. . . . And the jaw of Peel fell; and the face of Twiss was as the face of a damned soul; and Herries looked like Judas taking his necktie off for the last operation."

not, as he asserted, trenching upon its principle, but, as the Opposition declares, altering it altogether. On the whole, these things have inspirited its opponents, and, as they must produce delay, are in so far bad for the Reform cause.

April 24th.—I was at Newmarket all last week, and returned to town last night to hear from those who saw them the extraordinary scenes in both Houses of Parliament (the day before) which closed the eventful week. The Reform battle began again on Monday last. General Gascoyne moved that the Committee should be instructed not to reduce the members of the House of Commons, and this was carried after two nights' debate by eight. The dissolution was then decided upon. Meanwhile Lord Wharncliffe gave notice of a motion to address the King not to dissolve Parliament, and this was to have come on on Friday. On Thursday the Ministers were again beaten in the House of Commons on a question of adjournment, and on Friday morning they got the King to go down and prorogue Parliament in person the same day. This *coup d'état* was so sudden that nobody was aware of it till within two or three hours of the time, and many not at all. They told him that the cream-coloured horses could not be got ready, when he said, "Then I will go with anybody else's horses." Somebody went off in a carriage to the Tower, to fetch the crown, and they collected such attendants as they could find to go with his Majesty. The Houses met at one or two o'clock. In the House of Commons Sir R. Vyvyan made a furious speech, attacking the Government on every point, and (excited as he was) it was very well done. The Ministers made no reply, but Sir Francis Burdett and Tennyson endeavoured to interrupt with calls to order, and when the Speaker decided that Vyvyan was not out of order Tennyson disputed his opinion, which enraged the Speaker, and he soon after called up Peel, for whom he was resolved to procure a hearing. The scene then resembled that which

took place on Lord North's resignation in 1782, for Althorp (I think) moved that Burdett should be heard, and the Speaker said that "Peel was in possession of the House to speak on that motion." He made a very violent speech, attacking the Government for their incompetence, folly, and recklessness, and treated them with the utmost asperity and contempt. In the midst of his speech the guns announced the arrival of the King, and at each explosion the Government gave a loud cheer, and Peel was still speaking in the midst of every sort of noise and tumult when the Usher of the Black Rod knocked at the door to summon the Commons to the House of Peers. There the proceedings were if possible still more violent and outrageous; those who were present tell me it resembled nothing but what we read of the "Serment du Jeu de Paume," and the whole scene was as much like the preparatory days of a revolution as can well be imagined. Wharncliffe was to have moved an address to the Crown against dissolving Parliament, and this motion the Ministers were resolved should not come on, but he contrived to bring it on so far as to get it put upon the Journals. The Duke of Richmond endeavoured to prevent any speaking by raising points of order, and moving that the Lords should take their regular places (in separate ranks), which, however, is impossible at a royal sitting, because the cross benches are removed; this put Lord Londonderry[1] in such a fury that he rose, roared, gesticulated, held up his whip, and four or five Lords held him down by the tail of his coat to prevent his flying on somebody. Lord Lyndhurst[2] was equally furious, and

[1] Half-brother to the famous Foreign Secretary, whose suicide was recorded in Chapter I, and whom he succeeded in the title. His appointment four years later as Ambassador to Russia, produced a ministerial crisis.

[2] One of the ablest of the Tory Peers and a frequent figure in the Journal. Was the son of an American named Copley, and born in Boston, but was brought to England when three years old, and became a successful Tory lawyer, Solicitor-General, Attorney-General, etc., and in 1827 Lord Chancellor, when he was made Lord Lyndhurst. Lady

some sharp words passed which were not distinctly heard. In the midst of all the din Lord Mansfield [1] rose and obtained a hearing. Wharncliffe said to him, "For God's sake, Mansfield, take care what you are about, and don't disgrace us more in the state we are in." "Don't be afraid," he said; "I will say nothing that will alarm you"; and accordingly he pronounced a trimming philippic on the Government, which, delivered as it was in an imposing manner, attired in his robes, and with the greatest energy and excitation, was prodigiously effective. While he was still speaking, the King arrived, but he did not desist even while his Majesty was entering the House of Lords, nor till he approached the throne; and while the King was ascending the steps the hoarse voice of Lord Londonderry was heard crying "Hear, hear, hear!" The King from the robing-room heard the noise, and asked what it all meant. The conduct of the Chancellor was most extraordinary, skipping in and out of the House and making most extraordinary speeches. In the midst of the uproar he went out of the House, when Lord Shaftesbury was moved into the chair. In the middle of the debate Brougham again came in and said, "it was most extraordinary that the King's undoubted right to dissolve Parliament should be questioned at a moment when the House of Commons had taken the unprecedented course of stopping the supplies," and having so said (which was a lie) he flounced out of the House to receive the King on his arrival. The King ought not properly to have worn the crown, never having been crowned; but when he was in the robing-room he said to Lord Hastings, "Lord Hastings, I wear the crown; where is it?" It was brought to him, and when Lord Hastings was going

Lyndhurst, who was young and beautiful, was a well-known hostess. It was dining at the Lyndhursts' that Disraeli first met "Young Gladstone" in 1835; but he found the dinner rather dull, and remarked that a swan, very white and tender and stuffed with truffles, was "the best company there."

[1] Lord Chief Justice.

to put it on his head he said, "Nobody shall put the crown on my head but myself." He put it on, and then turned to Lord Grey and said, "Now, my Lord, the coronation is over." George Villiers said that in his life he never saw such a scene, and as he looked at the King upon the throne with the crown loose upon his head, and the tall, grim figure of Lord Grey close beside him, with the sword of state in his hand, it was as if the King had got his executioner by his side, and the whole picture looked strikingly typical of his and our future destinies.

Such has been the termination of this Parliament and of the first act of the new Ministerial drama.

April 26th.—Last night at the Queen's ball; heaps of people of all sorts; everybody talking of the elections. Both parties pretend to be confident, but the Government with the best reason.

April 29th.—The night before last there was an illumination, got up by the foolish Lord Mayor, which of course produced an uproar and a general breaking of obnoxious windows. Lord Mansfield and the Duke of Buccleuch went to Melbourne in the morning and remonstrated, asking what protection he meant to afford to their properties. A gun (with powder only) was fired over the heads of the mob from Apsley House, and they did not go there again. The Government might have discouraged this manifestation of triumph, but they wished for it for the purpose of increasing the popular excitement. They don't care what they do, or what others do, so long as they can keep the people in a ferment.

May 7th.—Nothing could go on worse than the elections —Reformers returned everywhere, so much so that the contest is over, and we have only to await the event and see what the House of Lords will do. In the House of Commons the Bill is already carried. It is supposed that the Ministers themselves begin to be alarmed at the devil they have let loose, and well they may; but he is out,

and stop him who can. The King has put off his visit to the City because he is ill, as the Government would have it believed, but really because he is furious with the Lord Mayor at all the riots and uproar on the night of the illumination. That night the Queen went to the Ancient Concert, and on her return the mob surrounded the carriage; she had no guards, and the footmen were obliged to beat the people off with their canes to prevent their thrusting their heads into the coach. She was frightened and the King very much annoyed. He heard the noise and tumult, and paced backwards and forwards in his room waiting for her return. When she came back Lord Howe, her chamberlain, as usual preceded her, when the King said, "How is the Queen?" and went down to meet her. Howe, who is an eager anti-Reformer, said, "Very much frightened, sir," and made the worst of it. She was in fact terrified, and as she detests the whole of these proceedings, the more distressed and disgusted. The King was very angry, and immediately declared he would not go to the City at all.

May 11th.—The elections are going on universally in favour of Reform; the great interests in the counties are everywhere broken, and old connexions dissevered. Everywhere the tide is irresistible; all considerations are sacrificed to the success of the measure. The state of excitement, doubt, and apprehension which prevails will not quickly subside, for the battle is only beginning; when the Bill is carried we must prepare for the second act.

May 22nd.—At Epsom all last week for the races at a house which Lord Chesterfield [1] took; nobody there but the three sisters and their two husbands. Rode out on the downs every morning and enjoyed the fine country, as beautiful as any I have seen of the kind. After the races

[1] Chiefly known for his extravagance and dissipation. C. G. was helping him with the management of his horses. The three sisters were Lady Chesterfield, Mrs. Anson, and Miss Forester, all famous for their beauty.

on Friday I went to Richmond to dine with Lord and Lady Lyndhurst, and was refreshed by his vigorous mind after the three or four days I had passed. He thinks the state of things very bad, has a great contempt for this Government, is very doubtful what will happen, thinks Lord Grey will not stand, and that Brougham will be Chancellor and Prime Minister, like Clarendon; he talked of the late Government, the Duke of Wellington and Peel; he said that the former meddled with no department but that of Foreign Affairs, which he conducted entirely; that he understood them better than anything else, and if he came into office again would be Foreign Secretary; that in the Cabinet he was always candid, reasonable, and ready to discuss fairly every subject, but not so Peel. He, if his opinion was not adopted, would take up a newspaper and sulk. Lyndhurst agreed with me about his manners, his coldness, and how he disgusted instead of conciliating people; he said that when any of his friends in Parliament proposed to speak in any debate he never encouraged or assisted them, but answered with a dry "Do you?" to their notification of a wish or intention.

In the meantime the elections have been going languidly on, and are now nearly over; contrary to the prognostications of the Tories, they have gone off very quietly, even in Ireland not many contests, the anti-Reformers being unable to make any fight at all; except in Shropshire they are dead-beat everywhere. Northamptonshire the sharpest contest, and the one which has made the most ill blood; this particular election has produced a good deal of violence; elsewhere the Reformers have it hollow, no matter what the characters of the candidates, if they are only for the Bill.

June 5th.—All last week at Fern Hill for the Ascot races; the Chesterfields, Tavistocks, Belfasts, George Ansons, Montague, Stradbroke, and Brooke Greville were there. The Royal Family came to the course the first day with a great *cortège*—eight coaches-and-four, two phaetons,

pony sociables, and led horses—Munster riding on horseback behind the King's carriage, Augustus (the parson) and Frederick driving phaetons. The Duke of Richmond was in the King's *calèche* and Lord Grey in one of the coaches. The reception was strikingly cold and indifferent, not half so good as that which the late King used to receive. William was bored to death with the races, and his own horse broke down. On Friday we dined at the Castle; each day the King asked a crowd of people from the neighbourhood. We arrived at a little before seven; the Queen was only just come in from riding, so we had to wait till near eight. Above forty people at dinner, for which the room is not nearly large enough; the dinner was not bad, but the room insufferably hot. The Queen was taken out by the Duke of Richmond, and the King followed with the Duchess of Saxe Weimar, the Queen's sister. He drinks wine with everybody, asking seven or eight at a time. After dinner he drops asleep. We sat for a short time. Directly after coffee the band began to play; a good band, not numerous, and principally of violins and stringed instruments. The Queen and the whole party sat there all the evening, so that it was, in fact, a concert of instrumental music. The King took Lady Tavistock to St. George's Hall and the ball-room, where we walked about, with two or three servants carrying lamps to show the proportions, for it was not lit up. The whole thing is exceedingly magnificent, and the manner of life does not appear to be very formal, and need not be disagreeable but for the bore of never dining without twenty strangers. The Castle holds very few people, and with the King's and Queen's immediate suite and *toute la bâtardise* it was quite full. The King's four sons were there, *signoreggianti tutti*, and the whole thing " donnait à penser " to those who looked back a little and had seen other days. What a *changement de décoration;* no longer George IV, capricious, luxurious, and misanthropic, liking nothing but the society of listeners and

flatterers, with the Conyngham tribe and one or two Tory Ministers and foreign Ambassadors; but a plain, vulgar, hospitable gentleman, opening his doors to all the world, with a numerous family and suite, a Whig Ministry, no foreigners, and no toad-eaters at all. Nothing can be more different, and looking at him one sees how soon this act will be finished, and the scene be changed for another probably not less dissimilar. Queens, bastards, Whigs,[1] all will disappear, and God knows what replaces them.

June 10th.—Breakfasted the day before yesterday with Rogers,[2] Sydney Smith, Luttrell, John Russell and Moore; excessively agreeable. I never heard anything more entertaining than Sydney Smith; such burst of merriment and so dramatic. Breakfasts are the meals for poets. I met Wordsworth and Southey at breakfast. Rogers' an always agreeable.

June 19th.—The last few days I have been completely taken up with quarantine, and taking means to prevent the cholera coming here. We made a variety of regulations, and gave strict orders for the due performance of quarantine, and to-morrow a proclamation is to be issued for constituting a Board of Health and enjoining obedience to the quarantine laws, so that everything has been done that can be done, and if the cholera comes here it is not our fault. Most of the authorities think it will come, but I doubt it.

June 23rd.—The King opened Parliament on Tuesday, with a greater crowd assembled to see him pass than was

[1] "Not Whigs—they are *les bienvenus,* which they were not before." —Author's note, July, 1838.

[2] Samuel Rogers, author of the "Pleasures of Memory," and other celebrated works which are now mostly forgotten. Having inherited a fine income, he built himself a house, which was greatly admired, overlooking St. James's Park, where he used to entertain his brother poets and other celebrities. Luttrell says of him below (December 16th, 1835) that though his poetry was poor he was a great sensualist, but he lived nevertheless to the age of ninety-two. In 1850, after the death of Wordsworth, aged eighty, Rogers, aged eighty-seven, was offered the Laureateship but declined it.

ever congregated before, and the House of Lords was so full of ladies that the Peers could not find places. The Speech was long, but good, and such as to preclude the possibility of an amendment. There was, however, a long discussion in each House, and the greatest bitterness and violence evinced in both—every promise of a stormy session. Lord Lansdowne said to the King, "I am afraid, sir, you won't be able to *see* the Commons." "Never mind," said he; "they shall *hear* me, I promise you," and accordingly he thundered forth the Speech so that not a word was lost.

June 25th.—John Russell brought in his Bill last night, in a good speech as his friends, and a dull one as his enemies, say. In the Lords Aberdeen attacked Lord Grey's foreign policy in a poor speech, which just did to show his bitterness and as a peg for Grey to hang a very good reply upon.

July 5th.—Lord Grey sent for me yesterday morning to talk over the Coronation, for in consequence of what the Duke of Wellington said in the House the night before he thinks there must be one. The object is to make it shorter and cheaper than the last, which occupied the whole day and cost 240,000*l.*

July 8th.—The second reading of the Reform Bill was carried at five in the morning by 136 majority, somewhat greater than the Opposition had reckoned on. Peel made a powerful speech, but not so good as either of his others on Reform.

July 10th.—The last two or three days I have been settling everything for the Coronation, which is to be confined to the ceremony in the Abbey and cost as little money and as little trouble as possible; and yesterday I was the medium of great civilities from Lord Grey to the Duke. He desired me to go to the Duke and show him the course of proceeding we mean to adopt, and request him to make any suggestion that occurred to him, and to enquire if he would have any objection to attend the

Council at which it is to be formally settled on Wednesday, to which Peel and Rosslyn are likewise invited. I spoke to the Duke and Peel, and they will both come. All this is mighty polite.

They had made a fine business of Cobbett's trial;[1] his insolence and violence were past endurance, but he made an able speech. The Chief Justice was very timid, and favoured and complimented him throughout; very unlike what Ellenborough would have done. The jury were shut up the whole night, and in the morning the Chief Justice, without consulting either party, discharged them, which was probably on the whole the best that could be done.

July 20th.—Halford has been with me this morning gossiping (which he likes); he gave me an account of the discovery of the head of Charles I in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, to which he was directed by Wood's account in the "Athenæ Oxonienses." He says that they also found the coffin of Henry VIII, but that the air had penetrated and the body had been reduced to a skeleton. By his side was Jane Seymour's coffin untouched, and he has no doubt her body is perfect. The late King intended to have it opened, and he says he will propose it to this King. By degrees we may visit the remains of the whole line of Tudor and Plantagenet too, and see if those famous old creatures were like their effigies. He says Charles's head was exactly as Vandyke nad painted him.

August 9th.—On Sunday, overtaken by the most dreadful storm I ever saw—flashes of lightning, crashes of thunder, and the rain descending like a waterspout—I rode to Windsor, to settle with the Queen what sort of crown she would have to be crowned in. I was ushered into the King's presence, who was sitting at a red table in the sitting-room of George IV, looking over the flower garden. A picture of Adolphus Fitzclarance was behind

[1] Indicted for a libel published in his "Political Register" with the intent to raise discontent in the minds of the labourers in husbandry, and to incite them to acts of violence.

him (a full-length), and one of the parson, Rev. Augustus Fitzclarence, in a Greek dress, opposite. He sent for the Queen, who came with the Landgravine and one of the King's daughters, Lady Augusta Erskine, the widow of Lord Cassilis's son. She looked at the drawings, meant apparently to be civil to me in her ungracious way, and said she would have none of our crowns, that she did not like to wear a hired crown, and asked me if I thought it right that she should. I said, "Madam, I can only say that the late King wore one at his coronation." However, she said, "I do not like it, and I have got jewels enough, so I will have them made up myself." The King said to me, "Very well; then *you* will have to pay for the setting." "Oh, no," she said; "I shall pay for it all myself." The King looked well, but seemed infirm.

August 11th.—Nothing remarkable in the House of Commons but Lord John Russell's declaration that "this Bill would not be final if it was not found to work as well as the people desired," which is sufficiently impudent considering that hitherto they have always pretended that it was to be final, and that it was made so comprehensive only that it might be so; this has been one of their grand arguments, and now we are never to sit down and rest, but go on changing till we get a good fit, and that for a country which will have been made so fidgety that it won't stand still to be measured. Hardinge, whom I found at dinner at the Athenæum yesterday, told me he was convinced that a revolution in this country was inevitable; and such is the opinion of others who support this Bill, not because they think concession will avert it, but will let it come more gradually and with less violence. God only knows how it will all end. There has been but one man for many years past able to arrest this torrent, and that was Canning; and him the Tories—idiots that they were, and never discovering that he was their best friend—hunted to death with their besotted and ignorant hostility.

August 12th.—Yesterday a Committee of Council met

to settle the order of the Coronation and submit the estimates, which we have brought under 30,000*l.* instead of 240,000*l.*, which they were last time.

Goodwood, August 20th.—Here I have been a week to-day for the races, and here I should not be now—for everybody else is gone—if it were not for the gout, which has laid me fast by the foot, owing to a blow. While on these racing expeditions I never know anything of politics, and, though I just read the newspapers, have no anecdotes to record of Reform or foreign affairs. I never come here without fresh admiration of the beauty and delightfulness of the place, combining everything that is enjoyable in life —large and comfortable house, spacious and beautiful park, extensive views, dry soil, sea air, woods, and rides over down, and all the facilities of occupation and amusement. The Duke, who has so strangely become a Cabinet Minister in a Whig Government, and who is a very good sort of man and my excellent friend, appears here to advantage, exercising a magnificent hospitality, and living as a sportsman, a farmer, a magistrate, and good, simple, unaffected country gentleman, with great personal influence. This is what he is fit for, and not to assist in settling Europe and making new constitutions.

Stoke, August 28th.—My gout is still hanging on me. Very strange disorder, affecting different people so differently; with me very little pain, much swelling, heat, and inconvenience, more like bruised muscles and tendons and inflamed joints; it disables me, but never prevents my sleeping at night. As I don't write history I omit to note such facts as are recorded in the newspapers, and merely mention the odd things I pick up, which are not generally known, and which may hereafter throw some light on those which are.

The Belgian[1] business is subsiding into quiet again. The

[1] A few weeks before the Dutch had invaded Belgium "to secure equitable terms of reparation." This was followed by a counter invasion by the French to secure Belgian independence, and a general war appeared imminent; but a settlement was patched up.

Dutch have gained some credit, and the Prince of Orange has (what was of importance to him) removed the load of odium under which he had been labouring in Holland, and acquired great popularity. Leopold has cut a ridiculous figure enough; not exhibiting any want of personal courage, but after all the flourishes at the time of his accession finding himself at the head of a nation of blustering cowards who would do nothing but run away. The arrival of the French army soon put an end to hostilities, and now the greater part of it has been recalled; but Leopold has desired that 10,000 men may be left for his protection, whether against the Dutch or against the Belgians does not appear.

The King did a droll thing the other day. The ceremonial of the Coronation was taken down to him for approval. The homage is first done by the spiritual Peers, with the Archbishop at their head. The first of each class (the Archbishop for the spiritual) says the words, and then they all kiss his cheek in succession. He said he would not be kissed by the bishops, and ordered that part to be struck out. As I expected, the prelates would not stand it; the Archbishop remonstrated, the King knocked under, and so he must undergo the salute of the spiritual as well as of the temporal Lords.

August 31*st*.—Dined at Osterley[1] yesterday; Lady Sandwich, Esterhazy and the Bathursts, Brooke Greville and George Villiers. Esterhazy told me he had no doubt that there would be a war, that General Baudron was arrived from Brussels, and Leopold had sent word by him that the French troops were absolutely necessary to his safety, to protect him from the turbulence of his own subjects. He considered that the Polish business was over, at which he greatly rejoiced. He said that nobody was prepared for war, and the great object was to gain time, but a few weeks must now bring matters to a crisis; the only difficulty appears to be what to go to war about, and

[1] Lord Jersey's house near London; George Villiers, afterwards Lord Clarendon, was brother to Charles, mentioned on November 15th, 1830.

who the belligerents should be, for at the eleventh hour, and with the probability of a general war, it is a toss-up whether we and the French are to be the closest allies or the deadliest enemies.

September 8th.—Dined with the Duke of Wellington yesterday; thirty-one people, very handsome, and the Styrian Minstrels playing and singing all dinner time, a thing I never saw before.

After dinner I had much talk with the Duke, who told me a good deal about the late King; talked of his extravagance and love of spending, provided that it was not his own money that he spent; he told an old story he had heard of Mrs. Fitzherbert's being obliged to borrow money for his post-horses to take him to Newmarket, that not a guinea was forthcoming to make stakes for some match, and when on George Leigh's[1] entreaty he allowed some box to be searched that 3,000*l.* was found in it. He always had money. When he died they found 10,000*l.* in his boxes, and money scattered about everywhere, a great deal of gold. There were about 500 pocket-books, of different dates, and in every one money—guineas, one pound notes, one, two, or three in each. There never was anything like the quantity of trinkets and trash that they found. He had never given away or parted with anything. There was a prodigious quantity of hair—women's hair—of all colours and lengths, some locks with the powder and pomatum still sticking to them, heaps of women's gloves, *gages d'amour* which he had got at balls, and with the perspiration still marked on the fingers, notes and letters in abundance, but not much that was of any political consequence, and the whole was destroyed. The Duke, talking of his love of ordering and expense, said that when he was to ride at the last Coronation the King said, "You must have a very fine saddle." "What sort of saddle does your Majesty wish

[1] Colonel George Leigh, who managed the King's race-horses, husband of Augusta Leigh, Byron's half-sister.

me to have?" "Send Cuffe to me." Accordingly Cuffe went to him, and the Duke had to pay some hundreds for his saddle. [While I am writing the King and Queen with their *cortège* are passing down to Westminster Abbey to the Coronation, a grand procession, a fine day, an immense crowd, and great acclamations.

I must say the King is punctual; the cannon are now firing to announce his arrival at the Abbey, and my clock is at the same moment striking eleven; at eleven it was announced that he would be there.]

September 17th.—The Coronation went off well, and whereas nobody was satisfied before it everybody was after it.

The talk of the town has been about the King and a toast he gave at a great dinner at St. James's the other day. He had ninety guests—all his Ministers, all the great people, and all the foreign Ambassadors. After dinner he made a long rambling speech in French, and ended by giving as "a sentiment," as he called it, "The land we live in." This was before the ladies left the room. After they were gone he made another speech in French, in the course of which he travelled over every variety of topic that suggested itself to his excursive mind, and ended with a very coarse toast and the words "Honi soit qui mal y pense." Sefton, who told it me, said he never felt so ashamed; Lord Grey was ready to sink into the earth; everybody laughed of course, and Sefton, who sat next to Talleyrand, said to him, "Eh bien, que pensez-vous de cela?" With his unmoved, immoveable face he answered only, "C'est bien remarquable."

September 20th.—News arrived of great riots at Paris, on account of the Polish business and the fall of Warsaw.[1] Madame de Dino (who, by the by, Talleyrand says is the cleverest *man* or *woman* he ever knew) said last night that she despaired of the state of things in France, that this was no mere popular tumult, but part of an organised system

[1] Taken by the Russians.

of disaffection, and that the Carlists had joined the ultra-Republicans, that the National Guard was not to be depended upon, that "leur esprit était fatigué." Talleyrand himself was very low, and has got no intelligence from his Government. This morning I met Lord Grey, and walked with him. I told him what Madame de Dino had said. He said he knew it all, and how bad things were, and that they would be much worse if the Reform Bill was thrown out here.

September 22nd.—The night before last Croker[1] and Macaulay made two fine speeches on Reform; the former spoke for two hours and a half, and in a way he had never done before. Macaulay was very brilliant.

There was a dinner at Apsley House yesterday; the Cabinet of Opposition, to discuss matters before having a general meeting. At this dinner there were sixteen or seventeen present, all the leading anti-Reformers of the Peers. They agreed to oppose the second reading. Dudley, who was there, told me it was tragedy first and farce afterwards; for Eldon and Kenyon, who had dined with the Duke of Cumberland, came in after dinner. Chairs were placed for them on each side of the Duke, and after he had explained to them what they had been discussing, and what had been agreed upon, Kenyon made a long speech on the first reading of the Bill, in

[1] One of the earliest rounds in a long and celebrated contest. The rivals, who never concealed their mutual dislike, were apparently well matched. Croker was by birth and education an Irishman; Macaulay, son of Zachary the philanthropist, and a descendant of the Rev. Aulay McAulay, though educated in England was a Scot of Scots. Both were men of letters more than politicians; both copious talkers and brilliant reviewers. Both rose by their talents to high influence in the parties; Croker became the friend of Wellington and Peel; Macaulay, as the favoured guest of Lord Holland, was the only plebeian, it is said, who ever penetrated into the heart of Whigdom. But in fact it was an unequal contest. Croker, aged fifty, "spiteful and malignant," was always on the losing side, and lived long enough to have the bitterness of seeing all his fears disappointed, his predictions of national ruin unfulfilled. Macaulay, twenty years younger, and an inveterate optimist, was only at the beginning of that great career which ended in a peerage and Westminster Abbey.

which it was soon apparent that he was very drunk, for he talked exceeding nonsense, wandered from one topic to another, and repeated the same things over and over again. When he had done Eldon made a speech on the second reading, and appeared to be equally drunk, only, Lord Bathurst told me, Kenyon in his drunkenness talked nonsense, but Eldon sense. Dudley said it was not that they were drunk as lords and gentlemen sometimes are, but they were drunk like porters. Lyndhurst was not there, though invited. He dined at Holland House. It is pretty clear, however, that he will vote for the second reading, for his wife is determined he shall. I am by no means sure *now* that it is safe or prudent to oppose the second reading; and though I think it very doubtful if any practicable alteration will be made in Committee, it will be better to take that chance, and the chance of an accommodation and compromise between the two parties and the two Houses, than to attack it in front. It is clear that Government are resolved to carry the Bill, and equally clear that no means they can adopt would be unpopular. It is better, as Burke says, "to do early, and from foresight, that which we may be obliged to do from necessity at last."

September 24th.—Peel closed the debate on Thursday night with a very fine speech, the best (one of his opponents told me, and it is no use asking the opinions of friends if a candid opponent is to be found) he had ever made, not only on that subject, but on any other; he cut Macaulay to ribands. Macaulay is very brilliant, but his speeches are harangues and never replies; whereas Peel's long experience and real talent for debate give him a great advantage in the power of reply, which he very eminently possesses. Macaulay, however, will probably be a very distinguished man.

Dined at Richmond on Friday with the Lyndhursts; the *mari* talks against the Bill, the women for it. They are like the old divisions of families in the Civil Wars.

Newmarket, October 1*st*.—Came here last night, to my great joy, to get holidays, and leave Reform and cholera and politics for racing and its amusements. Just before I came away I met Lord Wharncliffe, and asked him about his interview with Radical Jones. This blackguard considers himself a sort of chief of a faction, and one of the heads of the *sans-culottins* of the present day. He wrote to Lord Wharncliffe and said he wished to confer with him, that if he would grant him an interview he might bring any person he pleased to witness what passed between them. Lord Wharncliffe replied that he would call on him, and should be satisfied to have no witness. Accordingly he did so, when the other in very civil terms told him that he wished to try and impress upon his mind (as he was one of the heads of anti-Reform in the House of Lords) how dangerous it would be to reject this Bill, that all sorts of excesses would follow its rejection, that their persons and properties would be perilled, and resistance would be unavailing, for that they (the Reformers) were resolved to carry their point. Lord Wharncliffe asked whether if this was conceded they would be satisfied. Jones replied, " Certainly not "; that they must go a great deal further; that an hereditary peerage was not to be defended on any reasonable theory. Still, he was not for doing away with it, that he wished the changes that were inevitable to take place quietly, and without violence or confusion. After some more discourse in this strain they separated, but very civilly, and without any intemperance of expression on the part of the Reformer.

On Monday the battle begins in the House of Lords, and up to this time nobody knows how it will go, each party being confident, but opinion generally in favour of the Bill being thrown out.

Riddlesworth, October 10*th*.—At Newmarket all last week; all the Peers absent; here since Friday. Yesterday morning the newspapers (several in black) announced the

defeat of the Reform Bill by a majority of forty-one, at seven o'clock on Saturday morning, after five nights' debating. By all accounts the debate was a magnificent display, and incomparably superior to that in the House of Commons, but the reports convey no idea of it. There was no excitement in London the following day, and nothing particular happened but the Chancellor being drawn from Downing Street to Berkeley Square in his carriage by a very poor mob. The majority was much greater than anybody expected, and it is to be hoped may be productive of good by showing the necessity of a compromise; for no Minister can make sixty Peers, which Lord Grey must do to carry this Bill; it would be to create another House of Lords. On the whole I rejoice at this result, though I had taken fright before, and thought it better the Bill should be read a second time than be thrown out by a very small majority.

While the debates have been going on there have been two elections, one of the Lord Mayor in the City, which the Reformers have carried after a sharp contest, and the contest for Dorsetshire between Ponsonby and Ashley, which is not yet over.[1] Ponsonby had a week's start of his opponent, notwithstanding which it is so severe that they have been for some days within ten or fifteen of each other, and (what is remarkable) the anti-Reformer is the popular candidate, and has got all the mob with him. This certainly is indicative of some *change,* though not of a *reaction,* in public opinion. There is no longer the same vehemence of desire for this Bill, and I doubt whether all the efforts of the press will be able to stimulate the people again to the same pitch of excitement.

Buckenham, October 11*th.*—Came here yesterday; nobody of note, not lively, letters every day with an account

[1] In this election Lord Ashley (afterwards famous as the philanthropist Lord Shaftesbury) defeated the Reform candidate, Mr. Ponsonby, by thirty-six votes. It was said of Lord Shaftesbury by his brother, that next to a religious ceremony the most solemn thing he knew was shaking hands with Ashley.—Henry Greville, I, 375.

of what is passing. The Radical press is moving heaven and earth to produce excitement, but without much effect. There was something of a mob which marched about the parks, but no mischief done. Never was a party so crest-fallen as I hear they are; they had not a notion of such a division.

October 12th.—The Reformers appear to have rallied their spirits. Lord Grey went to Windsor, was graciously received by the King, and obtained the dismissal of Lord Howe, which will serve to show the King's entire good-will to his present Ministers. Ebrington's resolution of confidence was carried by a great majority in the House of Commons after some violent speeches from Macaulay, Sheil, and O'Connell, and very moderate ones and in a low tone on the other side. Macaulay's speech was as usual very eloquent, but as inflammatory as possible. Such men as these three can care nothing into what state of confusion the country is thrown, for all they want is a market to which they may bring their talents; but how the Miltons, Tavistocks, Althorps, and all who have a great stake in the country can run the same course is more than I can conceive or comprehend. Party is indeed, as Swift says, "the madness of many," when carried to its present pitch. In the meantime the Conservative party are as usual committing blunders, which will be fatal to them. Lord Harrowby was to have moved yesterday or the day before, in the House of Lords, a resolution pledging the House to take into consideration early in the next session the acknowledged defects in the representation, with a view to make such ameliorations in it as might be consistent with the Constitution, or something to this effect. This has not been done because the Duke of Wellington objects. He will not concur because he thinks the proposition should come from Government; as if this was a time to stand upon such punctilios, and that it was not of paramount importance to show the country that the Peers are not obstinately bent upon opposing all Reform. I had

hoped that he had profited by experience, and that at least his past errors in politics might have taught him a little modesty, and that he would not have thwarted measures which were proposed by the wisest and most disinterested of his own party. I can conceive no greater misfortune at this moment than such a disunion of that party, and to have its deliberations ruled by the obstinacy and prejudices of the Duke. He is a great man in little things, but a little man in great matters—I mean in civil affairs; in those mighty questions which embrace enormous and various interests and considerations, and to comprehend which great knowledge of human nature, great sagacity, coolness, and impartiality are required, he is not fit to govern and direct. His mind has not been sufficiently disciplined, nor saturated with knowledge and matured by reflection and communication with other minds, to enable him to be a safe and efficient leader in such times as these.[1]

October 14th.—The town continues quite quiet; the country nearly so. The press strain every nerve to produce excitement, and the *Times* has begun an assault on the bishops, whom it has marked out for vengeance and defamation for having voted against the Bill. Althorp and Lord John Russell have written grateful letters to Attwood as Chairman of the Birmingham Union,[2] thus indirectly acknowledging that puissant body. There was a desperate strife in the House of Lords between Phillpotts and Lord Grey, in which the former got a most tremendous

[1] In reading over these remarks upon the Duke of Wellington, and comparing them with the opinions I now entertain of his present conduct, and of the nature and quality of his mind, I am compelled to ask myself whether I did not then do him injustice. On the whole I think not. He is not, nor ever was, a little man in anything, great or small; but I am satisfied that he has made great political blunders, though with the best and most patriotic intentions, and that his conduct throughout the Reform contest was one of the greatest and most unfortunate of them.—Author's Note of July, 1838.

[2] The Birmingham Political Union had been founded in January, 1830, by Thomas Attwood, to agitate by constitutional means for Parliamentary Reform. It was the first and one of the most effective of these new Radical organisations.

dressing. Times must be mightily changed when my sympathies go with this bishop, and even now, though full of disgust with the other faction, I have a pleasure in seeing him trounced.

October 15th.—A furious attack in the House of Commons upon Althorp's and John Russell's letters to Attwood by Hardinge and Vyvyan. Peel was not there, having hopped off to Staffordshire, to the great disgust of his party, whom he never scruples to leave in the lurch. They made wretched excuses for these letters, and could only have recourse to the pretence of indignation at being thought capable of fomenting disorders, which is all very well; but they do foment discord and discontent by every means in their power. With a yelling majority in the House, and a desperate press out of it, they go on in their reckless course without fear or shame.

The Dorsetshire election promises to end in favour of Ashley, and there will be a contest for Cambridgeshire, which may also end in favour of the anti-Reform candidate. These victories I really believe to be unfortunate, for they are taken (I am arguing as if they were won, though, with regard to the first, it is the same thing by contrast with the last election) by the Tories and anti-Reform champions as undoubted proofs of the reaction of public opinion, and they are thereby encouraged to persevere in opposition under the false notion that this supposed reaction will every day gain ground. I wish it were so with all my soul, but believe it is no such thing, and that although there may be fewer friends to *the Bill* than there were, particularly among the agriculturists, Reform is not a whit less popular with the mass of the people in the manufacturing districts, throughout the unions, and generally amongst all classes and in all parts of the country. When I see men, and those in very great numbers, of the highest birth, of immense fortunes, of undoubted integrity and acknowledged talents, zealously and conscientiously supporting this measure, I own I am lost in astonishment

and even doubt; for I can't help asking myself whether it is possible that such men would be the advocates of measures fraught with all the peril we ascribe to these, whether we are not in reality mistaken and labouring under groundless alarm generated by habitual prejudices and erroneous calculations. But often as this doubt comes across my mind, it is always dispelled by a reference to and comparison of the arguments on both sides, and by the lessons which all that I have ever read and all the conclusions I have been able to draw from the study of history have impressed on my mind. I believe these measures full of danger, but that the manner in which they have been introduced, discussed, defended, and supported is more dangerous still. The total unsettlement of men's minds, the bringing into contempt all the institutions which have been hitherto venerated, the aggrandisement of the power of the people, the embodying and recognition of popular authority, the use and abuse of the King's name, the truckling to the press, are things so subversive of government, so prejudicial to order and tranquillity, so encouraging to sedition and disaffection, that I do not see the possibility of the country settling down into that calm and undisturbed state in which it was before this question was mooted, and without which there can be no happiness or security to the community.

Newmarket, October 23rd.—Nothing but racing all this week; Parliament has been prorogued, and all is quiet. The world seems tired, and requires rest. How soon it will all begin again God knows, but it will not be suffered to sleep long.

London, November 11th.—The country was beginning to slumber after the fatigues of Reform, when it was rattled up by the business of Bristol,[1] which for brutal

[1] The riots broke out on October 29th, on the entry of Sir Charles Wetherell, the Recorder, who was notorious for his violent opposition to Reform. There was still no regular police force, except in London, and the military had to be called out.

ferocity and wanton, unprovoked violence may vie with some of the worst scenes of the French Revolution, and may act as a damper to our national pride. The spirit which produced these atrocities was generated by Reform, but no pretext was afforded for their actual commission; it was a premature outbreaking of the thirst for plunder, and longing after havoc and destruction, which is the essence of Reform, in the mind of the mob. The details are ample, and to be met with everywhere; nothing could exceed the ferocity of the populace, the imbecility of the magistracy, or the good conduct of the troops. More punishment was inflicted by them than has been generally known, and some hundreds were killed or severely wounded by the sabre. One body of dragoons pursued a rabble of colliers into the country, and covered the fields and roads with the bodies of wounded wretches, making a severe example of them. Nothing was wanting to complete our situation but the addition of physical evil to our moral plague, and that is come in the shape of the cholera, which broke out at Sunderland a few days ago. To meet the exigency Government has formed another Board of Health, but without dissolving the first, though the second is intended to swallow up the first and leave it a mere nullity. Lord Lansdowne, who is President of the Council, an office which for once promises not to be a sinecure, has taken the opportunity to go to Bowood, and having come up (sent for express) on account of the cholera the day it was officially declared really to be that disease, he has trotted back to his house in the country.

November 14th.—The reports from Sunderland exhibit a state of human misery, and necessarily of moral degradation, such as I hardly ever heard of, and it is no wonder, when a great part of the community is plunged into such a condition (and we may fairly suppose that there is a gradually mounting scale, with every degree of wretchedness, up to the wealth and splendour which glitter on the surface of society), that there should be so many who

are ripe for any desperate scheme of revolution. At Sunderland they say there are houses with 150 inmates, who are huddled five and six in a bed. They are in the lowest state of poverty. The sick in these receptacles are attended by an apothecary's boy, who brings them (or I suppose tosses them) medicines without distinction or inquiry.

I saw Lord Wharncliffe last night, just returned from Yorkshire; he gives a bad account of the state of the public mind; he thinks that there is a strong revolutionary spirit abroad; he told me that the Duke of Wellington had written to the King a memorial upon the danger of the associations that were on foot.

November 22nd.—The cholera, which is going on (but without greatly extending itself) at Sunderland, has excited unusual alarm, but it is now beginning to subside. On Friday last we despatched Dr. Barry down to Sunderland with very ample powers, and to procure information, which it is very difficult to get. Nothing can be more disgraceful than the state of that town, exhibiting a lamentable proof of the practical inutility of that diffusion of knowledge and education which we boast of, and which we fancy renders us so morally and intellectually superior to the rest of the world. The medical men and the higher classes are split into parties, quarrelling about the nature of the disease, and perverting and concealing facts which militate against their respective theories. The people are taught to believe that there is really no cholera at all, and that those who say so intend to plunder and murder them. The consequence is prodigious irritation and excitement, an invincible repugnance on the part of the lower orders to avail themselves of any of the preparations which are made for curing them, and a proneness to believe any reports, however monstrous and exaggerated. The consequence of this is that we have put forward a strong order to compel medical men to give information, and another for the compulsory removal of nuisances.

November 23rd.—Dr. Barry's first letter from Sunderland came yesterday, in which he declares the identity of the disease with the cholera he had seen in Russia. He describes some cases he had visited, exhibiting scenes of misery and poverty far exceeding what one could have believed it possible to find in this country; but we who float on the surface of society know but little of the privations and sufferings which pervade the mass. I wrote to the Bishop of Durham, to the chief magistrates, and sent down 200*l.* to Colonel Creagh (which Althorp immediately advanced) to relieve the immediate and pressing cases of distress.

December 11th.—To-morrow the Reform Bill comes on. Some say that it will be as hotly disputed as ever, and that Peel's speeches indicate a bitterness undiminished, but this will not happen. It is clear that the general tone and temper of parties is softened, and though a great deal of management and discretion is necessary to accomplish anything like a decent compromise, the majority of both parties are earnestly desirous of bringing the business to an end by any means.[1] What has already taken place between the Government and Wharncliffe and Harrowby has certainly smoothed the way, and removed much of that feeling of asperity which before existed.

George Bentinck told me this evening of a scene which had been related to him by the Duke of Richmond, that lately took place at a Cabinet dinner; it was very soon after Durham's[2] return from abroad. He was furious at the negotiations and question of compromise. Lord Grey is always the object of his rage and impertinence,

[1] Negotiations had been proceeding for several weeks between members of the Government and a group of Moderate Peers, known as "the Waverers," in order to secure the carrying of the Bill through the House of Lords, without the creation of Peers, in return for certain concessions. Greville himself took an active part in this business, becoming for some months a kind of unofficial secretary to the group.

[2] Lord Durham, son-in-law to Lord Grey, and a would-be-leader of the Radicals. In 1838-9 he became famous through his mission to Canada and the publication of "The Durham Report."

because he is the only person whom he dares attack. After dinner he made a violent *sortie* on Lord Grey (it was at Althorp's house), said he would be eternally disgraced if he suffered any alterations to be made in this Bill, that he was a betrayer of the cause, and, amongst other things, reproached him with having kept him in town on account of this Bill in the summer, " and thereby having been the cause of the death of his son." Richmond said in his life he never witnessed so painful a scene, or one which excited such disgust and indignation in every member of the Cabinet. Lord Grey was ready to burst into tears, said he would much rather work in the coal-mines than be subject to such attacks, on which the other muttered, " and you might do worse," or some such words. After this Durham got up and left the room. Lord Grey very soon retired too, when the other Ministers discussed this extraordinary scene, and considered what steps they ought to take. They thought at first that they should require Durham to make a public apology (i.e., before all of them) to Lord Grey for his impertinence, which they deemed due to *them* as he was *their* head, and to *Althorp* as having occurred in his house, but as they thought it was quite certain that Durham would resign the next morning, and that Lord Grey might be pained at another scene, they forbore to exact this. However, Durham did not resign; he absented himself for some days from the Cabinet, at last returned as if nothing had happened, and there he goes on as usual. Melbourne, who was present at this scene, said, " If I had been Lord Grey, I would have knocked him down."

December 13th.—Lord John Russell brought on his Bill last night in a very feeble speech. A great change is apparent since the last Bill; the House was less full, and a softened and subdued state of temper and feeling was evinced.

December 20th.—The second reading of the Reform Bill was carried at one o'clock on Saturday night by a

majority of two to one, and ended very triumphantly for Ministers, who are proportionately elated, and their opponents equally depressed. Croker had made a very clever speech on Friday, with quotations from Hume, and much reasoning upon them. Hobhouse detected several inaccuracies, and gave his discovery to Stanley, who worked it up in a crushing attack upon Croker. It is by far the best speech Stanley ever made, and so good as to raise him immeasurably in the House. Lord Grey said it placed him at the very top of the House of Commons, without a rival, which perhaps is jumping to rather too hasty a conclusion. He shone the more from Peel's making a very poor exhibition. Peel had been so nettled by Macaulay's sarcasms the night before on his tergiversation, that he went into the whole history of the Catholic question and his conduct on that occasion, which, besides savouring of that egotism with which he is so much and justly reproached, was uncalled for and out of place. The rest of his speech was not so good as usual, and he did not attempt to answer Stanley.

1832

Panshanger, January 1st.—Distress seems to increase hereabouts, and crime with it. Methodism and saintship increase too. The people of this house are examples of the religion of the fashionable world, and the charity of natural benevolence, which the world has not spoiled. Lady Cowper and her family go to church, but scandalise the congregation by always arriving half an hour too late. The hour matters not; if it began at nine, or ten, or twelve, or one o'clock, it would be the same thing; they are never ready, and always late, but they go. Lord Cowper never goes at all; but he employs multitudes of labourers, is ready to sanction any and every measure which can contribute to the comfort and happiness of the

peasantry. Lady Cowper and her daughters inspect personally the cottages and condition of the poor. They visit, enquire, and give; they distribute flannel, medicines, money, and they talk to and are kind to them, so that the result is a perpetual stream flowing from a real fountain of benevolence, which waters all the country round and gladdens the hearts of the peasantry, and attaches them to those from whom it emanates.

Gorhambury, January 7th.—Came here to-day. Berkeley Paget and Lushington; nobody else. Had a conversation with Lady Cowper before I came away; between Palmerston, Frederick Lamb, and Melbourne she knows everything, and is a furious anti-Reformer. The upshot of the matter is this: the question about the Peers is still under discussion; Lord Grey and the ultra party want to make a dozen *now*, the others want only to yield five or six. Palmerston and Melbourne,[1] particularly the latter, are now heartily ashamed of the part they have taken about Reform. They detest and abhor the whole thing, and they find themselves unable to cope with the violent party, and consequently implicated in a continued series of measures which they disapprove; and they do not know what to do, whether to stay in and fight this unequal battle or resign.

February 6th.—Dined yesterday with Lord Holland; came very late, and found a vacant place between Sir George Robinson and a common-looking man in black. As soon as I had time to look at my neighbour, I began to speculate (as one usually does) as to who he might be, and as he did not for some time open his lips except to eat, I settled that he was some obscure man of letters or of medicine, perhaps a cholera doctor. In a short time the conversation turned upon early and late education, and Lord Holland said he had always remarked that self-

[1] Palmerston and Melbourne were both originally Tories and members of the first Wellington Ministry, but resigned from it in 1828 over the question of Reform. Palmerston was now Foreign Secretary.

educated men were peculiarly conceited and arrogant, and apt to look down upon the generality of mankind, from their being ignorant of how much other people knew; not having been at public schools, they are uninformed of the course of general education. My neighbour observed that he thought the most remarkable example of self-education was that of Alfieri, who had reached the age of thirty without having acquired any accomplishment save that of driving, and who was so ignorant of his own language that he had to learn it like a child, beginning with elementary books. Lord Holland quoted Julius Cæsar Scaliger as an example of late education, saying that he had been married and commenced learning Greek the same day, when my neighbour remarked "that he supposed his learning Greek was not an instantaneous act like his marriage." This remark, and the manner of it, gave me the notion that he was a dull fellow, for it came out in a way which bordered on the ridiculous, so as to excite something like a sneer. I was a little surprised to hear him continue the thread of conversation (from Scaliger's wound) and talk of Loyola having been wounded at Pampeluna. I wondered how he happened to know anything about Loyola's wound. Having thus settled my opinion, I went on eating my dinner, when Auckland, who was sitting opposite to me, addressed my neighbour, "Mr. Macaulay, will you drink a glass of wine?" I thought I should have dropped off my chair. It was Macaulay, the man I had been so long most curious to see and to hear, whose genius, eloquence, astonishing knowledge, and diversified talents have excited my wonder and admiration for such a length of time, and here I had been sitting next to him, hearing him talk, and setting him down for a dull fellow. I felt as if he could have read my thoughts, and the perspiration burst from every pore of my face, and yet it was impossible not to be amused at the idea. It was not till Macaulay stood up that I was aware of all the vulgarity and ungainliness of

his appearance; not a ray of intellect beams from his countenance; a lump of more ordinary clay never enclosed a powerful mind and lively imagination. He had a cold and sore throat, the latter of which occasioned a constant contraction of the muscles of the thorax, making him appear as if in momentary danger of a fit. His manner struck me as not pleasing, but it was not assuming, unembarrassed, yet not easy, unpolished, yet not coarse; there was no kind of usurpation of the conversation, no tenacity as to opinion or facts, no assumption of superiority, but the variety and extent of his information were soon apparent, for whatever subject was touched upon he evinced the utmost familiarity with it; quotation, illustration, anecdote, seemed ready in his hands for every topic. Primogeniture in this country, in others, and particularly in ancient Rome, was the principal topic, I think, but Macaulay was not certain what was the law of Rome, except that when a man died intestate his estate was divided between his children. After dinner Talleyrand and Madame de Dino came in. Macaulay was introduced to Talleyrand, who told him that he meant to go to the House of Commons on Tuesday, and that he hoped he would speak, " qu'il avait entendu tous les grands orateurs, et il désirait à présent entendre Monsieur Macaulay."

February 7th.—Called on Melbourne. He said he had not meant Haddington to understand that it was desirable the declaration should be delayed; on the contrary, that it was desirable Ministers should be informed as speedily as possible of the intentions of our friends[1] and of the force they can command, but that if only a few declared themselves, they would certainly be liable to the suspicion that they could not get adherents; he added, that every man in the Government except one was aware of the desperate nature of the step they were about to take (that man of course being Durham). He said they all were

[1] " The Waverers " (see note of December 11th).

conscious of the violence of the measure, and desirous of avoiding it; that Lord Grey had been so from the beginning, but that Durham was always at him, and made him fall into his violent designs; that it was "a reign of terror," but that Durham could do with him what he pleased. What a picture of secret degradation and imbecility in the towering and apparently haughty Lord Grey! I told Melbourne that it was important to gain time, that there was an appearance of a thaw among the 199, but that most of them were in the country; communications by letter were difficult and unsatisfactory; that many were averse to breaking up the party or leaving the Duke—in short, from one cause or another doubtful and wavering; that it was not to be expected they should at a moment's warning take this new line, in opposition to the opinions and conduct of their old leaders, and that when Lord Harrowby was exerting himself indefatigably to bring them to reason, and to render a measure unnecessary which in the opinion of the Cabinet itself was fraught with evil, it was fair and just to give him time to operate. He said this was very true, but that time was likewise required to execute the measure of a creation of Peers, that people must be invited, the patents made out, etc. We then parted. Downstairs was Rothschild the Jew waiting for him, and the *valet de chambre* sweeping away a *bonnet* and a *shawl*.

February 9th.—Yesterday I met Lord Grey and rode with him. I told him that the Tories were pleased at his speech about the Irish Tithes. He said "he did not know why, for he had not said what he did with a view to please them." He asked me if I knew what Lord Harrowby had done, said he had spoken to him, that he was placed in a difficult position and did not know what to do. I said that Harrowby was exerting himself, that time was required to bring people round, that I had reason to believe Harrowby had made a great impression, but that most of the Peers of that party were out of town,

and it was impossible to expect them on the receipt of a letter of invitation and advice to reply by return of post that they would abandon their leaders and their party, and change their whole opinions and course of action, that I expected the Archbishop and Bishop of London would go with him, and that they would carry the bench. Then he asked, how many had they *sure*? I said, "At this moment not above eight Lords and eight bishops." He said that was not enough. I said I knew that, but he must have patience, and should remember that when the Duke of Wellington brought the Catholic Bill into the House of Commons he had a majority on paper against him in the House of Lords of twenty-five, and he carried the Bill by a hundred. He said he should like to talk to Harrowby again, which I pressed him to do, and he said he would.

February 14th.—On Saturday evening I found Melbourne at the Home Office in his lazy, listening, silent humour, disposed to hear everything and to say very little; told me that Dover and Sefton were continually *at* the Chancellor to make Peers, and that they both, particularly the latter, had great influence with him. Brougham led by Dover and Sefton!! I tried to impress upon him the necessity of giving Harrowby credit, and not exacting what was not to be had, viz., the *pledges* of the anti-Reformers to vote for the second reading. He owned that in their case he would not pledge himself either.

In the evening I got a message from Palmerston to beg I would call on him, which I did at the Foreign Office yesterday. He is infinitely more alert than Melbourne, and more satisfactory to talk to, because he enters with more warmth and more detail into the subject. He began by referring to the list of Peers likely to vote for the second reading, which I showed to him. He then talked of the expediency of a declaration from Lord Harrowby, and how desirable it was that it should be made soon, and be

supported by as many as could be induced to come forward; that Lord Grey had said to him very lately that he really believes he should be obliged to create Peers. I said that my persuasion was that it would be quite unnecessary to do so *to carry the second reading*; that nothing was required but confidence in Lord Harrowby, and that his character and his conduct on this occasion entitled him to expect it from them. He said this was very true, but the fact was they could not risk the rejection of the Bill again; that he knew from a variety of communications that an explosion would inevitably follow its being thrown out on the second reading; that he had had letters from Scotland and other places, and had no doubt that such would be the case.

In the meantime the cholera has made its appearance in London, at Rotherhithe, Limehouse, and in a ship off Greenwich—in all seven cases. These are amongst the lowest and most wretched classes, chiefly Irish, and a more lamentable exhibition of human misery than that given by the medical men who called at the Council Office yesterday I never heard. They are in the most abject state of poverty, without beds to lie upon. The men live by casual labour, are employed by the hour, and often get no more than four or five hours' employment in the course of the week. They are huddled and crowded together by families in the same room, not as permanent lodgers, but procuring a temporary shelter; in short, in the most abject state of physical privation and moral degradation that can be imagined. We have sent down members of the Board of Health to make preparations and organise boards; but, if the disease really spreads, no human power can arrest its progress through such an Augean stable.

February 16th.—I dined with Lord Harrowby, and communicated conversation with Palmerston and Melbourne. He has not been able to decide the Archbishop, who is on and off, and can't make up his mind. Lord Harrowby

is going to Lord Grey to talk with him. The Tories obstinate as mules. There can be little doubt that they animate one another, and their cry is "to stick to the Duke of Wellington." The cholera is established, and yesterday formal communications were made to the Lord Mayor and to the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs that London was no longer healthy.

February 17th.—The cholera has produced more alertness than alarm here; in fact, at present it is a mere trifle —in three days twenty-eight persons. Nothing like the disorders which rage unheeded every year and every day among the lower orders. It is its name, its suddenness, and its frightful symptoms that terrify. The investigations, however, into the condition of the different parishes have brought to light dreadful cases of poverty and misery. A man came yesterday from Bethnal Green with an account of that district. They are all weavers, forming a sort of separate community; there they are born, there they live and labour, and there they die. They neither migrate nor change their occupation; they can do nothing else. They have increased in a ratio at variance with any principles of population, having nearly tripled in twenty years, from 22,000 to 62,000. They are for the most part out of employment, and can get none. 1,100 are crammed into the poor-house, five or six in a bed; 6,000 receive parochial relief. The parish is in debt; every day adds to the number of paupers and diminishes that of ratepayers. These are principally small shopkeepers, who are beggared by the rates. The district is in a complete state of insolvency and hopeless poverty, yet they multiply, and while the people look squalid and dejected, as if borne down by their wretchedness and destitution, the children thrive and are healthy. Government is ready to interpose with assistance, but what can Government do? We asked the man who came what could be done for them. He said "employment," and employment is impossible.

February 23rd.—At Court yesterday; long conversation

with Melbourne, and in the evening with Charles Wood [1] and Richmond, who is more alarmed about the Peers. Melbourne said that the King is more reconciled to the measure, i.e., that they have got the foolish old man in town and can talk him over more readily. The Archbishop will not decide; there is no moving him. Curious that a Dr. Howley, the other day Canon of Christ Church, a very ordinary man, should have in his hands the virtual decision of one of the most momentous matters that ever occupied public attention. There is no doubt that his decision would decide the business so far. Up to this time certainly Harrowby and Wharncliffe have no certainty of a sufficient number for the second reading; but I think they will have enough at last.

February 29th.—There was a great breeze at the last Cabinet dinner between Durham and Richmond again on the old subject—the Peers. I believe they will now take their chance. Our list presents forty-seven sure votes besides the doubtful, but not many pledges. As to me, I am really puzzled what to wish for—that is, for the success of which party, being equally disgusted with the folly of both. My old aversion for the High Tories returns when I see their conduct on this occasion. The obstinacy of the Duke, the selfishness of Peel, the pert vulgarity of Croker, and the incapacity of the rest are set in constant juxtaposition with the goodness of the cause they are now defending, but which they will mar by their way of defending it.

March 9th.—Went to Lord Holland's the other night, and had a violent battle with him on politics. Nobody so violent as he, and curious as exhibiting the opinions of the ultras of the party. About making Peers—wanted to know what Harrowby's real object was. I told him none but to prevent what he thought an enormous evil.

[1] A young Whig Member who had just been made Secretary to the Treasury, afterwards Chancellor of the Exchequer, and finally raised to the Peerage as Lord Halifax.

What did it signify (he said) whether Peers were made now or later? that the present House of Lords never could go on with a Reformed Parliament, it being opposed to all the wants and wishes of the people, hating the abolition of tithes, the press, and the French Revolution, and that in order to make it harmonise with the Reformed Parliament it must be amended by an infusion of a more Liberal cast. This was the spirit of his harangue, which might have been easily answered, for it all goes upon the presumption that his party is that which harmonises with the popular feeling; and what he means by improving the character of the House is to add some fifty or sixty men who may be willing to accept peerages upon the condition of becoming a body-guard to this Government.

March 12th.—Durham made another exhibition of temper at the Cabinet dinner last Wednesday. While Lord Grey was saying something he rudely interrupted him, as his custom is. Lord Grey said, "But, my dear Lambton, only hear what I was going to say," when the other jumped up and said, "Oh, if I am not to be allowed to speak I may as well go away," rang the bell, ordered his carriage, and marched off.

March 26th.—Ten days since I have written anything here, but *en revanche* I have written a pamphlet. An article appeared in the *Quarterly*, attacking Harrowby and his friends. Wharncliffe was so desirous it should be answered that I undertook the job, and it comes out to-day in a "Letter to Lockhart, in reply," etc. I don't believe anybody read the last I wrote, but as I have published this at Ridgway's, perhaps it may have a more extensive sale. The events have been the final passing of the Bill, after three nights' debate, by a majority of 116, ended by a very fine speech from Peel, who has eminently distinguished himself through this fight. The conduct of the ultra-Tories has been so bad and so silly that I cannot wish to bring them in, though I have a great desire to turn the others out. As to a moderate party, it is a mere

dream, for where is the moderation? This day Lord John Russell brings the Bill up to the House of Lords, and much indeed depends upon what passes there. Harrowby and Wharncliffe will make their speeches, and we shall, I conclude, have the Duke and Lord Grey. I expect, and I beg his pardon if I am wrong, that the Duke will make as mischievous a speech as he can, and try to provoke declarations and pledges against the Bill.

March 27th.—I did the Duke of Wellington an injustice. He spoke, but without any violence, in a fair and gentlemanlike manner, a speech creditable to himself, useful and becoming. If there was any disposition on the part of his followers to light a flame, he at once repressed it. The whole thing went off well; House very full; Harrowby began, and made an excellent speech, with the exception of one mistake. He dwelt too much on the difference between this Bill and the last, as if the difference of his own conduct resulted from that cause, and this I could see they were taking up in their minds, and though he corrected the impression afterwards, it will be constantly brought up against him, I have no doubt. After him Carnarvon, who alone was violent, but short; then Wharncliffe (I am not sure which was first of these two) very short and rather embarrassed, expressing his concurrence with Lord Harrowby; then the Bishop of London, short also, but strong in his language, much more than Lord Harrowby; then Lord Grey, temperate and very general, harping a little too much on that confounded word *efficiency,* denying that what he said last year bore the interpretation that had been put upon it, and announcing that he would give his best consideration to any amendments, a very good speech; then the Duke in a very handsome speech, acknowledging that he was not against all Reform, though he was against this Bill, because he did not think if it passed it would be possible to carry on the government of the country, but promising that if the Bill went into Committee he would give his constant

attendance, and do all in his power to make it as safe a measure as possible. So finished this important evening, much to the satisfaction of the moderate, and to the disgust of the violent party. I asked Lord Holland if he was satisfied (in the House after the debate), and he said, "Yes, yes, very well, but the Bishop's the man"; and in the evening at Lord Grey's I found they were all full of the Bishop. Lord Grey said to me, "Well, you will allow that I behaved very well?" I said, "Yes, very, but the whole thing was satisfactory, I think." "Yes," he said, "on the whole, but they were a little too strong, too violent against the Bill," because Harrowby had declared that he felt the same objection to the measure he had felt before. Sefton was outrageous, talked a vast deal of amusing nonsense, "that he had never heard such twaddle," "but that the success was complete, and he looked on Harrowby and Wharncliffe as the two most enviable men in the kingdom." I have no doubt that all the ultras will be deeply mortified at the moderation of Lord Grey and of the Duke of Wellington, and at the success *so far* of "the Waverers."

April 1*st*.—I have refrained for a long time from writing down anything about the cholera, because the subject is intolerably disgusting to me, and I have been bored past endurance by the perpetual questions of every fool about it. It is not, however, devoid of interest. In the first place, what has happened here proves that "the people" of this enlightened, reading, thinking, reforming nation are not a whit less barbarous than the serfs in Russia, for precisely the same prejudices have been shown here that were found at St. Petersburg and at Berlin. The disposition of the public was (and is) to believe that the whole thing was a humbug, and accordingly plenty of people were found to write in that sense, and the press lent itself to propagate the same idea. The disease, however, kept creeping on, the Boards of Health which were everywhere established immediately became odious, and

the vestries and parishes stoutly resisted all pecuniary demands for the purpose of carrying into effect the recommendations of the Central Board or the orders of the Privy Council. In this town the mob has taken the part of the anti-cholerites, and the most disgraceful scenes have occurred. The other day a Mr. Pope, head of the hospital in Marylebone (Cholera Hospital), came to the Council Office to complain that a patient who was being removed with his own consent had been taken out of his chair by the mob and carried back, the chair broken, and the bearers and surgeon hardly escaping with their lives. Furious contests have taken place about the burials, it having been recommended that bodies should be burned directly after death, and the most violent prejudice opposing itself to this recommendation; in short, there is no end to the scenes of uproar, violence, and brutal ignorance that have gone on, and this on the part of the lower orders, for whose especial benefit all the precautions are taken, and for whose relief large sums have been raised and all the resources of charity called into activity in every part of the town. The awful thing is the vast extent of misery and distress which prevails, and the evidence of the rotten foundation on which the whole fabric of this gorgeous society rests, for I call that rotten which exhibits thousands upon thousands of human beings reduced to the lowest stage of moral and physical degradation, with no more of the necessaries of life than serve to keep body and soul together, whole classes of artisans without the means of subsistence. Can such a state of things permanently go on? can any reform ameliorate it? Is it possible for any country to be considered in a healthy condition when there is no such thing as a *general* diffusion of the comforts of life (varying of course with every variety of circumstance which can affect the prosperity of individuals or of classes), but when the extremes prevail of the most unbounded luxury and enjoyment and the most dreadful privation and suffering? Such is the case

at present, and I believe a general uncertainty pervades every class of society, from the highest to the lowest; nobody looks upon any institution as secure, or any interest as safe, and it is only because those universal feelings of alarm which are equally diffused throughout the mass but slightly affect each individual atom of it that we see the world go on as usual, eating, drinking, laughing, and dancing, and not insensible to the danger, though apparently indifferent about it.

April 8th.—Yesterday morning I got more correct information about what had passed with the King. Lord Grey went to him with a minute of Cabinet requiring that he should make Peers in case the second reading was thrown out. To this he demurred, raised difficulties and doubts, which naturally enough alarm the Government very much. However, when he got back to Windsor he wrote two letters, explaining his sentiments, from which it appears that he has great reluctance, that he will do it, but will not give any pledge beforehand, that he objects to increasing the Peerage, and wants to call up eldest sons and make Irish and Scotch Peers, that he did not say positively he would make the Peers, but that he would be in the way, and come up when it was necessary. They think that he has some idea that his pledging himself beforehand (though in fact he did so two months ago) might be drawn into an improper precedent.

April 14th.—The Reform Bill (second reading) was carried this morning at seven o'clock in the House of Lords by a majority of nine. The House did not sit yesterday. The night before Phillpotts, the Bishop of Exeter, made a grand speech against the Bill, full of fire and venom, very able. It would be an injury to compare this man with Laud; he more resembles Gardiner; had he lived in those days he would have been just such another, boiling with ambition, an ardent temperament, and great talents. He has a desperate and a dreadful countenance, and looks like the man he is. The two last

days gave plenty of reports of changes either way, but the majority has always looked like from seven to ten.

April 15th.—The debate was good on Friday, but very inferior to the last. Phillpotts got a terrific dressing from Lord Grey, and was handled not very delicately by Goderich and Durham, though the latter was too coarse. The Bishop had laid himself very open, and, able as he is, he has adopted a tone and style inconsistent with his lawn sleeves, and unusual on the Episcopal Bench. He is carried away by his ambition and his alarm, and horrifies his brethren, who feel all the danger in these times of such a colleague. The episode of which he was the object was, of course, the most amusing part of the whole.

Newmarket, April 22nd.—Ill and laid up with the gout for this week past. Came here on Friday, the 20th. The carrying of the second reading of the Bill seems to have produced no effect. Everybody is gone out of town, the Tories in high dudgeon. By the by it is perfectly true that (if I have not mentioned it before) the Royal carriages were all ready the morning of the decision of the second reading to take the King to the House of Lords to prorogue Parliament, and on Tuesday the Peers would have appeared in the *Gazette*.

London, May 12th.—Nothing written for a long time, nor had I anything to write till a few days ago. From the time of Wharncliffe's departure I heard nothing, and I bitterly regret now not having been in town last week.[1]

The day after the debate Grey and Brougham went down to Windsor and proposed to the King to make fifty Peers. They took with them a minute of Cabinet signed

[1] In the Committee stage Lord Lyndhurst's motion to postpone the *dis*franchising clauses until after the *en*franchising clauses had been agreed to was carried by a majority of thirty-five against the Government. The seventeen Peers who had assisted to carry the second reading relapsed into the Conservative ranks, and the result was to stop the progress of the Bill and turn out the Government. Greville believed that his own absence from town contributed to this result, by which all hopes of a compromise were destroyed.

by all the members except the Duke of Richmond. Palmerston proposed it in Cabinet, and Melbourne made no objection. His Majesty took till the next day to consider, when he accepted their resignations, which was the alternative they gave him. At the levee the same day nothing occurred; the King hardly spoke to the Duke, but he afterwards saw Lyndhurst, having sent for him. I do not know what passed between them, but the Duke of Wellington was soon sent for. The Duke and Lyndhurst endeavoured to prevail on Peel to take the Government upon himself, and the former offered to act in any capacity in which he could be useful, but Peel would not. When Peel finally declined, the Duke accepted, and yesterday at three o'clock he went to St. James's.

The town is fearfully quiet. What is odd enough is that the King was hissed as he left London the other day, and the Duke cheered as he came out of the Palace.

The Duke's worshippers (a numerous class) call this the finest action of his life, though it is difficult to perceive in what the grandeur of it consists, or the magnitude of the sacrifice.

London, May 17th.—The events of the last few days have passed with a rapidity which hardly left time to think upon them—such sudden changes and transitions from rage to triumph on one side, and from foolish exultation to mortification and despair on the other. The first impression was that the Duke of Wellington would succeed in forming a Government with or without Peel. The first thing he did was to try and prevail upon Peel to be Prime Minister, but he was inexorable. He then turned to Baring,[1] who, after much hesitation, agreed to be Chancellor of the Exchequer. The work went on, but with difficulty, for neither Peel, Goulburn, nor Croker would take office. They then tried the Speaker, who was mightily tempted to become Secretary of State, but still doubting and fearing, and requiring time to make up his

[1] Alexander Baring, afterwards Lord Ashburton.

mind. At an interview with the Duke and Lyndhurst at Apsley House he declared his sentiments on the existing state of affairs in a speech of three hours, to the unutterable disgust of Lyndhurst, who returned home, flung himself into a chair and said that " he could not endure to have anything to do with such a *damned tiresome old bitch*." After these three hours of oratory Manners Sutton desired to have till the next morning (Monday) to make up his mind, which he again begged might be extended till the evening. On that evening (Monday) ensued the memorable night in the House of Commons, which everybody agrees was such a scene of violence and excitement as never had been exhibited within those walls. Tavistock told me he had never heard anything at all like it, and to his dying day should not forget it. The House was crammed to suffocation; every violent sentiment and vituperative expression was received with shouts of approbation, yet the violent speakers were listened to with the greatest attention.[1] The conduct of the Duke of Wellington in taking office *to carry the Bill,* which was not denied, but which his friends feebly attempted to justify, was assailed with the most merciless severity, and (what made the greatest impression) was condemned, though in more measured terms, by moderate men and Tories, such as Inglis and Davies Gilbert. After the debate Baring and Sutton went to Apsley House, and related to the Duke what had taken place, the former saying he would face a thousand devils rather than such a House of Commons. From that moment the whole thing was at an end, and the next morning (Tuesday) the Duke repaired to the King, and told him that he could not form an Administration. This communication, for which the debate of the previous night had prepared everybody, was speedily known, and the joy and triumph of the Whigs were complete.

Yesterday morning Lord Grey saw the King; but up to

[1] [The debate arose on a petition of the City of London, praying that the House would refuse supplies until the Reform Bill had become law.]

last night nothing was finally settled, everything turning upon the terms to be exacted, some of the violent of the party desiring they should avail themselves of this opportunity to make Peers, both to show their power and increase their strength; the more moderate, including Lord Grey himself and many of the old Peer-makers, were for sparing the King's feelings and using their victory with moderation, all, however, agreeing that the only condition on which they could return was the certainty of carrying the Reform Bill unaltered, either by a creation of Peers or by the secession of its opponents. Up to the present moment the matter stands thus: the King at the mercy of the Whigs, just as averse as ever to make Peers, the violent wishing to press him, the moderate wishing to spare him, all parties railing at each other, the Tories broken and discomfited, and meditating no further resistance to the Reform Bill. The Duke is to make his *exposé* to-night.

The joy of the King at what he thought was to be his deliverance from the Whigs was unbounded. He lost no time in putting the Duke of Wellington in possession of everything that had taken place between him and them upon the subject of Reform, and with regard to the creation of Peers, admitting that he had consented, but saying he had been subjected to every species of persecution. His ignorance, weakness, and levity put him in a miserable light, and prove him to be one of the silliest old gentlemen in his dominions; but I believe he is mad, for yesterday he gave a great dinner to the Jockey Club, at which (notwithstanding his cares) he seemed in excellent spirits; and after dinner he made a number of speeches, so ridiculous and nonsensical, beyond all belief but to those who heard them, rambling from one subject to another, repeating the same thing over and over again, and altogether such a mass of confusion, trash, and imbecility as made one laugh and blush at the same time.

May 19th.—The night before last the Duke made his statement. It was extremely clear, but very bald, and left

his case just where it was, as he did not say anything that everybody did not know before. His friends, however, extolled it as a masterpiece of eloquence and a complete vindication of himself. His speech contained a sort of covert attack upon Peel; in fact, he could not defend himself without attacking Peel, for if the one was in the right in taking office the other must have been in the wrong in refusing to join him. There was nothing, however, which was meant as a reproach, though out of the House the Duke's friends do not conceal their anger that Peel would not embark with him in his desperate enterprise.

On Thursday in the House of Commons Peel made his statement, in which, with great civility and many expressions of esteem and admiration of the Duke, he pronounced as bitter a censure of his conduct, while apparently confining himself to the defence of his own, as it was possible to do, and as such it was taken. I have not the least doubt that he did it *con amore,* and that he is doubly rejoiced to be out of the scrape himself and to leave others in it.

May 31st.—Since I came back from Newmarket there has not been much to write about. A calm has succeeded the storm. Last night Schedules A and B were galloped through the Committee, and they finished the business. On Thursday next the Bill will probably be read a third time. In the House of Lords some dozen Tories and Waverers have continued to keep up a little skirmish, and a good deal of violent language has been bandied about, in which the Whigs, being the winners, have shown the best temper. In society the excitement has ceased, but the bitterness remains. The Tories are, however, so utterly defeated, and the victory of their opponents is so complete, that the latter can afford to be moderate and decorous in their tone and manner; and the former are exceedingly sulky, cockering up each other with much self-gratulation and praise, but aware that in the opinion of the mass of mankind they are covered with odium, ridicule, and

disgrace. Peel and the Duke are ostensibly great friends, and the ridiculous farce is still kept up of each admiring what he would not do himself, but what the other did.

June 1st.—I met the Duke of Wellington at dinner yesterday, and afterwards had a long talk with him, not on politics. I never see and converse with him without reproaching myself for the sort of hostility I feel and express towards his political conduct, for there are a simplicity, a gaiety, and natural urbanity and good-humour in him which are remarkably captivating in so great a man. .We talked of Dumont's book and Louis XVIII's "Memoirs." I said I thought the "Memoirs" were not genuine. He said he was sure they were, that they bore the strongest internal evidence of being so, particularly in their accuracy as to dates; that he was the best chronologist in the world, and that he knew the day of the week of every event of importance. He once asked the Duke when he was born, and when he told him the day of the month and year, he at once said it was on a Tuesday. He added that Louis XVIII was always governed, and a favourite indispensable to him. At the Congress of Vienna the Duke was deputed to speak to M. de Blacas, his then favourite, and tell him that his unpopularity was so great in France that it was desirable he should not return there. Blacas replied, "You don't know the King; he must have a favourite, and he had better have me than another." He added that he should not wonder if he took Fouché. He did not take Fouché, who was not aware of the part he might have played, but he took De Cazes, who governed him entirely. This continued till the Royal Family determined to get rid of him, and by threatening to make an *esclandre* and leave the château they at last succeeded, and De Cazes was sent as Ambassador to London. Then the King wrote to him constantly, sending him verses and literary scraps. The place remained vacant till accident threw Madame du Cayla in his way.[1] He saw her and

[1] Referred to in Chapter I, July 10th, 1829.

was pleased with her. The Royal Family encouraged this new taste, in order to get rid entirely of De Cazes, and even the Duchesse d'Angoulême promoted her success. It was the same thing to him to have a woman as a man, and there was no sexual question in the matter, as what he wanted was merely someone to whom he could tell everything, consult with on all occasions, and with whom he could bandy literary trifles. Madame du Cayla, who was clever, was speedily installed, and he directly gave up De Cazes. The Ministers paid assiduous court to Madame du Cayla, imparted everything to her, and got her to say what they wanted said to the King; she acted all the part of a mistress, except the essential, of which there never was any question. She got great sums of money from him and very valuable presents.

June 18th.—Breakfasted on Thursday with Rogers, and yesterday at the Athenæum with Henry Taylor, and met Mr. Charles Austin, a lawyer, clever man, and Radical. The Bills are jogging on and there is a comparative calm. The Whigs swear that the Reformed Parliament will be the most aristocratic we have ever seen, and Ellice told me that they cannot hear of a single improper person likely to be elected for any of the new places. [Their choice did not correspond with this statement of their disposition.] The Government and their people have now found out what a fool the King is, and it is very amusing to hear them on the subject. Formerly, when they thought they had him fast, he was very honest and rather wise; now they find him rather shuffling and exceedingly silly. It is one of the great evils of the recent convulsion that the King's imbecility has been exposed to the world, and in his person the regal authority has fallen into contempt; his own personal unpopularity is not of much consequence as long as it does not degrade his office; that of George IV never did, so little so that he could always as King cancel the bad impressions which he made in his individual capacity, and he frequently did so. Walter Scott is arrived

here, dying. A great mortality among great men: Goethe, Périer, Champollion, Cuvier, Scott, Grant, Mackintosh, all died within a few weeks of each other.

July 12th.—The Suttee case[1] was decided at the Privy Council on Saturday last, and was not uninteresting. The Chancellor, Lord President, Graham, John Russell and Grant, Sir Edward East, the Master of the Rolls, Vice-Chancellor, Lord Amherst, and Lord Wellesley were present (the latter not the last day). Lushington was for the appeal, and Horne and Starkie against. The former made two very able and ingenious speeches; when the counsel withdrew the Lords gave their opinions *seriatim*. Leach made a very short and very neat speech, condemning the order of the Governor-General, but admitting the danger of rescinding it, and recommending, therefore, that the execution of it should be suspended. Sir Edward East, in a long, diffusive harangue, likewise condemned the order, but was against suspension; Sir James Graham was against the order, but against suspension; Lord Amherst the same. The rest approved of the order altogether. John Russell gave his opinion very well. The Chancellor was prolix and confused; he hit upon a bit of metaphysics in one of the cases on which he took pleasure in dilating. The result was that the petition was dismissed.

The cholera is here, and diffuses a certain degree of alarm. Some servants of people well known have died, and that frightens all other servants out of their wits, and they frighten their masters; the death of any one person they are acquainted with terrifies people much more than that of twenty of whom they knew nothing. As long as they read daily returns of a parcel of deaths here and there of A, B, and C they do not

[1] Lord William Bentinck, the Governor-General of India, had recently issued an order abolishing the practice of suttee, or the burning of widows as sanctioned by the Hindu religion, and an appeal had been made by leaders of religion in India to the King in Council that he should rescind this impious order, which was contrary to their religion, and allow Indian widows to be burnt or buried alive as they had always been.

mind, but when they hear that Lady such a one's nurse or Sir somebody's footman is dead, they fancy they see the disease actually at their own door.

July 25th.—Nothing of moment has occurred lately; the dread of cholera absorbs everybody. Mrs. Smith, young and beautiful, was dressed to go to church on Sunday morning, when she was seized with the disorder, never had a chance of rallying, and died at eleven at night. This event, shocking enough in itself from its suddenness and the youth and beauty of the person, has created a terrible alarm; many people have taken flight, and others are suspended between their hopes of safety in country air and their dread of being removed from metropolitan aid. The disease spreads gradually in all directions in town and country, but without appearing like an epidemic; it is scattered and uncertain; it brings to light horrible distress. We, who live on the smooth and plausible surface, know little of the frightful appearance of the bowels of society.

August 8th.—I dined at Holland House yesterday; a good many people, and the Chancellor came in after dinner, looking like an old clothes man and dirty as the ground. We had a true Holland House dinner, two more people arriving (Melbourne and Tom Duncombe) than there was room for, so that Lady Holland had the pleasure of a couple of general squeezes, and of seeing our arms prettily pinioned. Lord Holland sits at table, but does not dine. He proposed to retire (not from the room), but was not allowed, for that would have given us all space and ease. Lord Holland told some stories of Johnson and Garrick which he had heard from Kemble. Johnson loved to bully Garrick, from a recollection of Garrick's former impertinence. When Garrick was in the zenith of his popularity, and grown rich, and lived with the great, and while Johnson was yet obscure, the Doctor used to drink tea with him, and he would say, "Davy, I do not envy you your money nor your fine acquaintance, but

I envy you your power of drinking such tea as this." "Yes," said Garrick, "it is very good tea, but it is not my best, nor that which I gave to my Lord this and Sir somebody t'other."

August 12th.—Dined yesterday at Holland House; the Chancellor, Lord Grey, Luttrell, Palmerston, and Macaulay. The Chancellor was sleepy and would not talk; he uttered nothing but yawns and grunts. Macaulay and Allen disputed history, particularly the character of the Emperor Frederick II, and Allen declared himself a Guelph and Macaulay a Ghibelline. Macaulay is a most extraordinary man, and his astonishing knowledge is every moment exhibited, but (as far as I have yet seen of him, which is not sufficient to judge) he is not *agreeable*. His propositions and his allusions are rather too abrupt; he starts topics not altogether naturally; then he has none of the graces of conversation, none of that exquisite tact and refinement which are the result of a felicitous intuition or a long acquaintance with good society, or more probably a mixture of both. The mighty mass of his knowledge is not animated by that subtle spirit of taste and discretion which alone can give it the qualities of lightness and elasticity, and without which, though he may have the power of instructing and astonishing, he never will attain that of delighting and captivating his hearers. The dinner was agreeable, and enlivened by a squabble between Lady Holland and Allen, at which we were all ready to die of laughing. He jeered at something she said as brutal, and chuckled at his own wit.

Shepperton, August 31st.—I came here last Sunday to see my father, who (my mother wrote me word) had been unwell for a day or two. I got here at four o'clock (having called on Madame de Lieven at Richmond on the way), and when I arrived I found my father at the point of death. He was attacked as he had often been before; medicines afforded him no relief, and nothing would stay on his stomach. On Saturday violent spasms came on,

which occasioned him dreadful pain; they continued intermittingly till Sunday afternoon, when, as they took him out of bed to put him in a warm bath, he fainted. From this state of insensibility he never recovered, and at half-past twelve o'clock he expired. My brothers were both here. I sent an express for my sister, who was at Malvern, and she arrived on Tuesday morning. My father had some faults and many foibles, but he was exposed to great disadvantages in early youth; his education was neglected, and his disposition was spoilt. His father was useless, and worse than useless, as a parent, and his mother (a woman of extraordinary capacity and merit) died while he was a young man, having been previously separated from her husband, and having retired from the world.[1] The circumstances of his marriage, and the incidents of his life, would be interesting to none but his own family, and need not be recorded by me. He was a man of a kind, amiable, and liberal disposition, and what is remarkable, as he advanced in years his temper grew less irritable and more indulgent; he was cheerful, hospitable, and unselfish. He had at all times been a lively companion, and without much instruction, extensive information, or a vigorous understanding, his knowledge of the world in the midst of which he had passed his life, his taste and turn for humour, and his good-nature made him a very agreeable man.

September 28th.—At Stoke from the 22nd to the 26th, then to the Grove, and returned yesterday; at the former place Madame de Lieven, Alvanley, Melbourne; tolerably pleasant; question of war again. The Dutch King makes a stir, and threatens to bombard the town of Antwerp; the French offered to march, and put their troops in motion, but Leopold begged they would not, and chose rather to

[1] Mr. Charles Greville, senior, fifth son of Fulke Greville of Wilbury, by Frances Macartney, a lady of some literary reputation as the author of an "Ode to Indifference." Horace Walpole speaks of her as one of the beauties of his time. She died in 1789.

await the effect of more conferences, which began with great vigour a few days ago.

I came up with Melbourne to London. He is uneasy about the state of the country—about the desire for change and the general restlessness that prevails. We discussed the different members of the Government, and he agreed that John Russell had acted unwarrantably in making the speech he did the other day at Torquay about the Ballot, which, though hypothetical, was nothing but an invitation to the advocates of the Ballot to agitate for it; this, too, from a Cabinet Minister! Melbourne spoke of Brougham, who he said was tossed about in perpetual caprices, that he was fanciful and sensitive, and actuated by all sorts of littlenesses, even with regard to people so insignificant that it is difficult to conceive how he can ever think about them; that he is conservative, but under the influence of his old connexions, particularly of the Saints. His friends are so often changed that it is not easy to follow him in this respect. Durham used to be one; now he hates him; he has a high opinion of Sefton! of his judgment!! What is talent, what are great abilities, when one sees the gigantic intellect of Brougham so at fault? Melbourne is exceedingly anxious to keep Lord Hill and Fitzroy Somerset at the head of the army, from which the violent of his party would gladly oust them, but he evidently contemplates the possibility of having occasion for the army, and does not wish to tamper with the service or play any tricks with it. It is curious to see the working and counterworking of his real opinions and principles with his false position, and the mixture of bluntness, facility and shrewdness, discretion, levity and seriousness, which, colouring his mind and character by turns, make up the strange compound of his thoughts and his actions.

London, October 7th.—I went to Newmarket on the 30th of September, to Panshanger on the 5th, and came to town on the 6th. Great fears are entertained of war; the obstinacy of the Dutch King, the appointment of Soult

to be Prime Minister of France, and the ambiguous conduct of the Allied Courts look like war.

October 12th.—Lady Cowper told me at Panshanger that Palmerston said all the difficulties of the Belgian question came from Matuscewitz, who was insolent and obstinate, and astute in making objections; that it was the more provoking as he had been recalled some time ago (the Greek business being settled, for which he came), and Palmerston and some of the others had asked the Emperor to allow him to stay here, on account of his usefulness in drawing up the minutes of the proceedings of the Conference; that Lieven had by no means wished him to stay, but could not object when the others desired it. Accordingly he remained, and now he annoys Palmerston to death. My journal is getting intolerably stupid, and entirely barren of events. I would take to miscellaneous and private matters if any fell in my way, but what can I make out of such animals as I herd with and such occupations as I am engaged in?

November 20th.—Dined at Holland House the day before yesterday; Lady Holland is unwell, fancies she must dine at five o'clock, and exerts her power over society by making everybody go out there at that hour, though nothing can be more inconvenient than thus shortening the day, and nothing more tiresome than such lengthening of the evening. Rogers and Luttrell were staying there. The *tableau* of the house is this:—Before dinner, Lady Holland affecting illness and almost dissolution, but with a very respectable appetite, and after dinner in high force and vigour; Lord Holland, with his chalk-stones and unable to walk, lying on his couch in very good spirits and talking away; Luttrell and Rogers walking about, ever and anon looking despairingly at the clock and making short excursions from the drawing-room; Allen, surly and disputatious, poring over the newspapers, and replying in monosyllables (generally negative) to whatever is said to him. The grand topic of interest, far exceeding

the Belgian or Portuguese questions, was the illness of Lady Holland's page, who has got a tumour in his thigh. This "little creature," as Lady Holland calls a great hulking fellow of about twenty, is called "Edgar," his real name being Tom or Jack, which he changed on being elevated to his present dignity, as the Popes do when they are elected to the tiara. More rout is made about him than other people are permitted to make about their children, and the inmates of Holland House are invited and compelled to go and sit with and amuse him. Such is the social despotism of this strange house, which presents an odd mixture of luxury and constraint, of enjoyment physical and intellectual, with an alloy of small *désagréments*. Talleyrand generally comes at ten or eleven o'clock, and stays as long as they will let him. Though everybody who goes there finds something to abuse or to ridicule in the mistress of the house, or its ways, all continue to go; all like it more or less; and whenever, by the death of either, it shall come to an end, a vacuum will be made in society which nothing will supply. It is the house of all Europe; the world will suffer by the loss; and it may with truth be said that it will "eclipse the gaiety of nations."

Brighton, December 14th.—Came here last Wednesday week; there was a Council on the Monday for the dissolution; the place is very full, bustling, gay, and amusing. I am staying in De Ros's house with Alvanley; Chesterfields, Howes, Lievens, Cowpers, all at Brighton, and plenty of occupation in visiting, gossiping, dawdling, riding, and driving; a very idle life, and impossible to do anything. The Court very active, vulgar, and hospitable; King, Queen, Princes, Princesses, bastards, and attendants constantly trotting about in every direction: the election noisy and dull—the Court candidate beaten and two Radicals elected. Everybody talking of the siege of Antwerp and the elections. So, with plenty of animation, and discussion, and curiosity, I like it very well. Lord

Howe is devoted to the Queen, and never away from her. She receives his attentions, but demonstrates nothing in return; he is like a boy in love with this frightful spotted Majesty, while his delightful wife is laid up (with a sprained ankle and dislocated joint) on her couch.

Brighton, December 17th.—The borough elections are nearly over, and have satisfied the Government. They do not seem to be bad on the whole: the metropolitans have sent good men enough, and there was no tumult in the town. At Hertford Duncombe was routed by Salisbury's long purse. He hired such a numerous mob besides that he carried all before him. Some notorious characters have been returned; among them, Faithful here; Gronow at Stafford; Gully, Pontefract; Cobbett, Oldham; though I am glad that Cobbett is in Parliament. Gully's history is extraordinary. He was put in training twenty-five or thirty years ago by Mellish to fight Pierce, surnamed the "Game Chicken," being then a butcher's apprentice; he fought him and was beaten. He afterwards fought Belcher (I believe), and Gregson twice, and left the prize-ring with the reputation of being the best man in it. He then took to the turf, was successful, established himself at Newmarket, where in a few years he made some money. At the same time he connected himself with Mr. Watt in the north, by betting for him, and this being at the time when Watt's stable was very successful, he won large sums of money by his horses. Having become rich he embarked in a great coal speculation, which answered beyond his hopes, and his shares soon yielded immense profits. His wife in the meantime died, and he afterwards married the daughter of an innkeeper, who proved as gentlewomanlike as the other had been the reverse, and who is very pretty besides. He now gradually withdrew from the betting ring, still keeping horses, and betting occasionally in large sums, and about a year or two ago, having previously sold the Hare Park to Sir Mark Wood, where he lived for two or three years, he bought a property near Pontefract, and

settled down (at Ackworth Park) as John Gully, Esq., a gentleman of fortune. In person he is tall and finely formed, full of strength and grace, with delicate hands and feet, his head set well on his shoulders, and remarkably graceful and even dignified in his actions and manners; he has strong sense, discretion, reserve, and a species of good taste which has prevented, in the height of his fortunes, his behaviour from ever transgressing the bounds of modesty and respect, and he has gradually separated himself from the rabble of the betting ring, where he was once conspicuous, and tacitly asserted his own independence and acquired gentility without ever presuming towards those whom he has been accustomed to regard with deference. His position is now more anomalous than ever, for a member of Parliament is a great man, though there appear no reasons why the suffrages of Pontefract should place him in different social relations towards us than those in which we mutually stood before.

Petworth, December 20th.—Came here yesterday. It is a very grand place; house magnificent and full of fine objects, both ancient and modern; the Sir Joshuas and Vandykes particularly interesting, and a great deal of all sorts that is worth seeing. Lord Egremont was eighty-one the day before yesterday, and is still healthy, with faculties and memory apparently unimpaired. He has reigned here for sixty years with great authority and influence. He is shrewd, eccentric, and benevolent, and has always been munificent and charitable in his own way; he patronises the arts and fosters rising genius. Painters and sculptors find employment and welcome in his house; he has built a gallery which is full of pictures and statues, some of which are very fine, and the pictures scattered through the house are interesting and curious. Lord Egremont hates ceremony, and can't bear to be personally meddled with; he likes people to come and go as it suits them, and say nothing about it, never to take leave of

him. The party here consists of the Cowpers, his own family, a Lady E. Romney, two nieces, Mrs. Tredcroft a neighbour, Ridsdale a parson, Wynne, Turner, the great landscape painter, and a young artist of the name of Lucas, whom Lord Egremont is bringing into notice, and who will owe his fortune (if he makes it) to him. Lord Egremont is enormously rich, and lives with an abundant though not very refined hospitality. The house wants modern comforts, and the servants are rustic and uncouth; but everything is good, and it all bears an air of solid and aristocratic grandeur. The stud groom told me there are 300 horses of different sorts here. The Earl's course, however, is nearly run, and he has the mortification of feeling that, though surrounded with children and grandchildren, he is almost the last of his race, and that his family is about to be extinct. Two old brothers and one childless nephew are all that are left of the Wyndhams, and the latter has been many years married. All his own living children are illegitimate, but he has everything in his power, though nobody has any notion of the manner in which he will dispose of his property.

Brighton, December 31*st.*—Lady Howe gave me an account of the offer of the Chamberlainship to her husband again. They added the condition that he should not oppose Government, but was not to be obliged to support them. This he refused, and he regarded the proposal as an insult; so the Queen was not conciliated the more. It is impossible to ascertain the exact nature of this connexion. Howe conducts himself towards her like a young ardent lover; he never is out of the Pavilion, dines there almost every day, or goes every evening, rides with her, never quitting her side, and never takes his eyes off her. She does nothing, but she admits his attentions and acquiesces in his devotion; at the same time there is not the smallest evidence that she treats him as a lover. If she did it would be soon known, for she is surrounded

by enemies. All the Fitzclarences dislike her, and treat her more or less disrespectfully. She is aware of it, but takes no notice. She is very civil and good-humoured to them all; and as long as they keep within the bounds of decency, and do not break out into actual impertinence, she probably will continue so.

1833

London, January 11th.—Came to town with Alvanley the day before yesterday. Everything seems prosperous here; the Government is strong, the House of Commons is thought respectable on the whole and safe, trade is brisk, funds rising, money plentiful, confidence reviving, Tories sulky.

January 22nd.—Dined with Talleyrand the day before yesterday. Nobody there but his *attachés*. After dinner he told me about his first residence in England, and his acquaintance with Fox and Pitt. He always talks in a kind of affectionate tone about the former, and is now meditating a visit to Mrs. Fox at St. Anne's Hill, where he may see her surrounded with the busts, pictures, and recollections of her husband. He delights to dwell on the simplicity, gaiety, childishness, and profoundness of Fox. It is strange to hear M. de Talleyrand talk at seventy-eight. He opens the stores of his memory and pours forth a stream on any subject connected with his past life. Nothing seems to have escaped from that great treasury of bygone events.

January 30th.—The intentions of Government with regard to the West Indies[1] (or rather that they have intentions of a nature very fatal to that interest) having got wind, the consternation of the West India body is great. A deputation, headed by Sir Alexander Grant, waited upon Lords Grey and Goderich the other day, and

[1] For the abolition of slavery.

put certain questions to them, stating that the prevalence of reports, some of which had appeared in the newspapers, had greatly alarmed them, and they wished to ascertain if any of them had been authorised by Government. Lord Grey said "certainly not; the Government had authorised nothing." To all their questions he gave vague answers, refusing to communicate anything except this, that nothing was decided, but a plan was under the consideration of the Cabinet in which the interests of all parties were consulted.

February 1st.—The Reformed Parliament opened heavily (on Tuesday), as Government think satisfactorily. Cobbett took his seat on the Treasury Bench, and spoke three times, though the last time nobody would stay to hear him. He was very twaddling, and said but one good thing, when he called O'Connell the member for *Ireland*.

February 10th.—After four days' debate in the House of Commons (quite unprecedented, I believe) the Address was carried by a large majority. Opinions are of course very various upon the state of the House and the character of the discussion. The anti-Reformers, with a sort of melancholy triumph, boast that their worst expectations have been fulfilled. The Government were during the first day or two very serious, and though on the whole they think they have reason to be satisfied, they cannot help seeing that they have in fact very little power of managing the House. Everybody agrees that the aspect of the House of Commons was very different—the number of strange faces; the swagger of O'Connell, walking about incessantly, and making signs to, or talking with, his followers in various parts; the Tories few and scattered; Peel no longer surrounded with a stout band of supporters, but pushed from his usual seat, which is occupied by Cobbett, O'Connell, and the Radicals; he is gone up nearer to the Speaker.

February 14th.—The night before last Althorp brought forward his plan of Irish Church Reform, with complete

success. The House received it with almost unanimous applause, nobody opposing but Inglis and Goulburn, and Peel, in a very feeble speech, which scarcely deserves the name of opposition; it will be of great service to the Government. It was clear that Peel, who is courting the House, and exerting all his dexterity to bring men's minds round to him, saw the stream was too strong for him to go against it, so he made a sort of temporising, moderate, unmeaning speech, which will give him time to determine on his best course, and did not commit him. Poulett Thomson said to me yesterday that Peel's prodigious superiority over everybody in the House was so evident, his talent for debate and thorough knowledge of Parliamentary tactics, gained by twenty years of experience, so commanding, that he must draw men's minds to him, and that he was evidently playing that game, throwing over the ultra-Tories and ingratiating himself with the House and the country. He, in fact, means to open a house to all comers, and make himself necessary and indispensable. Under that placid exterior he conceals, I believe, a boundless ambition, and hatred and jealousy lurk under his profession of esteem and political attachment. He has hitherto been encumbered with embarrassing questions and an unmanageable party. Time has disposed of the first, and he is divorced from the last; if his great experience and talents have a fair field to act upon, he may yet, in spite of his selfish and unamiable character, be a distinguished and successful Minister.

London, February 22nd.—I dined yesterday with Fortunatus Dwarris, who was counsel to the Board of Health; one of those dinners that people in that class of society put themselves in an agony to give, and generally their guests in as great an agony to partake of. There were Goulburn, Serjeant ditto and his wife, Stephen, etc.

Stephen, who is one of the great apostles of emancipation, and who resigned a profession worth 3,000*l.* a year at the Bar for a place of 1,500*l.* in the Colonial Office,

principally in order to advance that object, owned that he had never known so great a problem nor so difficult a question to settle. His notion is that compulsory labour may be substituted for slavery, and in some colonies (the new ones as they are called—such as Demerara) he thinks it will not be difficult; in Jamaica he is doubtful, and admits that if this does not answer the slaves will relapse into barbarism, nor is he at all clear that any disorders and evils may not be produced by the effect of desperation on one side and disappointment on the other; still he does not hesitate to go on, but fully admitting the right of the proprietors to ample compensation, and the duty incumbent on the country to give it. If the sentiments of justice and benevolence with which he is actuated were common to all who profess the same opinions, or if the same sagacity and resource which he possesses were likely to be applied to the practical operation of the scheme, the evils which are dreaded and foreseen might be mitigated and avoided; but this is very far from the case, and the evils will, in all probability, more than overbalance the good which humanity aims at effecting; nor is it possible to view the settlement (as it is called, for all changes are settlements nowadays) of this question without a misgiving that it will only produce some other great topic for public agitation, some great interest to be overturned or mighty change to be accomplished. The public appetite for discussion and legislation has been whetted and is insatiable; the millions of orators and legislators who have sprung up like mushrooms all over the kingdom, the bellowers, the chatterers, the knaves, and the dupes, who make such an universal hubbub, must be fed with fresh victims and sacrifices. The Catholic question was speedily followed by Reform in Parliament, and this has opened a door to anything.

February 27th.—I have been laid up ever since that dinner at Dwarris's with the gout. Frederick Fitzclarence has been compelled to resign the situation at the Tower

which the King gave him; they found it very probable that the House of Commons would refuse to vote the pay of it —a trifle in itself, but indicative of the spirit of the times and the total want of consideration for the King.

Yesterday morning the Duke of Wellington came here upon some private business, after discussing which he entered upon the state of the country. I told him my view of the condition of the Government and of the House of Commons, and he said, "You have hit the two points that I have myself always felt so strongly about. I told Lord Grey so long ago, and asked him at the time how he expected to be able to carry on the Government of the country, to which he never could give any answer, except that it would all do very well. However, things are not a bit worse than I always thought they would be. As they are, I mean to support the Government—support them in every way. The first thing I have to look to is to keep my house over my head, and the alternative is between this Government and none at all."

March 4th.—Sir Thomas Hardy told my brother he thought the King would certainly go mad; he was so excitable, *loathing* his Ministers, particularly Graham, and dying to go to war. He has some of the cunning of madmen, who fawn upon their keepers when looked at by them, and grin at them and shake their fists when their backs are turned; so he is extravagantly civil when his Ministers are with him, and exhibits every mark of aversion when they are away. Peel made an admirable speech on Friday night; they expect a great majority.

London, April 28th.—Came to town last night from Newmarket, and the intervening week at Buckenham. Nothing but racing and hawking; a wretched life—that is, a life of amusement, but very unprofitable and discreditable to anybody who can do better things. Of politics I know nothing during this interval, but on coming to town find all in confusion, and everybody gaping for "what next." Government was beaten on the Malt Tax,

and Lord Grey proposed to resign; the Tories are glad that the Government is embarrassed, no matter how, the supporters sorry and repentant, so that it is very clear the matter will be patched up; they won't budge, and will probably get more regular support for the future.

May 2nd.—The Government affair is patched up, and nobody goes but Hobhouse,[1] who thought fit to resign both his seat in Parliament and his office, thereby creating another great embarrassment, which can only be removed by his re-election and re-appointment, and then, what a farce! It is easy to see that the Government has no consideration, and that people are getting tired of their blunders and embarrassments, and begin to turn their eyes to those who are more capable, and know something of the business of Government—to Peel and to Stanley, for the former, in spite of his cold, calculating selfishness and duplicity, is the ablest man there is, and we must take what we can get, and accept services without troubling ourselves about the motives of those who supply them. It must come to this conclusion unless the reign of Radicalism and the authority of the Humes " et hoc genus omne " is to be substituted.

May 16th.—On coming to town found the Westminster election just over, and Evans returned. They would not hear Hobhouse, and pelted him and his friends.

At the same time with Hobhouse's defeat came forth Stanley's plan for slave emancipation, which produced rage and fury among both West Indians and Saints, being too much for the former and not enough for the latter, and both announced their opposition to it. Practical men declare that it is impossible to carry it into effect, and that the details are unmanageable. Even the Government adherents do not pretend that it is a good and safe measure, but the best that could be hit off under the circumstances; these circumstances being the old motive,

[1] Sir John Hobhouse, who had just been made Secretary for Ireland (see note of February 14th, 1819).

"the people will have it." The night before last Stanley developed his plan in the House of Commons in a speech of three hours, which was very eloquent, but rather disappointing. Howick had previously announced his intention of opposing Stanley, and accordingly he did so in a speech of considerable vehemence which lasted two hours. He was not, however, well received; his father and mother had in vain endeavoured to divert him from his resolution; but though they say his speech was clever, he has damaged himself by it. His plan is immediate emancipation.[1]

May 19th.—The West India question is postponed. The Duke of Wellington told me that he thought it would pass away for this time, and that all parties would be convinced of the impracticability of any of the plans now mooted. I said that nothing could do away the mischief that had been done by broaching it. He thought "the mischief might be avoided"; but then these people do nothing to avoid any mischief. I was marvellously struck (we rode together through St. James's Park) with the profound respect with which the Duke was treated, everybody we met taking off their hats to him, everybody in the park rising as he went by, and every appearance of his inspiring great reverence. I like this symptom, and it is the more remarkable because it is not *popularity,* but a much higher feeling towards him. He has forfeited his popularity more than once; he has taken a line in politics directly counter to the popular bias; but though in moments of excitement he is attacked and vilified (and his broken windows, which I wish he would mend, still preserve a record of the violence of the mob), when the excitement subsides there is always a returning sentiment of admiration and respect for him, kept alive by the recollection of his splendid actions, such as no one else ever inspired.

[1] The result proved that Lord Howick was right. The apprenticeship system proposed by Lord Stanley was carried, but failed in execution, and was eventually abandoned.

Peel compelled old Cobbett to bring on his motion for getting him erased from the Privy Council, which Cobbett wished to shirk from. He gave him a terrible dressing, and it all went off for Peel in the most flattering way. He gains every day more authority and influence in the House of Commons. It must end in Peel and Stanley, unless everything ends.[1]

May 27th.—All last week at Epsom, and now, thank God, these races are over. I have had all the trouble and excitement and worry, and have neither won nor lost; nothing but the hope of gain would induce me to go through this demoralising drudgery, which I am conscious reduces me to the level of all that is most disreputable and despicable, for my thoughts are eternally absorbed by it. Jockeys, trainers, and blacklegs are my companions, and it is like dram-drinking; having once entered upon it I cannot leave it off, though I am disgusted with the occupation all the time. Let no man who has no need, who is not in danger of losing all he has, and is not obliged to grasp at every chance, *make a book* on the Derby. While the fever it excites is raging, and the odds are varying, I can neither read, nor write, nor occupy myself with anything else. I went to the Oaks on Friday, where Lord Stanley kept house for the first, and probably (as the house is for sale) for the last time. We had Lord Grey and his daughter, Duke and Duchess of Richmond, Lord and Lady Errol, Althorp, Graham, Uxbridge, Charles Grey, Duke of Grafton, Lichfield and Stanley's brothers. It passed off very well—racing all the morning, an excellent dinner, and whist and blind hookey in the evening. It was curious to see Stanley. Who would believe they beheld the orator and statesman, only second, if second, to Peel

[1] Gladstone, aged twenty-five, was listening to the debate from a back bench and was surprised at his leader's excitement in dealing with one who seemed to Gladstone rather a contemptible antagonist. "At that period shirt collars were made with 'gills,' which came up upon the cheek; and Peel's gills were so soaked with perspiration that they actually lay down upon his neckcloth."

in the House of Commons, and on whom the destiny of the country perhaps depends? There he was, as if he had no thoughts but for the turf, full of the horses, interest in the lottery, eager, blunt, noisy, good-humoured, " has meditans nugas et *totus in illis* "; [1] at night equally devoted to the play, as if his fortune depended on it. Thus can a man relax whose existence is devoted to great objects and serious thoughts. I had considerable hopes of winning the Derby, but was beaten easily, my horse not being good.

June 3rd.—The Government are in high spirits. The Saints have given in their adhesion to Stanley's plan, and they expect to carry the West India question. The Bank measure has satisfied the directors, and most people, except Peel. The Duke of Wellington told me he was very well satisfied, but that *they* had intended to make better terms with the Bank, and he thought they should have done so. Melbourne says, " Now that we are as much hated as they were, we shall stay in for ever."

London, June 11th.—At a place called Buckhurst all last week for the Ascot races; a party at Lichfield's, racing all the morning, then eating and drinking, and play at night. I may say, with more truth than anybody, " Video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor." [2] The weather was charming, the course crowded, the King received decently. The household is now so ill managed that his grooms were drunk every day, and one man (who was sober) was killed going home from the races. Goodwin told me nobody exercised any authority, and the consequence was that the household all ran riot.

June 19th.—I had a long conversation with Sir Willoughby Cotton on Sunday about Jamaica affairs. He is Commander-in-Chief, just come home, and just going out again. He told me what he had said to Stanley, which was to this effect: that the compensation would be

[1] " Thinking of these trifles and totally absorbed in them."
[2] " I see the better course and approve of it but follow the worse."

esteemed munificent, greater by far than they had expected; that they had looked for a loan of fifteen millions at two per cent. interest, but that the plan would be impracticable, and that sugar could not be cultivated after slavery ceased; that the slave would never understand the system of modified servitude by which he was to be nominally free and actually kept to labour, and that he would rebel against the magistrate who tried to force him to work more fiercely than against his master. With regard to my own particular case he was rather encouraging than not, thought they would not molest me any more, that the Assembly might try and get me out, but that the Council considered it matter of loyalty to the King not to force out the Clerk of his Privy Council,[1] but that if anything more was said about it, and I went out to Jamaica, I might be sure of getting leave again in a month or six weeks.

June 26th.—I was very well amused last week at the bazaar in Hanover Square, when a sale was held on four successive days by the fine ladies for the benefit of the foreigners in distress. It was like a masquerade without masks, for everybody—men, women, and children—roved about where they would, everybody talking to everybody, and vast familiarity established between perfect strangers under the guise of barter. The Queen's stall was held by Ladies Howe and Denbigh, with her three prettiest maids of honour, Miss Bagot dressed like a soubrette and looking like an angel. They sold all sorts of trash at enormous prices, and made, I believe, four or five thousand pounds.

[1] From the office which he held as Secretary of the Island with permanent leave of absence.

CHAPTER III

MELBOURNE AND THE WHIGS

(1833-37)

1833

June 29th.—I am going, if not too lazy, to note down the everyday nothings of my life, and see what it looks like.

We dined yesterday at Greenwich, the dinner given by Sefton, who took the whole party in his omnibus and his great open carriage; Talleyrand, Madame de Dino, Standish, Neumann, and the Molyneux family; we dined in a room called " the Apollo " at the Crown and Sceptre. I thought we should never get Talleyrand up two narrow perpendicular staircases, but he sidles and wriggles himself somehow into every place he pleases. A capital dinner, tolerably pleasant, and a divine evening. Went afterwards to the " Travellers," and played at whist, and read the new edition of " Horace Walpole's Letters to Sir Horace Mann." There is something I don't like in his style; his letters don't amuse me so much as they ought to do.

A letter this morning from Sir Henry Lushington about Monk Lewis. He is rather averse to a biographical sketch, because he thinks a true account of his life and character would not do him credit, and adds a sketch of the latter, which is not flattering. Lord Melbourne told me the other day a queer trait of Lewis. He had a long-

standing quarrel with Lushington. Having occasion to go to Naples, he wrote beforehand to him to say that their quarrel had better be *suspended*, and he went and lived with him and his sister (Lady Lushington) in perfect cordiality during his stay. When he departed he wrote to Lushington to say that now they should resume their quarrel, and put matters in the "status quo ante pacem," and accordingly he did resume it, with rather more *acharnement* than before.

July 3rd.—Nothing to put down these last two days, unless I go back to my old practice of recording what I read, and which I rather think I left off because I read nothing, and had nothing to put down: but in the last two days I have read a little of Cicero's "Second Phillippic," Voltaire's "Siècle de Louis XIV," Coleridge's "Journey to the West Indies"; brought some books, went to the opera to hear Bellini's "Norma," and thought it heavy, Pasta's voice not what it was. Everybody was talking yesterday of Althorp's exhibition in the House of Commons the night before (for particulars of which see newspapers and Parliamentary debates). It is too ludicrous, too melancholy, to think of the finances of this country being *managed* by such a man: what will not people endure? What a strange medley politics produce: a wretched clerk in an office who makes some unimportant blunder, some clerical error, or who exhibits signs of incapacity for work, which it does not much signify whether it be well or ill done, is got rid of, and here this man, this good-natured, popular, liked-and-laughed-at good fellow, more of a grazier than a statesman,[1] blurts out his utter ignorance before a Reformed Parliament, and people lift up their eyes, shrug their shoulders, and laugh and chuckle, but still on he goes.

July 4th.—At Court yesterday, and Council for a foolish

[1] The author's opinion of Lord Althorp was afterwards entirely revised—compare the estimate of him of September 7th, 1845—but there is no reason to doubt his incompetence as a financier.

business. The King has been (not unnaturally) disgusted at the Duchess of Kent's progresses with her daughter through the kingdom, and amongst the rest with her sailings at the Isle of Wight, and the continual popping in the shape of salutes to Her Royal Highness. He did not choose that this latter practice should go on, and he signified his pleasure to Sir James Graham and Lord Hill, for salutes are matter of general order, both to army and navy. They (and Lord Grey) thought it better to make no order on the subject, and they opened a negotiation with the Duchess of Kent, to induce her of her own accord to waive the salutes, and when she went to the Isle of Wight to send word that as she was sailing about for her amusement she had rather they did not salute her whenever she appeared. The negotiation failed, for the Duchess insisted upon her right to be saluted, and would not give it up. As she declined to accede to the proposals, nothing remained but to alter the regulations, and accordingly yesterday, by an Order in Council, the King changed them, and from this time the Royal Standard is only to be saluted when the King or the Queen is on board.

July 13th.—It is extraordinary how little sensation the defeat of Government in the House of Lords has caused.[1] Everybody talks of the debate, nobody thinks of the event, but I find several people expect that the Church Bill will be thrown out, which would be a much more serious thing. I betted Stanley five pounds to one yesterday that they were not beaten on the second reading of the Irish Church Bill.

July 15th.—Yesterday came the news of Captain Napier having captured the whole of Don Miguel's fleet, to the great delight of the Whigs, and equal mortification of the

[1] The Lords threw out the Local Courts Bill—for establishing what were afterwards known as County Courts—as "degrading" to the legal profession. It was the first small beginning of the long struggle between a reformed House of Commons and an unreformed House of Lords—a struggle which resulted about eighty years later in the passing of the Parliament Act.

Tories. It appears to have been a dashing affair, and very cowardly on the part of the Miguelites. The day before the news came, Napier had been struck out of the British Navy.

Met Duncannon[1] in the morning, who was very gloomy about Wednesday, at the same time saying he rather hoped the Tories would throw out the Irish Church Bill, for it was impossible to go on as they were now doing; that if they did, two motions would infallibly be made in the House of Commons, an address to the Crown to make Peers, and a vote for the expulsion of the Bishops, and that both would be carried by great majorities. He talked much of the Irish Church, and of the abominations that had been going on even under his own eyes. One case he mentions of a man who holds a living of 1,000*l.* a year close to Bessborough, whom he knows. There is no house, no church, and there are no Protestants in the parish. He went there to be inducted, and dined with Duncannon at Bessborough the day after. Duncannon asked him how he had managed the necessary form, and he said he had been obliged to borrow the clerk and three Protestants from a neighbouring parish, and had read the morning and evening service to them within the ruined walls of the old Abbey, and they signed a certificate that he had complied with the forms prescribed by law; he added that people would no longer endure such things, that no existing interests were to be touched, and that if remedial measures were still opposed the whole fabric would be pulled down. He was still persuaded that the Opposition meant to throw out the Bill.

I met the Duke in the evening at the Duchess of Cannizzaro's, talked of Napier's affair, at which he was extremely amused, though he thinks it a very bad thing, and not the least bad part of it that Napier should be lost to the service, so distinguished as he is. Lucien

[1] The Government whip; afterwards, as Lord Bessborough, became Lord-Lieutenant.

Bonaparte was there, and was introduced to the Duke. He laughed and said, " He shook hands with me, and we were as intimate as if we had known each other all our lives! " He said he had likewise called on Joseph, who had called on him, but they had never met: he added that some civilities had passed between them in Spain. Before the battle of Salamanca he had regularly intercepted the French correspondence, and as one of the King's daughters was ill at Paris, and daily intelligence came of her health, he always sent it to him. He did not forward the letters, because they contained other matters, but he sent a flag every day to the outposts, who said, " Allez dire au Roi que sa fille se porte mieux," or as it might be. There was Lucien running downstairs to look for his carriage, one brother of Napoleon who refused to be a king, and another who was King of Naples, and afterwards King of Spain, both living as private gentlemen in England!

July 18th.—I fell in with Sir Robert Peel yesterday in the Park, and rode with him for an hour or two, never having had so much conversation with him before in my life. He was very agreeable, told me that he had just come from the Police Committee, when a member of one of the political unions had been under examination, who had acknowledged that they were provided with arms, and exercised themselves in their use, to be ready for the struggle which they thought was fast approaching. Peel thinks very ill of everything. I asked him if there was no way of putting down the Repeal Union. He said none, and that they had found the impossibility of doing so in Ireland, except by investing the Lord-Lieutenant with extraordinary powers; talked of the Government and its strange way of going on, spoke highly of Stanley in all ways.

July 25th-26th.—Half-past two in the morning. Just come home, having heard of the division in the House of Lords, in which Ministers were beaten on what they call

the Suspension clause by two. The question is, what Ministers will do—go on with the Bill, or throw it up, resign, make Peers, or what? Nothing can be more silly than the amendment, although it may be questioned whether it signifies very materially; but the light in which Ministers see it is this: are they to submit night after night to the vexatious insolence of the Tories, who are constantly on the watch to find some vulnerable point, and without intending or daring to throw over their great measures, to mangle their details as much as they can venture to do, and hold the Government in a sort of subjugation and in a state of sufferance? The Tory lords are perfectly rabid, and reckless of consequences, regardless of the embarrassment they cause the King, and of the aggravation of a state of things they already think very bad, they care for nothing but the silly vain pleasure of beating the Government, every day affording fresh materials for the assaults that are made upon them by the press, and fresh cause for general odium and contempt.

In the House of Commons things are no better than in the House of Lords. The Government conciliate no attachment, command no esteem and respect, and have no following. Althorp is liked, Stanley admired, but people devote themselves to neither; every man is thinking of what he shall say to his constituents, and how his vote will be taken, and everything goes on as it were from hand to mouth; by fits and starts the House of Commons seems rational and moderate, and then they appear one day subservient to the Ministers, another riotous, unruly, and fierce, ready to abolish the Bishops and crush the House of Lords, and to vote anything that is violent.

I dined the day before yesterday with old Lady Cork, to meet the Bonapartes. There were Joseph, Lucien, Lucien's daughter, the widow of Louis Bonaparte, Hortense's son,[1] the Dudley Stuarts, Belhavens, Rogers, Lady Clarendon,

[1] Afterwards Napoleon III.

and Lady Davy and myself; not very amusing, but curious to see these two men, one of whom would not be a king, when he might have chosen almost any crown he pleased (conceive, for instance, having refused the kingdom of Naples), and the other, who was first King of Naples and then King of Spain, commanded armies, and had the honour of being defeated at Vittoria by the Duke of Wellington. There they sat, these brothers of Napoleon, who once trampled upon all Europe, and at whose feet the potentates of the earth bowed, two simple, plain-looking, civil, courteous, smiling gentlemen. They talked little, but stayed on in the evening, when there was a party, and received very civilly all the people who were presented to them. There was not the slightest affectation of royalty in either. Lucien, indeed, had no occasion for any, but a man who had ruled over two kingdoms might be excused for betraying something of his former condition; on the contrary, however, everything regal that he ever had about him seemed to have been merged in his American citizenship, and he looked more like a Yankee cultivator than a King of Spain and the Indies. Though there was nothing to see in Joseph, who is, I believe, a very mediocre personage, I could not help gazing at him, and running over in my mind the strange events in which he had been concerned in the course of his life, and regarding him as a curiosity, and probably as the most extraordinary living instance of the freaks of fortune and instability of human grandeur.

August 7th.—At Goodwood from Saturday se'nnight to Saturday last. Magnificent weather, numerous assemblage, tolerable racing, but I did not win the great cup, which I ought to have won, a most vile piece of ill-luck, but good fortune seems to have deserted me, and the most I can do is not to lose.

August 8th.—Met Lord Grey in the street; he said this session had nearly done him up, and he must have repose; he talked of Portugal, of the desirableness of getting rid

of Pedro, and of putting Palmella at the head of the Government.

August 22nd.—Called on Madame de Lieven yesterday, who is just come back from Petersburg, *rayonnante* at her reception and treatment. The Emperor went out to sea to meet her, took her into his own boat, when they landed he drove her to the palace, and carried her into the Empress's room, who was *en chemise*. She told me a comical anecdote illustrative of the good humour of the Emperor (who, she says, is an angel), and of the free and frank reception he gives to strangers. In the midst of some splendid military fêtes, which terminated with a sham siege by 50,000 of his guards the last day, word was brought him that two strange-looking men had presented themselves at the lines, and requested to be allowed to see what was going on. They said they were English, had come from Scotland on purpose to see the Russian manœuvres, and had started from Petersburg under the direction of a *laquais de place*, who had conducted them to where they heard the firing of the cannon. The Emperor ordered them to be admitted, received them with the greatest civility, and desired apartments to be prepared for them in the palace (Peterhof), at the same time inviting them to dine with him, and be present at a ball he gave at night. She said that one was a Don Quixote sort of figure; they called themselves Johnstone. The Emperor asked her if she knew them. She said no, but that there were many of that name in England. There they remained, enchanted, astonished, behaving, however, perfectly well. After seeing all the sights, they were one evening led into a great hall, where all sorts of pastimes were going on, and among others a *Montagne Russe*, of which the Emperor is passionately fond. He is a very tall powerful man, and his way is to be placed at the top of the machine, when a man mounts astride on his shoulders, and another on his, and so on till there are fourteen; when a signal is given, with the rapidity of lightning down

they go. On this occasion the Emperor took the Johnstones on his back, and she says their astonishment at the position they occupied, and at the rapidity of the descent, was beyond everything amusing. They were asked how they liked it, and they said they thought it "very good fun," and should like to begin again. So they were allowed to divert themselves in this way for an hour. Bligh told her afterwards that these men returned to Petersburg their heads turned, and utterly bewildered with such an unexpected reception.

September 3rd.—The Parliament is at last up; it was a fine sight the day the King went down, the weather splendid, and park full of people, with guards mounted and dismounted, making a picturesque show. He was very coolly received, for there is no doubt there never was a King less respected. George IV, with all his occasional unpopularity, could always revive the external appearance of loyalty when he gave himself the trouble.

It may be worth while to take a little survey of the present condition of things as compared with what it was a few months ago, and consider at this resting time what has been the practical effect of the great measure of Reform, without going very deeply into the question. The House appeared at first to be very unruly, not under the command of Government, talkative, noisy, and ill-constituted for the transaction of business. After a little while it got better in this respect, the majority, however, though evidently determined to support Government, would not be *commanded* by it. As the session proceeded the men who gained reputation and established the greatest personal influence were Peel and Stanley; Macaulay rather lost than gained; Althorp lost entirely, but the weight of his blunders and unfitness could not sink him, his personal character and good humour always buoyed him up. The great measures, some of the greatest that any Parliament ever dealt with, were got through with marvellous facility. They did not for the most part

come on till late in the session, when the House had got tired, and the East India Charter Bill was carried through most of the stages in empty Houses. The measures have generally evinced a Conservative character, and the Parliament has not shown any disposition to favour subversive principles or to encourage subversive language. It has been eminently liberal in point of money, granting all that Ministers asked without the slightest difficulty; twenty millions for the West Indians, a million for the Irish clergy, were voted almost by acclamation. The session is over, and a Reformed Parliament turns out to be very much like every other Parliament, except that it is rather differently and somewhat less ably composed than its predecessors. The hopes and the fears of mankind have been equally disappointed, and after all the clamour, confusion, riots, conflagrations, furies, despair, and triumphs through which we have arrived at this consummation, up to the present time, at least, matters remain pretty much as they were, except that the Whigs have got possession of the power which the Tories have lost. Generally there is a better spirit abroad, less discontent, greater security, and those vague apprehensions are lulled to rest which when in morbid activity, carrying themselves from one object to another, are partly the cause and partly the effect of an evil state of things. We hear nothing now of associations, unions, and public meetings, and (compared with what it was) the world seems in a state of repose.

September 6th.—Yesterday the announcement of Lord Wellesley's appointment to be Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland was received with as great astonishment as I ever saw. Once very brilliant, probably never very efficient, he is now worn out and *effete*. It is astonishing that they should send such a man, and one does not see why, because it is difficult to find a good man, they should select one of the very worst they could hit upon. It is a ridiculous appointment, which is the most objectionable of all. For years past he has lived entirely out of the

world. He comes to the House of Lords, and talks of making a speech every now and then, of which he is never delivered, and he comes to Court, where he sits in a corner and talks (as those who know him say) with as much fire and liveliness as ever, and with the same neat, shrewd causticity that formerly distinguished him; but such scintillations as these prove nothing as to his fitness for business and government, and as he was quite unfit for these long ago, it is scarcely to be supposed that retirement and increased age and infirmities should have made him less so now.[1]

September 10*th*.—The young Queen of Portugal goes to Windsor to-day. The King was at first very angry at her coming to England, but when he found that Louis Philippe had treated her with incivility, he changed his mind, and resolved to receive her with great honours. He hates Louis Philippe and the French with a sort of Jack Tar animosity. The other day he gave a dinner to one of the regiments at Windsor, and as usual he made a parcel of foolish speeches, in one of which, after descanting upon their exploits in Spain against the French, he went on: "Talking of France, I must say that whether at peace or at war with that country, I shall always consider her as our natural enemy, and whoever may be her King or *ruler*, I shall keep a watchful eye for the purpose of repressing her ambitious encroachments." If he was not such an ass that nobody does anything but laugh at what he says, this would be very important. Such as he is, it is nothing. "What can you expect" (as I forget who said) "from a

[1] The Marquis Wellesley, elder brother of the Duke, and during all the earlier part of his life a more distinguished and successful man. At thirty-seven became Governor-General of India, and two years later received a Marquisate and the thanks of Parliament. After his return from India became Ambassador to Spain, Foreign Secretary, etc., and was invited by the King to be Prime Minister, but failed to form a Government. One of his chief characteristics was jealousy of his brother Arthur, whom he regarded as a very "stupid" man. Wellesley was now seventy-three, but it soon appeared that he was not quite so effete as everybody supposed. He lived to be eighty-two. His daughter, Lady Charles Bentinck, was Greville's aunt.

man with a head like a pineapple?" His head is just of that shape.

London, November 13th.—Nothing written for nearly two months. I remained in town till the end of September, when I went to Newmarket, and afterwards to Buckenham, where I met Sir Robert Peel. He is very agreeable in society, it is a toss up whether he talks or not, but if he thaws, and is in good humour and spirits, he is lively, entertaining and abounding in anecdotes, which he tells extremely well. I came back to town on Friday last, the 8th, dined with the Poodle, and found Rogers, Moore, and Westmacott (the son); a very agreeable dinner. On Sunday dined with Rogers, Moore, Sydney Smith, Macaulay. Sydney less vivacious than usual, and somewhat overpowered and talked down by what Moore called the "flumen sermonis" of Macaulay. Sydney calls Macaulay "a book in breeches." All that this latter says, all that he writes, exhibits his great powers and astonishing information, but I don't think he is agreeable. It is more than society requires, and not exactly of the kind; his figure, face, voice, and manner are all bad; he astonishes and instructs, he sometimes entertains, seldom amuses, and still seldomer pleases. He wants variety, elasticity, gracefulness; his is a roaring torrent, and not a meandering stream of talk. I believe we should all of us have been glad to exchange some of his sense for some of Sydney Smith's nonsense. He told me that he had read Sir Charles Grandison fifteen times!

November 14th.—Dined with Sefton yesterday; after dinner came in the Chancellor in good humour and spirits; talked of Lord Wellesley, who, since he has been in Ireland, has astonished everybody by his activity and assiduity in business. He appeared, before he went, in the last stage of decrepitude, and they had no idea the energy was in him; but they say he is quite a new man, and it is not merely a splash, but real and *bona fide* business that he does.

December 2nd.—I went yesterday to Edward Irving's chapel to hear him preach, and witness the exhibition of the tongues. The chapel was formerly West's picture gallery, oblong, with a semicircular recess at one end; it has been fitted up with galleries all round, and in the semicircle there are tiers of benches, in front of which is a platform with an elaborate chair for Irving[1] himself, and a sort of desk before it; on each side the chair are three armchairs, on which three other preachers sat. The business was conducted with decency, and the congregation was attentive. It began with a hymn, the words given out by one of the assistant preachers, and sung by the whole flock. This, which seems to be common to all dissenting services, is always very fine, the full swell of human voices producing a grand effect. After this Irving delivered a prayer, in a very slow drawling tone, rather long, and not at all striking in point of language or thought. When he had finished, one of the men sitting beside him arose, read a few verses from the Bible, and discoursed thereon. He was a sorry fellow, and was followed by two others, not much better. After these three Spencer Perceval[2] stood up. He recited the duty to our neighbour in the catechism, and descanted on that text in a style in all respects far superior to the others. He appeared about to touch on politics, and (as well as I recollect) was saying, "Ye trusted that your institutions were unalterable, ye believed that your loyalty to your King, your respect for your nobility, your——" when suddenly a low moaning noise was heard, on which he instantly stopped, threw his arm over his breast, and

[1] The friend of Carlyle. Had come to London from Scotland about ten years before, and became known by the eloquence of his preaching. Was, nominally, the founder of the "Holy Catholic Apostolic Church" (generally known as the Irvingites), which had just come into existence. He died, however, in the following year at the age of forty-two, and the work was chiefly carried on by his disciples Henry Drummond and Perceval.

[2] Son of the Tory Prime Minister of the same name, who was assassinated in the Lobby of the House of Commons in 1812. The father also had been touched by the religious revival, and was an earnest student of the prophecies of Daniel and Isaiah.

covered his eyes, in an attitude of deep devotion, as if oppressed by the presence of the Spirit. The voice, after ejaculating three "Oh's," one rising above the other, in tones very musical, burst into a flow of unintelligible jargon, which, whether it was in English or in gibberish I could not discover. This lasted five or six minutes, and as the voice was silenced, another woman, in more passionate and louder tones, took it up; this last spoke in English, and words, though not sentences, were distinguishable. I had a full view of her sitting exactly behind Irving's chair. She was well dressed, spoke sitting, under great apparent excitement, and screamed on till from exhaustion, as it seemed, her voice gradually died away, and all was still. Then Spencer Perceval, in slow and solemn tones, resumed, not where he had left off, but with an exhortation to hear the voice of the Lord which had just been uttered to the congregation, and after a few more sentences he sat down. Two more men followed him, and then Irving preached. His subject was "God's love," upon which he poured forth a mystical incomprehensible rhapsody, with extraordinary vehemence of manner and power of lungs. There was nothing like eloquence in his sermon, no musical periods to captivate the ear, no striking illustrations to charm the imagination; but there is undoubtedly something in his commanding figure and strange, wild countenance, his vehemence, and above all the astonishing power of his voice, its compass, intonation, and variety, which arrests attention, and gives the notion of a great orator. I dare say he can speak well, but to waste real eloquence on such an auditory would be like throwing pearls to swine. "The bawl of Bellas" is better adapted for their ears than quiet sense in simpler sounds, and the principle "omne ignotum pro magnifico," can scarcely find a happier illustration than amongst a congregation whose admiration is probably in an inverse ratio to their comprehension.

December 18th.—Dined yesterday with Moore at the

Poodle's. He told a good story of Sydney Smith and Leslie the Professor. Leslie had written upon the North Pole; something he had said had been attacked in the *Edinburgh Review* in a way that displeased him. He called on Jeffrey just as he was getting on horseback, and in a great hurry. Leslie began with a grave complaint on the subject, which Jeffrey interrupted with " Oh damn the North Pole." Leslie went off in high dudgeon, and soon after met Sydney, who, seeing him disturbed, asked what was the matter. He told him what he had been to Jeffrey about, and that he had in a very unpleasant way said, " Damn the North Pole." " It was very bad," said Sydney; " but, do you know, I am not surprised at it, for I have heard him speak very disrespectfully of *the Equator*."

1834

Belvoir Castle, January 7th.—After many years of delay, I am here since the 3rd, to assist at the celebration of the Duke of Rutland's birthday. The party is very large, and sufficiently dull: the Duke of Wellington, Esterhazy, Matuscewitz, Rokeby, Miss d'Este (afterwards Lady Truro), and the rest a rabble of fine people, without beauty or wit among them. The place is certainly very magnificent, and the position of the castle unrivalled, though the interior is full of enormous faults, which are wholly irretrievable. The outside of the Castle is faulty, but very grand; so grand as to sink criticism in admiration; and altogether, with its terraces and towers, its woods and hills, and its boundless prospect over a rich and fertile country, it is a very noble possession. The Duke lives here for three or four months, from the end of October till the end of February or March, on and off, and the establishment is kept up with extraordinary splendour. In the morning we are roused by the strains of martial

music, and the band (of his regiment of militia) marches round the terrace, awakening or quickening the guests with lively airs. All the men hunt or shoot. At dinner there is a different display of plate every day, and in the evening some play at whist or amuse themselves as they please, and some walk about the staircases and corridors to hear the band, which plays the whole evening in the hall. On the Duke's birthday there was a great feast in the Castle; 200 people dined in the servants' hall alone, without counting the other tables. We were about forty at dinner. When the cloth was removed, Esterhazy proposed His Grace's health, who has always a speech prepared in which he returns thanks. This time it was more simple than usual, and not at all bad. To-night there is a ball for the servants, which could not take place on the real birthday, as it fell on a Saturday.

Burghley, January 28th.—Came here yesterday, and found Lady Clinton, Lady Frederic Bentinck, Lyne Stephens and Irby, not amusing. Captain Spencer came to-day. I had almost forgotten the house, which is surprisingly grand in all respects, though the living rooms are not numerous or handsome enough. I just missed Peel, who went to Belvoir yesterday. I heard wonderful things of railroads and steam when I was in Staffordshire, yet by the time anybody reads what I now write (if anybody ever does), how they will smile perhaps at what I gape and stare at, and call wonderful, with such accelerated velocity do we move on. Stephenson, the great engineer, told Lichfield that he had travelled on the Manchester and Liverpool railroad for many miles at the rate of a mile a minute, that his doubt was not how fast his engines could be made to go, but at what pace it would be proper to stop, that he could make them travel with greater speed than any bird can cleave the air, and that he had ascertained that 400 miles an hour was the extreme velocity which the human frame could endure, at which it could move and exist.

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February 1st.—Lord Wharncliffe has been here and is gone. He is very dismal about the prospects of the country, and thinks we are gravitating towards a revolution. He says that the constituency of the great towns is composed of ultra-Radicals, and that no gentleman with really independent and conservative principles can sit for them, that the great majority of the manufacturers and of the respectable persons of the middle class are moderate, and hostile to subversion and violent measures, but that their influence is overwhelmed by the numerical strength of the low voters, who want to go all lengths. He says that he has received greater marks of deference and respect in his own country, and especially at Sheffield, where a short time ago he would have been in danger of being torn in pieces, than he ever experienced, but that he could no more bring a son in for Sheffield than he could fly in the air. Sir John Beckett is just gone to stand for Leeds, and certainly the catechism to which he was there forced to submit is very ominous. A seat in the House of Commons will cease to be an object of ambition to honourable and independent men, if it can only be obtained by cringing and servility to the rabble of great towns, and when it shall be established that the member is to be a slave, bound hand and foot by pledges, and responsible for every vote he gives to masters who are equally tyrannical and unreasonable. I know nothing more difficult than to form a satisfactory opinion upon the real state and prospects of the country amidst the conflicting prejudices and impressions of individuals of different parties and persuasions, and there are so many circumstances that tell different ways, that at this moment my judgment is entirely suspended on the subject.

February 6th.—Returned to town yesterday from Newmarket, which I took in my way from Burghley. Parliament had opened the day before, with a long *nothingy* (a word I have coined) Speech from the Throne,

in which the most remarkable points were a violent declaration against O'Connell, that is, against Irish agitation, and strong expressions of amity with France. It is comical to compare the language of the very silly old gentleman who wears the crown, in his convivial moments, and in the openness of his heart, with that which his Ministers cram into his mouth, each sentiment being uttered with equal energy and apparent sincerity.

February 13th.—It is observed by everybody that there never was a session of Parliament which opened with such an appearance of apathy as this. After the violent excitement which has almost incessantly prevailed for the last two years or more, men's minds seem exhausted, and though the undergrowl of political rancour is still heard, and a feeble cry of the Church in danger, on the whole there is less bitterness and animosity, and a tolerably fair promise that things will go on in a smooth and even course. The storm that impended over Europe has blown off, and there seems to be no danger of any interruption of the peace. Madame de Lieven told me that it was impossible to describe the contempt as well as dislike which the whole corps diplomatique had for Palmerston, and pointing to Talleyrand, who was sitting close by, "surtout lui." His unpopularity in his own office is quite as great as it is among the foreign ministers, and he does nothing; so that they do not make up in respect for what they want in inclination. George Villiers[1] complains that for above three months he has not received a single line from him, and he is a young minister unpractised in the profession, to whom is committed the most delicate and difficult mission in Europe. He spends his time in making love to Mrs. Petre, whom he takes to the House of Commons to hear speeches which he does not make, and where he exhibits his conquest, and certainly it is the best of his exploits, but what a successor of Canning, whom by the way he affects to imitate.

[1] Recently appointed British Minister at Madrid.

What would be Canning's indignation if he could look from his grave and see these new reformers, who ape him in his worst qualities, and who blunder and bluster in the seat which he once filled with such glory and success.

February 14th.—Last night at Miss Berry's met Mrs. Somerville, the great mathematician. I had been reading in the morning Sedgwick's sermon on education, in which he talks of Whewell, Airy, and Mrs. Somerville, mentioning her as one of the great luminaries of the present day. The subject of astronomy is so sublime that one shrinks into a sense of nothingness in contemplating it, and can't help regarding those who have mastered the mighty process and advanced the limits of the science as beings of another order. I could not then take my eyes off this woman, with a feeling of surprise and something like incredulity, all involuntary and very foolish; but to see a mincing, smirking person, fan in hand, gliding about the room talking nothings and nonsense, and to know that La Place was her plaything and Newton her acquaintance, was too striking a contrast not to torment the brain. It was Newton's mantle trimmed and flounced by Maradan.

February 22nd.—Went to the House of Commons last night, where I have not been for many years. A great change, and hardly a human being whose face I knew. I heard the end of the debate on Chandos' motion, when Peel gave O'Connell a severe dressing, and I heard the debate on rescinding the order for a committee on Baron Smith. Stanley made a wretched speech; O'Connell very bad, affecting to be moderate, he was only dull. Peel spoke very shortly, but very well indeed. Peel's is an enviable position; in the prime of life, with an immense fortune, *facile princeps* in the House of Commons, unshackled by party connexions and prejudices, universally regarded as the ablest man, and with (on the whole) a very high character, free from the cares of office, able to devote himself to literature, to politics, or idleness, as the fancy takes him. No matter how unruly the House, how

impatient or fatigued, the moment he rises all is silence, and he is sure of being heard with profound attention and respect. This is the enjoyable period of his life, and he must make the most of it, for when time and the hour shall bring about his return to power, his cares and anxieties will begin, and with whatever success his ambition may hereafter be crowned, he will hardly fail to look back with regret to this holiday time of his political career. It is a melancholy proof of the decadence of ability and eloquence in that House, when Peel is the first, and, except Stanley, almost the only real orator in it. He speaks with great energy, great dexterity—his language is powerful and easy; he reasons well, hits hard, and replies with remarkable promptitude and effect; but he is at an immense distance below the great models of eloquence, Pitt, Fox, and Canning; his voice is not melodious,[1] and it is a little monotonous; his action is very ungraceful, his person and manner are vulgar, and he has certain tricks in his motions which exhibit that vulgarity in a manner almost offensive, and which is only redeemed by the real power of his speeches. His great merit consists in his judgment, tact, and discretion, his facility, promptitude, thorough knowledge of the assembly he addresses, familiarity with the details of every sort of Parliamentary business, and the great command he has over himself. He never was a great favourite of mine, but I am satisfied that he is the fittest man to be Minister, and I therefore wish to see him return to power.

March 12th.—I have been laid up with the gout for the greater part of a fortnight, but went to Newmarket for two days to get well, and succeeded. Weather like

[1] This account of Peel's voice is strangely at variance with the opinion of two very competent judges. Disraeli said: "He was gifted with an admirable organ; perhaps the finest that has been heard in the House in our days, unless we except the thrilling tones of O'Connell. Sir Robert Peel also modulated his voice with great skill." Gladstone said: "I have only known two perfect things: the handwriting of Lord Palmerston and the voice of Sir Robert Peel." But both Disraeli and Gladstone were referring, of course, to a later period of Peel's life.

summer, nothing particularly new, a long debate on the Corn Laws, which being called an open question, the Ministers voted different ways—that is, all the Cabinet voted one way, but the underlings took their own course. Half the Ruralists are furious with Government for their indecision and way of acting on this question, but I am so totally ignorant upon it that I cannot enter into their indignation, or exactly understand from what it proceeds. It was pretty to see Graham and Poulett Thomson,[1] like two game-cocks got loose from one pen, pecking at and spurring one another. Everybody agrees that the debate was very dull, and that is all they do agree upon.

March 25th.—On Sunday at dinner at Lord Grey's I sat next to Charles Grey, who talked of the House of Commons, and said that there could be no question of Peel's superiority over everybody there, that Stanley had not done so well this session, had displayed so much want of judgment now, as well as formerly, that he was evidently not fit to be leader. He owned that Peel's conduct was very fair as well as prudent, and said that if his father was to resign, he himself, and he believed many others, would be willing to support a Government headed by Peel. It is remarkable how men's minds are gradually turning to Peel. I was amused yesterday with Poulett Thomson, who told me that Peel had been very courteous to him, and that they had some important points of coincidence of opinion; that Peel did not like Graham, Palmerston, or Grant, but to the rest of the Government he was remarkably civil. I think he reckons without his host if he calculates upon Peel's politeness extending to the offer of a place to our Vice-President in the event of his coming in.

April 3rd.—Yesterday I was forty years old, an anniversary much too melancholy to think of; and when

[1] Poulett Thomson, "civil, well-bred and intelligent, only rather a coxcomb—with a puritan manner," was Vice-President of the Board of Trade. In 1839 he was created Lord Sydenham and sent to be Governor of Canada, where he died.

I reflect how intolerably these forty years have been wasted, how unprofitably spent, how little store laid up for the future, how few the pleasurable recollections of the past, a feeling of pain and humiliation comes across me that makes my cheeks tingle and burn as I write. It is very seldom that I indulge in moralising in this Journal of mine; if anybody ever reads it, what will they care for my feelings and regrets? It is no reason, they will think, that because I have wasted my time they should waste theirs in reading the record of follies which are nothing more than the great mass of the world are every day committing; idleness, vanity, and selfishness are our besetting sins, and we are perpetually whirled about by one or other of them. It is certainly more amusing, both to other people and to myself (when I look back at what I have written), to read the anecdotes and events of the day than all this moral stuff (by which I mean stuff as applied to me, not as being despicable in itself), but every now and then the fancy takes me, and I think I find relief by giving vent on paper to that which I cannot say to anybody. " Cela fait partie de cette doctrine intérieure qu'il ne faut jamais communiquer " (Stendhal). *Jam satis est*, and I will go to other things—the foreign or domestic scraps I have picked up.

Parliament being *en relâche*, there are few people in town. William Ponsonby, whom I met the other evening, told me he had just returned from the assizes at Dorchester, where some men had been convicted of illegal association. On the event of this trial, he said, the lower and labouring classes had their eyes fixed, and the conviction was therefore of great consequence; any relaxation of the sentence would have been impossible under the circumstances, and though a great disposition was evinced, partly by the press, by petitions, and by some speeches in Parliament, to get them let off more easily, Melbourne very wisely did not wait for more manifestations, but packed them off, and they are gone. William Ponsonby

told me that the demoralisation in that part of the country is very great—the distress not severe, no political disaffection, but a recklessness, a moral obtuseness, exceedingly disgusting. There was a certain trial, or rather case (for the grand jury could not find a bill), in which a woman had murdered a child, got by her son out of a girl who lodged in her cottage. One of the lawyers said that in the course of the investigations which this case had occasioned it had been discovered that there was a woman whose trade was to get rid of bastard children, either by procuring abortions or destroying them when born, and that she had a regular price for either operation. I don't suppose that the average state of morals is much worse in one county than in another; but it is very remarkable that while education has been more widely diffused than heretofore, and there is a strong Puritanical spirit at work and vast talk about religious observances, there should be such a brutish manifestation of the moral condition of the lower classes, and that they should be apparently so little humanised and reclaimed by either education or religion. In this country all is contrast—contrast between wealth the most enormous and poverty the most wretched, between an excess of sanctity and an atrocity of crime.

April 21*st*.—At Buckenham and Newmarket for the last fortnight, and all things forgotten but racing. Seymour Bathurst's sudden death called me up to town on Tuesday night, to go to Court on Wednesday. Then I saw the Duke of Wellington march up at the head of the Doctors to present the Oxford petition, attired in his academical robes; and as I looked at him thus bedight, and then turned by eyes to his portraits in the pictures of his battles which adorn the walls, I thought how many and various were the parts he had played. He made a great boggling of reading his petition, for it was on a long and broad parchment, and he required both hands to hold it besides holding his glasses. This is the day for the procession of the Trades' Unions, and all London is

alive with troops, artillery and police. I don't suppose anything will happen, and so much has the general alarm of these Unions subsided that there is very little apprehension, though some curiosity to see how it goes off.

April 23rd.—Nothing could go off more quietly than the procession on Monday. There were about 25,000 men, mostly well dressed, no noise or tumult, a vast crowd. It was a failure altogether; Melbourne's answer was good. They say 250,000 men are enrolled in the Unions, and the slang name for those who won't belong to them is "dungs"; the intimidation used is great. There was quite as great a crowd assembled yesterday to see old Lady Hertford's funeral go by. The King sent all the royal carriages, and every other carriage in London was there, I believe—a pompous piece of folly, and the King's compliment rather a queer one, as the only ground on which she could claim such an honour was that of having been George IV's mistress.

May 23rd.—Newmarket, Epsom, and so forth. Nothing remarkably new. In the House of Commons the Poor Law Bill has been going on smoothly; in the House of Lords little of note but one of Brougham's exhibitions. Old Wynford [1] brought in a very absurd Bill for the better observance of the Sabbath (an old sinner he, who never cared three straws for the Sabbath), which Brougham attacked with excessive virulence and all his powers of ridicule and sarcasm. His speech made everybody laugh very heartily, but on a division, the Bishops all voting with Wynford, the latter carried the second reading by three in a very thin House. The next day the Chancellor came down with a protest, written in his most pungent style, very smart, but more like a bit of an article in the *Edinburgh Review* than a Parliamentary protest. Wynford was in the House when he entered his protest, and he called out to him, "Halloa, *Best*, look at my protest!"

[1] Sir William Best, a Tory Judge, who in 1829 was created Lord Wynford.

On Monday last I went to Petworth, and saw the finest *fête* that could be given. Lord Egremont has been accustomed some time in the winter to feast the poor of the adjoining parishes (women and children, not men) in the riding-house and tennis-court, where they were admitted by relays. His illness prevented the dinner taking place; but when he recovered he was bent upon having it, and, as it was put off till the summer, he had it arranged in the open air, and a fine sight it was; fifty-four tables, each fifty feet long, were placed in a vast semicircle on the lawn before the house. Tickets were given to the inhabitants of a certain district, and the number was about 4,000; but, as many more came, the old Peer could not endure that there should be anybody hungering outside his gates, and he went out himself and ordered the barriers to be taken down and admittance given to all. They think 6,000 were fed. Gentlemen from the neighbourhood carved for them, and waiters were provided from among the peasantry. The food was distributed from the tents and carried off upon hurdles to all parts of the semicircle. A band of music paraded round, playing gay airs. The day was glorious—an unclouded sky and soft southern breeze. Nothing could exceed the pleasure of that fine old fellow; he was in and out of the windows of his room twenty times, enjoying the sight of these poor wretches, all attired in their best, cramming themselves and their brats with as much as they could devour, and snatching a day of relaxation and happiness. At night there was a great display of fire-works, and I should think, at the time they began, not less than 10,000 people were assembled. It was altogether one of the gayest and most beautiful spectacles I ever saw, and there was something affecting in the contemplation of that old man—on the verge of the grave, from which he had only lately been reprieved, with his mind as strong and his heart as warm as ever—rejoicing in the diffusion of happiness and finding keen gratification in

relieving the distresses and contributing to the pleasures of the poor.

May 27th.—The Government is on the very brink of dissolution. The Irish Church Bill is the immediate cause, Stanley and Graham standing out against the majority of the Cabinet with regard to the Appropriation clause. Stanley, *they think*, would have knocked under if Graham had not been very fierce and urged him on to resistance. They attribute all the present bother to Graham, who pleads conscience and religious feelings. It is impossible to guess how it will end, and there is a terrible turmoil. His colleagues (or their friends at least) suspect that Graham kicks up this dust with ulterior views, and they think he aims at a junction with Peel—Stanley of course included—and coming into office with a moderate mixed party. It will be a great evil if the Government is broken up just now, but it is quite clear that they cannot go on long; it is a question of months.

May 28th.—On returning from Epsom I heard that Stanley, Graham, and Richmond had resigned, and it was supposed Ripon would follow their example.[1] Althorp adjourned the debate till Monday next. They will be forced to put Peers in the vacant places, because nobody can get re-elected. The rotten boroughs now seem not quite such abominations, or at all events they had some compensating advantages.

June 15th.—Ascot races last week; many people kept away at Oxford, which seems to have been a complete Tory affair,[2] and on the whole a very disgraceful exhibition of bigotry and party spirit; plenty of shouting and that sort of enthusiasm, which is of no value except to the foolish people who were the object of it, and who were quite enraptured. The reception of the Duke, however

[1] Graham joined Peel, and after 1846 remained a Peelite; but Stanley took a different course.

[2] The installation of the Duke of Wellington as Chancellor of the University of Oxford on the 10th of June.

vociferous, can hardly on reflection have given him much pleasure when he saw Newcastle, Winchilsea, Wetherell, and *hoc genus omne* as much the objects of idolatry as himself. Peel very wisely would have nothing to do with the concern, and they are probably very angry with him for absenting himself. The resentment he must feel towards the University on account of their conduct to him must afford full scope to all the contempt these proceedings are calculated to excite. There was a vast mob of fine people, Mrs. Arbuthnot among the rest. The Duke made rather indifferent work of his Latin speeches. As usual he seemed quite unconcerned at the applause with which he was greeted; no man ever courted that sort of distinction less.

July 4th.—The other night Stanley made a fierce speech on Irish tithes, and plainly showed that no reconciliation between him and the Government is feasible. Last night Littleton made a melancholy exhibition with O'Connell. Formerly a Minister must have resigned who cut such a figure; now it is very different, for no matter how unfit a man may be, it is ten to one nobody better can be found to replace him.

I was at Woolwich yesterday to see the yacht in which the Queen is to sail to the Continent. Such luxury and splendour, and such gorgeous preparations. She will sail like Cleopatra down the Cydnus, and though she will have no beautiful boys like Cupids to fan her, she will be attended by Emily Bagot, who is as beautiful as the Mater Cupidinum. She will return to her beggarly country in somewhat different trim from that in which she left it, with all her earls and countesses, equipages, pages, valets, dressers, etc.[1]

July 6th.—When I wrote the above I had not read Stanley's speech, and had only heard he had used very

[1] Queen Adelaide was the daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen. Miss Bagot, it will be remembered, has already appeared "dressed like a soubrette and looking like an angel."

strong language. I was greatly astonished when I did read it, and fully concur in the nearly universal opinion that, however clever and laughable it may have been, it was a most injudicious and unfortunate exhibition, and is calculated to do him a serious and lasting injury.[1] I do not know when I have read or heard so virulent and coarse an invective, and it is rather disgusting than anything else to see such a one fired off at the men with whom he has been acting for some years (up to three weeks ago), with whom he declared his entire concurrence on every other question, from whom he expressed the liveliest regret at separating, and to whom he was individually bound by the strongest ties of friendship and regard.[2] The Tories cheered him lustily; and what must he on reflection think of such cheers, and of his position in the House—to be halloa'd on by the party which he has hitherto treated with the greatest contempt, and which he thinks the very essence of bigotry and prejudice, at least on all secular matters, against his old friends and colleagues, to whom he is still allied in opinion upon almost every great question of foreign or domestic policy? I dare say Peel was not very sorry to hear Stanley's speech, and justly estimated the value of the cheers with which it was hailed. It places him at an immeasurable distance below Peel, and puts an end to any pretensions of rivalship, if he ever entertained any. I dined with a Tory at the "Travellers" yesterday, and he said, "Of course we cheered him as loudly as we could; we want to get him, but I must own that it was a very injudicious speech and very unbecoming." These are the sort of events in a man's life which influence his destiny ever after; it is not that his political career will be marred, or that anything can prevent his talents rendering it on the whole important,

[1] This was the famous thimble-rig speech.—Author's note.

[2] It will be seen that he made similar professions when he separated from Peel's Government in 1846, and instantly rushed into a similar opposition.—Author's note.

and probably successful, but there is a revulsion in men's minds about him, which cannot fail to produce a silent, but in the end a sensible effect upon his fortunes. It is remarkable that Lord Derby, who is a very shrewd and sagacious old man, never would hear of his grandson's superlative merits, and always in the midst of his triumph questioned his ultimate success.

July 10*th*.—Came to town last night from Newmarket, and found things in a fine state. Althorp had resigned three days ago; his resignation was accepted, on which Lord Grey resigned too. Both of them explained in Parliament last night, Lord Grey, as they tell me, in a very moving and gentlemanlike speech, admirably delivered. The Duke of Wellington made a violent attack upon him in reply, which it is thought he might as well have omitted. (The Duke's speech gave great disgust to many even of his own party, and was afterwards assigned as a reason by Stanley and his friends for not taking office with the Duke.) Nobody knows what is to happen. The King sent for Melbourne, and his nephew, John Ponsonby, told me last night he believed he would endeavour to carry on the Government; but whether he does or not it can't last; the Whig Government is virtually at an end.

The Tories have been mighty cock-a-hoop, but their joy is a good deal damped within the last twelve hours, for it is now universally believed that Althorp will be prevailed upon to remain, and will himself be at the head of the Government. His popularity is so great in the House of Commons, and there is such a dread of a dissolution, that if this arrangement takes place they will scramble on some time longer, and at this advanced period of the session it may be doubted whether the House of Lords will throw out any of their essential measures. I met Duncannon, Ellice, and John Russell this evening riding, and they seemed in very good spirits.

July 12*th*.—I went out of town yesterday morning, and

did not return till seven o'clock; in the meantime affairs were materially altered. I met Duncannon riding with a face as long as the pictures of Hudibras, which at once told the tale of baffled hopes. Melbourne's negotiation had failed entirely. "Jack,"[1] who was backed as even against the field the night before in the House of Commons, would have nothing to say to it. I have not yet heard in detail the circumstances of this failure, but it will probably turn out that the King insisted upon some Conservative conditions, or an attempt at coalition, which is a favourite plan of his. Yesterday it was generally expected that Peel would be sent for, or the Duke of Wellington.

July 15th.—This interval of feverish anxiety has ended by the formation of the Administration being entrusted to Lord Melbourne. He refused to undertake it unless Althorp could stay with him. Lord Grey has acted very cordially towards Melbourne, and pressed Althorp so earnestly to stay that he has consented, and last night the announcements were made to the two Houses. Nobody thinks the Government will last long, and everybody "wonders" how Melbourne will do it. He is certainly a queer fellow to be Prime Minister, and he and Brougham are two wild chaps to have the destinies of this country in their hands. I should not be surprised if Melbourne was to rouse his dormant energies and be excited by the greatness of his position to display the vigour and decision in which he is not deficient. Unfortunately his reputation is not particularly good; he is considered lax in morals, indifferent in religion, and very loose and pliant in politics.

July 24th.—Read Reeve's "History of English Law," finished Henry Taylor's "Van Artevelde," and read 250 lines of Virgil. "Philip van Artevelde" is a poem of extraordinary merit, and the offspring of a vigorous and independent mind. The author, who is my particular

[1] John, Lord Althorp.

friend, and for whom I have a sincere regard and a great admiration, took his work to Murray, who gave it to Lockhart to read. Lockhart advised Murray not to publish it, at least at his own risk, but he bestowed great encomiums on the work, and urged Taylor to publish it himself. He did so, without much expectation that it would be popular, and has been agreeably surprised to find that in a short space of time a second edition is called for. With the vivacity of a sanguine disposition, and a confidence in the sterling merits of his poem, he now believes that edition will follow edition like wave upon wave, in which I fear he will be disappointed. [When the first edition was all sold, and a second called for, he made up his account with his publisher, and the balance was 37*l.* *against* him.—*November* 29*th.*]

August 5*th.*—At Goodwood for the races, so read nothing except half of Jacquemont's Letters and a little book I picked up, the "History of the Grand Vizier Coprogli." While I was there news came of Lord Bathurst's death. He was a very amiable man and with a good understanding, though his talents were far from brilliant, a High Churchman and a High Tory, but a cool politician, a bad speaker, a good writer, greatly averse to changes, but unwillingly acquiescing in many. He was nervous and reserved, with a good deal of humour, and habitually a jester. His conversation was generally a series of jokes, and he rarely discussed any subject but in a ludicrous vein. His conduct to Napoleon justly incurred odium, for although he was only one of many, he was the Minister through whom the orders of Government passed, and he suffered the principal share of the reproach which was thrown upon the Cabinet for their rude and barbarous treatment of the Emperor at St. Helena. He had not a lively imagination, and his feelings were not excited by the contemplation of such a striking example of fallen greatness. I was Lord Bathurst's private secretary for several years, but so far

from feeling any obligation to him, I always consider his mistaken kindness in giving me that post as the source of all my misfortunes and the cause of my present condition. He never thought fit to employ me, never associated me with the interests and the business of his office, and consequently abandoned me at the age of eighteen to that life of idleness and dissipation from which I might have been saved had he felt that my future prospects in life, my character and talents, depended in great measure upon the direction which was at that moment given to my mind. He would probably have made me a Tory (which I should hardly have remained), but I should have become a man of business, and of the antagonist tastes which divided my mind that for literature and employment would have got the better of that for amusement and idleness, instead, as unfortunately happened, of the latter prevailing over the former. On coming to town yesterday I heard of another death—Mrs. Arbuthnot, after a short illness. The Duke of Wellington, with whom she had lived in the most intimate relations for many years, evinced a good deal of feeling, but he is accused of insensibility because he had the good taste and sense to smooth his brow and go to the House of Lords with a cheerful aspect. She was not a clever woman, but she was neither dull nor deficient, and very prudent and silent.

August 19th.—At Stoke from Saturday, the 16th, till yesterday; had much talk with old Creevey about the Chancellor. Sefton, his great ally, so resented his conduct to Lord Grey that he was on the point of quarrelling with him, and Brougham miscalculated so far as to chuckle to Sefton himself over the improvement of his own position in the new order of things, telling him that he could more easily *manage* Melbourne than he could Lord Grey. They are a precious set with their squabbles and *tracasseries*. It appears that they very well knew what Brougham was from the beginning, especially

Grey's womankind, who warned their father against him, but they all flattered themselves they had taken the sting out of him by getting him into the House of Lords. Creevey says that Brougham is devoured with ambition, and what he wants is to be Prime Minister, but that it is quite impossible he should for ever escape detection and not be regularly *blown up* sooner or later.

As I rode into London yesterday morning I fell in with Spencer Perceval, and got off my horse to walk into town with him. He talks rationally enough till he gets on religious topics; he asked me what I thought of the state of affairs, and, after telling him my opinion of the condition and prospects of the Church, I asked him what he thought of them. He said he agreed with me as to the *status*, but his notion was "that it all proceeded from a departure from God," that ours was a backsliding Church, and that God had forsaken it, and that we had only to put our trust in Him, and rely entirely on Him, and He would work out the salvation of His own. We parted in the midst of the discussion, and before I had any time to get from him any explanation of the course he would recommend to those who govern in furtherance of his own theocratical principles.

September 4th.—At Court yesterday. The King came to town to receive the address of the City on the Queen's return—the most ridiculous address I ever heard.

Stanley[1] (not the ex-Secretary, but the in Under-Secretary) told me last night an anecdote of Melbourne which I can very easily believe. When the King sent for him he told Young "he thought it a damned bore, and that he was in many minds what he should do—be Minister or no." Young said, "Why, damn it, such a position never was occupied by any Greek or Roman, and, if it only lasts two months, it is well worth while to have

[1] Afterwards Lord Stanley of Alderley ("the man they call Sir Benjamin Backbite and familiarly Ben"), who had just been made Under-Secretary for Home Affairs.

been Prime Minister of England." "By God, that's true," said Melbourne; "I'll go." Young is his private secretary—a vulgar, familiar, impudent fellow, but of indefatigable industry and a man who suits Melbourne. His taste is not delicate enough to be shocked at the coarseness, while his indolence is accommodated by the industry, of his secretary. Then Young[1] knows many people, many places, and many things; nobody knows whence he comes or what is his origin, but he was a purser in the navy, and made himself useful to the Duke of Devonshire when he went to Russia, who recommended him to Melbourne. He was a writer and runner for the newspapers, and has always been an active citizen, struggling and striving to get on in the world, and probably with no inconsiderable dexterity. I know nothing of his honesty, for or against it; he seems good-humoured, but vulgar and familiar.

September 5th.—At Holland House yesterday, where I had not been these two years. Met Lord Holland at Court, who made me go. The last time I was with my Lady she was so mighty uncivil that I left off my visits, and now we met again as if there had been no interruption, and as if we had been living together constantly. Spring Rice and his son, Melbourne, and Palmerston dined there; Allen[2] was at Dulwich, but came in the evening, and so did Bobus Smith.[3] There was a great deal of very good talk, anecdotes, literary criticism, and what not, some of which would be worth remembering, though hardly sufficiently striking to be put down, unless as forming a portion of a whole course of conversations of this description. A vast depression came over my spirits, though I was amused, and I don't suppose I uttered a dozen words.

[1] He was commonly known as "Ubiquity Young," because you saw him in every place you might happen to go to.

[2] John Allen was Master of Dulwich College, but always lived at Holland House. There is a full account of him in Chapter V (April 14th, 1843).

[3] The elder brother of Sydney Smith, and like him very amusing, but "in a quieter and less ambitious style."

It is certainly true that the atmosphere of Holland House is often oppressive, but that was not it; it was a painful consciousness of my own deficiencies and of my incapacity to take a fair share in conversation of this description. I felt as if a language was spoken before me which I understood, but not enough to talk in it myself. There was nothing discussed of which I was altogether ignorant, and when the merits of Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Crabbe were brought into comparison, and Lord Holland cut jokes upon Allen for his enthusiastic admiration of the "De Moribus Germanorum," it was not that I had not read the poets or the historian, but that I felt I had not read them with profit. I have not that familiarity with either which enables me to discuss their merits, and a painful sense came over me of the difference between one who has superficially read and one who has studied, one who has laid a solid foundation in early youth, gathering knowledge as he advances in years, all the stores of his mind being so orderly disposed that they are at all times available, and one who (as I have done) has huddled together a quantity of loose reading, as vanity, curiosity, and not seldom shame impelled; reading thus without system, more to cover the deficiencies of ignorance than to augment the stores of knowledge, loads the mind with an undigested mass of matter, which proves when wanted to be of small practical utility—in short, one must pay for the follies of one's youth. He who wastes his early years in horse-racing and all sorts of idleness, figuring away among the dissolute and the foolish, must be content to play an inferior part among the learned and the wise. Reflections of this sort make me very uncomfortable, and I am ready to cry with vexation when I think on my misspent life.

As a slight but imperfect sketch of the talk of Holland House I will put down this:—

They talked of Taylor's new poem, "Philip van Artevelde." Melbourne had read and admired it. The

preface, he said, was affected and foolish, the poem very superior to anything in Milman. There was one fine idea in the "Fall of Jerusalem"—that of Titus, who felt himself propelled by an irresistible impulse like that of the Greek dramatists, whose fate is the great agent always pervading their dramas. They held Wordsworth cheap, except Spring Rice, who was enthusiastic about him. Holland thought Crabbe the greatest genius of modern poets. Melbourne said he degraded every subject. None of them had known Coleridge; his lectures were very tiresome, but he is a poet of great merit. Then they spoke of Spencer Perceval and Irving preaching in the streets. Irving had called on Melbourne, and eloquently remonstrated that "they only asked the same licence that was given to puppet-shows and other sights not to be prevented; that the command was express, 'Go into the highways,' and that they must obey God rather than man." Melbourne said this was all very true and unanswerable. "What *did* you answer?" I asked. "I said, 'You must not preach there.'" Then of Cambridge and Goulburn, who is a saint and gave lectures in his room, by which he has caught several young men. Lord Holland spoke of George III's letters to Lord North; the King liked Lord North, hated the Duke of Richmond. The Duke of Richmond in 1763 or 1764, after an audience of the King in his closet, told him that "he had said that to him which if he was a subject he should not scruple to call an untruth." The King never forgave it, and the Duke had had the imprudence to make a young king his enemy for life. This Duke of Richmond, when Lord-Lieutenant of Sussex, during the American war, sailed in a yacht through the fleet, when the King was there, with American colours at his mast-head. He never forgave Fox for putting the Duke of Portland instead of himself at the head of the Government in 1782. During the riots in 1780 on account of Admiral Keppel, Tom Grenville burst open the door of the Admiralty, and assisted at the

pillage and destruction of papers. Lord Grey a little while ago attacked him about it, and he did not deny it. Such things could not be done now. During the Windsor election they hired a mob to go down and throw Lord Mornington (Lord Wellesley) over Windsor Bridge, and Fitzpatrick said it would be so fine to see St. Patrick's green riband floating down the stream. They first sent to Piper to know if Lord Mornington could swim. The plan was defeated by his having a still stronger mob. After dinner they discussed women's works: few *chefs-d'œuvre*; Madame de Sévigné the best; the only three of a high class are Madame de Sévigné, Madame de Staël, and (Bobus Smith said) Sappho, but of her not above forty lines are extant: these, however, are unrivalled; Mrs. Somerville is very great in the exact sciences. Lady Holland would not hear of Madame de Staël. They agreed as to Miss Austen that her novels are excellent.

September 7th.—At Holland House again; only Bobus Smith and Melbourne; these two, with Allen, and Lord Holland agreeable enough. Melbourne's excellent scholarship and universal information remarkably display themselves in society, and he delivers himself with an energy which shows how deeply his mind is impressed with literary subjects.

After dinner there was much talk of the Church, and Allen spoke of the early reformers, the Catharists, and how the early Christians persecuted each other; Melbourne quoted Vigilantius's letter to Jerome, and then asked Allen about the 11th of Henry IV, an Act passed by the Commons against the Church, and referred to the dialogue between the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Ely at the beginning of Shakespeare's "Henry V," which Lord Holland sent for and read, Melbourne knowing it all by heart and prompting all the time. I forget what other topics were discussed, but after Lady Holland and Melbourne and Allen went to bed, Lord Holland, Bobus, and I sat down, and Lord Holland told us

many anecdotes about the great orators of his early days. Fox used to say Grey was the most prudent man he knew, and this perhaps owing to his having got into a scrape early in his Parliamentary life, by attacking Pitt, who gave him a severe castigation; it was about his letter to the Prince being sent by a servant during the Regency discussions. Fox thought his own speech in 1804 on going to war with France the best he ever made. Lord Holland believed that Pitt (the younger) was not so eloquent as Chatham. Grattan said, "He takes longer flights, does not soar so high." No power was ever equal to Chatham's over a public assembly, much greater in the Commons than it was afterwards in the Lords. When Sir Thomas Robinson had been boring the House on some commercial question, and introduced the word "sugar" so often that there was at last a laugh as often as he did so, Chatham, then Mr. Pitt, who had put him up, grew very angry, and at last his wrath boiled over. When Robinson sat down Pitt rose, and with a tone and manner of the utmost indignation began, "Mr. Speaker, sir—sugar—I say sugar. Who laughs now?" and nobody did laugh. Once in the House of Lords, on a debate during the American war, he said he hoped the King might be awakened from his slumbers. There was a cry of "Order! order!" "Order, my Lords?" burst out Chatham, "Order? I have not been disorderly, but I *will* be disorderly. I repeat again, I hope that his Majesty may be awakened from his slumbers, but that he may not be awakened by such an awful apparition as that which drew King Priam's curtains in the dead of the night and told him of the conflagration of his empire." Holland regretted much that he had never heard Lord North, whom he fancied he should have liked as much as any of his great opponents; his temper, shrewdness, humour, and power of argument were very great. Tommy Townshend, a violent, foolish fellow, who was always talking strong language, said in some debate, "Nothing will satisfy me but to have the

noble Lord's head; I will have his head." Lord North said, " The honourable gentleman says he will have my head. I bear him no malice in return, for though the honourable gentleman says he will have my head, I can assure him that I would on no account have his."

September 13th.—Dined again at Holland House the day before yesterday; Melbourne, Rice, Lord and Lady Albemarle, and Lord Gosford; rather dull. A discussion about *who* was the man in a mask who cut Charles I's head off; Mackintosh believed he knew. What a literary puerility! The man in a mask was Jack Ketch (whatever his name was); who can doubt it? Where was the man, Roundhead or Puritan, who as an amateur would have mounted the scaffold to perform this office? But the executioner, though only discharging the duties of his office, probably thought in those excited times that he would not be safe from the vengeance of some enthusiastic cavalier, and that it was more prudent to conceal the features of the man by whom the deed was done. Melbourne swore that Henry VIII was the greatest man who ever lived, and Allen declared if he had not married Anne Boleyn we should have continued Catholics to this day, both of which assertions I ventured to dispute. Allen with all his learning is fond of a paradox, and his prejudices shine forth in every question in which Church and religions are implicated. Melbourne loves dashing opinions.

September 19th.—Yesterday at Holland House; nobody there but Melbourne. We were talking of Reform, and Lord Holland said, " I don't know if we were right about Reform, but this I know, that if we were to propose it at all, we were right in going the lengths we did, and this was Canning's opinion." Melbourne said, " Yes, I know it was, and that was mine, and that was the reason why I was against Reform." After dinner we had much talk about religion, when Allen got into a fury; he thundered out his invectives against the *charlatanerie* of the Apostles

and Fathers and the brutal ignorance of the early Christian converts, when Holland said, laughing, " Well, but you need not abuse them so violently."

September 23rd.—On Saturday at Stoke; came up yesterday with Melbourne. We had a great deal of talk. As soon as we got into the carriage he asked me if I thought it was true that Talleyrand had taken such offence at Palmerston that he would not return here on that account, and if I knew what it was that had affronted him, whether any deficiency in diplomatic punctilio or general offensiveness of manner. I told him I had no doubt it was true, and that the complaints against Palmerston were so general that there must be some cause for them, and though Madame de Lieven might be prejudiced against him, *all* the foreign Ambassadors could not be so. He said it was very extraordinary if it was so, tried to argue that it might not be the case, and put it in all sorts of different ways; he said that Palmerston exhibited no signs of temper or arrogance with his colleagues, but quite the reverse; he owned, however, he was very obstinate.

He then talked of Brougham, and I found that he knows him thoroughly, and is more on his guard than I thought he was with regard to him. I told him of the change in Sefton's feelings towards him on Lord Grey's account, and also of Brougham's strange want of discrimination and his imprudence in congratulating himself to Sefton on the recent changes, and of his expectations of profiting by Melbourne's advancement to power. I touched lightly on the latter part, because it is never prudent to dwell upon topics which are injurious to a person's vanity, and a word dropped upon so tender a part produces as much effect as the strongest argument.

We afterwards talked of Canning and the Duke of Wellington, and the breaking up of the Tory Government. I told him that I believed the Duke and the Tories were aware of Canning's communications with Brougham.

Brougham wrote to Canning and made him an unqualified offer of support. When the King asked Canning how he was to obtain support enough to carry on the Government, he pulled this letter out of his pocket, gave it to him, and said, "Sir, your father broke the domination of the Whigs; I hope your Majesty will not endure that of the Tories." "No," said the King; "I'll be damned if I do"; and he made him Minister. This Canning told Melbourne himself.

September 25th.—Dined yesterday at Holland House; only Melbourne and Pahlen, and in the evening Senior[1] came. He is a very able man—a conveyancer, great political economist, and author of various works on that subject. He was employed by Government to draw up the Poor Law Bill, and might have been one of the Poor Law Commissioners if he would have accepted the office; his profits in his profession are too great to be given up for this occupation. By a discussion which arose about Bickersteth's merits it was clear that there is a question of his being Solicitor-General. Melbourne said "he was a Benthamite, and they were all fools." (He said a doctrinaire was a fool, but an honest man.) I said "the Austins were not fools." "Austin? Oh, a damned fool. Did you ever read his book on 'Jurisprudence'?" I said I had read a great part of it, and that it did not appear to be the work of a fool. He said he had read it all, and that it was the dullest book he ever read, and full of truisms elaborately set forth. Melbourne is very fond of being slashing and paradoxical. It is astonishing how much he reads even now that he is Prime Minister. He is greatly addicted to theology, and loves conversing on the subject of religion. Lady ——, who wanted him to marry her (which he won't do, though he likes to talk to her), is the depositary of his thoughts and notions on these subjects, and the other day she told me he sent her a book

[1] Nassau Senior, the economist; a man of considerable influence amongst the Radicals of that day.

(I forget what) on the Revelation stuffed with marginal notes of his own. It was not long ago that he *studied* Lardner's book on the "Credibility of the Christian Religion," and compared it with the Bible as he went along. She fancies that all this reading and reflection have turned him into the right way. I can see no symptom of it at Holland House.

London, November 13th.—For two months nearly that I have been in the country I have not written a line, having had nothing worth recording to put down. It is not worth my while to write, nor anybody else's to read (should anybody ever read these memoranda), the details of racing and all that thereunto appertains, and though several disagreeable occurrences have ruffled the stream of my life, I have no pleasure in recording these; for if their consequences pass away, and I can forget them, it is better not at any future time to awaken "the scorpion sting of griefs subdued." Of public events I have known nothing but what everybody else knows, and it would have been mere waste of time to copy from the newspapers accounts of the conflagration of the Houses of Parliament or the Durham dinner at Glasgow. My campaign on the turf has been a successful one. Still all this success has not prevented frequent disgusts, and I derive anything but unmixed pleasure from this pursuit even when I win by it. Besides the continual disappointments and difficulties incident to it, which harass the mind, the life it compels me to lead, the intimacies arising out of it, the associates and the war against villainy and trickery, being haunted by continual suspicions, discovering the trust-*un*worthiness of one's most intimate friends, the necessity of insincerity and concealment sometimes where one feels that one ought and would desire to be most open; then the degrading nature of the occupation, mixing with the lowest of mankind, and absorbed in the business for the sole purpose of getting money, the consciousness of a sort of degradation of intellect, the conviction of the deteriorating effects upon

both the feelings and the understanding which are produced, the sort of dram-drinking excitement of it—all these things and these thoughts torment me, and often turn my pleasure to pain.

November 16th.—Yesterday morning the town was electrified by the news that Melbourne's Government was at an end. Nobody had the slightest suspicion of such an impending catastrophe; the Ministers themselves reposed in perfect security. I never saw astonishment so great on every side; nobody pretended to have prophesied or expected such an event. Thus it befell: On Thursday Melbourne went to Brighton to make the arrangements necessary on Lord Spencer's death. He had previously received a letter from the King, which contained nothing indicative of the fate that awaited him. He had his audience on Thursday afternoon, and offered his Majesty the choice of Spring Rice, Lord John Russell, or Abercromby to lead the House of Commons and fill the vacant office. The King made some objections, and said he must take time to consider it. Nothing more passed that night, and the next day, when Melbourne saw the King, his Majesty placed in his hands a letter containing his determination. It was couched in terms personally complimentary to Melbourne, but he said that, having lost the services of Lord Althorp as leader of the House of Commons, he could feel no confidence in the stability of his Government when led by any other member of it; that they were already in a minority in the House of Peers, and he had every reason to believe the removal of Lord Althorp would speedily put them in the same situation in the other House; that under such circumstances he felt other arrangements to be necessary, and that it was his intention to send for the Duke of Wellington. Nothing could be more peremptory and decisive, and not a loophole was left for explanation or arrangements, or endeavour to patch the thing up. The King wrote to the Duke, and what is rather droll, the letter was despatched by

Melbourne's carriage, which returned to town. It is long since a Government has been so summarily dismissed—regularly kicked out, in the simplest sense of that phrase. Melbourne's colleagues expected his return without a shadow of apprehension or doubt. He got back late and wrote to none of them. The Chancellor, who had dined at Holland House, called on him and heard the news; the others (except Duncannon, who went to him, and I believe Palmerston) remained in happy ignorance till yesterday morning, when they were saluted at their rising with the astounding intelligence. All the Ministers (except Brougham) read the account of their dismissal in the *Times* the next morning, and this was the first they heard of it. Melbourne resolved to say nothing that night, but summoned an early Cabinet, when he meant to impart it. Brougham called on him on his way from Holland House. Melbourne told him, but made him promise not to say a word of it to anybody. He promised, and the moment he quitted the house sent to the *Times* office and told them what had occurred, with the well-known addition that " the Queen had done it all."

They attribute their fall to the influence of the Queen, and fancy that it is the result of a preconcerted scheme and intrigue with the Tories, neither of which do I believe to be true. With regard to the latter notion, the absence of Sir Robert Peel, who is travelling in Italy, is a conclusive proof of its falseness. I am convinced that it is the execution of a project which the King has long nourished of delivering himself from the Whigs whenever he could.

November 17th.—To-day the King came to town to receive the resignations, for he is resolved to finish off the whole affair at once and make *maison nette*; they have been ordered therefore to attend at St. James's and give up their seals.

Five o'clock.—Just returned from St. James's. In the outer room I found assembled the Duke of Wellington, Lyndhurst, Rosslyn, Goulburn, Hardinge, the Speaker,

Jersey, Maryborough, Cowley, whom the Duke had collected in order to form a Privy Council; in the Throne Room the ex-Cabinet congregated, and it was amusing to watch them as they passed through the camp of their enemies, and to see their different greetings and bows; all interchanged some slight civility except Brougham, who stalked through looking as black as thunder and took no notice of anybody. As I thought the company of those who were coming in would be more cheerful and agreeable than that of those who were going out, I passed my time in the outer room, and had a good deal of conversation with the Duke and Lyndhurst, from whom I gathered everything that I did not know before. After the Whigs had made their exit we went into the Throne Room, and the King sent for Lyndhurst, who only stayed with him a few minutes, and then the Duke and all the Privy Councillors were summoned. After greeting them all, and desiring them to sit down, he began a speech nearly as follows: "Having thought proper to make a change in my Government, at the present moment I have directed a new commission to be issued for executing the office of Lord High Treasurer, at the head of which I have placed the Duke of Wellington, and his Grace has kissed hands accordingly upon that appointment. As by the Constitution of this country the King can do no wrong, but those persons are responsible for his acts in whom he places his confidence—as I do in the Lords now present—it is necessary to place the seals of the Secretary of State for the Home Department in those hands in which I can best confide, and I have therefore thought proper to confer that office likewise on his Grace, who will be sworn in accordingly." Here the Duke came round, and, after much fumbling for his spectacles, took the oath of Secretary of State. The King then resumed, "It is likewise necessary for me to dispose of the seals of the other two Secretaries of State, and I therefore place them likewise for the present in the same hands, as he is already First

Lord of the Treasury and Secretary of State for the Home Office." Then, turning to me, he asked if there was any business, and being told there was none, desired me to retire. When I was gone he began another harangue, to the effect that he had endeavoured, since he had been upon the throne, to do for the best, and that he could not fill up any of the other offices at present.

Now for what I learned from the Duke and Lyndhurst. The former told me that he was just going out hunting when the messenger arrived; that the letter merely said that the King wished to see him, to consult with him as to the steps he should take with regard to the formation of another Government. He went off directly, and at once told the King that the best thing he could do was to send for Sir Robert Peel, and that until he arrived he would undertake to carry on the Government by a provisional arrangement, and would do nothing more until Peel's return.[1] So the matter accordingly stands, and no other appointment will be made except that the Great Seal will be transferred to Lyndhurst, without, however (at present), his becoming Chancellor. He talked a great deal about the state of the late Government, and what passed between Melbourne and the King, but I heard this still more in detail from Lyndhurst afterwards.

Thus ended this eventful day; just four years ago I witnessed the reverse of the picture. I think the Whigs upon this occasion were much more angry and dejected than the Tories were upon that. They had perhaps some reason, for their case is one of rare occurrence—unceremoniously kicked out, not resignations following ineffectual negotiations or baffled attempts at arrangement, but in the plenitude of their fancied strength, and utterly unconscious of danger, they were discarded in the most positive, summary, and peremptory manner. Great,

[1] After this interview the Duke sent for Lord Lyndhurst and said, "It will be a month perhaps before Peel comes. You must take the Great Seal. You and I must be the Government of the country. Things are quiet, the people will not murmur."—"Life of Disraeli," I, 264.

therefore, is their indignation, mortification, and chagrin, and bitter will no doubt be their opposition.

November 19th.—Laid up these two days with the gout in my knee, so could not go out to hear what is going on. The Duke, I find, after the Council on Monday (losing no time), repaired to the Home Office and ordered the Irish papers to be brought to him, then to the Foreign Office, where he asked for the last despatches from Spain and Portugal, and so on to the Colonial Office, where he required information as to the state of their department. I have no doubt he liked this, to play the part of Richelieu for a brief period, to exercise all the functions of administration. He has fixed his headquarters at the Home Office, and occasionally roves over the rest. All this is unavoidable under existing circumstances, but it is enough to excite merriment, or censure, or suspicion, according to different tastes and tempers. The King offered to make Melbourne an Earl and to give him the Garter, but he declined, and begged it might be given to the Duke of Grafton.

In consequence of what passed at St. James's between Lyndhurst and me concerning the *Times*, I made Henry de Ros send for Barnes (who had already at his suggestion adopted a conciliatory and amicable tone towards the embryo Government), who came and put on paper the terms on which he would support the Duke. These were: no mutilation of the Reform Bill, and the adoption of those measures of reform which had been already sanctioned by votes of the House of Commons last session with regard to Church and corporations, and no change in our foreign policy. I have sent his note to Lyndhurst, and begged him to call here to talk the matter over.

Powell, a Tory solicitor and *âme damnée* of the Speaker, has just been here; he declares that the Tories will be 420 strong in the new Parliament, which I mention for the purpose of recording their expectations and being able to compare them hereafter with the event. They have

already put themselves in motion, despatched messengers to Lord Hertford and Lowther, and probably if ever these men could be induced to open their purse strings, and make sacrifices and exertions, they will do it now.

November 23rd.—This morning I received a note from Henry de Ros enclosing one from Barnes, who was evidently much nettled at not having received any specific answer to his note stating the terms on which he would support the Duke. Henry was disconcerted also, and entreated me to have an explanation with Lyndhurst. I accordingly went to the Court of Exchequer, where he was sitting, and waited till he came out, when I gave him these notes to read.

November 26th.—Barnes is to dine with Lord Lyndhurst, and a gastronomic ratification will wind up the treaty between these high contracting parties.

December 2nd.—Dined with Lord Lyndhurst yesterday; the dinner for Mr. Barnes. He had collected a miscellaneous party, droll enough—Mrs. Fox, Baron Bolland, Follett, Hardinge, etc. The Duke and Lord Chandos were to have been there. Barnes told Hardinge there was a great cry getting up in the country against the Duke.

December 5th.—The dinner that Lyndhurst gave to Barnes has made a great uproar, as I thought it would. I never could understand the Chancellor's making such a display of this connexion, but whatever he may be as a lawyer, and how great soever in his wig, I suspect that he is deficient in knowledge of the world and those nice calculations of public taste and opinion which are only to be acquired by intuitive sagacity exercised in the daily communion of social life.

December 6th.—The Chancellor called on me yesterday about getting young Disraeli[1] into Parliament

[1] He was just thirty years old, and his politics, as the journal indicates, were still undecided. At this election he stood—for the third time—as an independent candidate for Wycombe, and was

(through the means of George Bentinck) for Lynn. I had told him George wanted a good man to assist in turning out William Lennox, and he suggested the above-named gentleman, whom he called a friend of Chandos. His political principles must, however, be in abeyance, for he said that Durham was doing all he could to get him by the offer of a seat, and so forth; if, therefore, he is undecided and wavering between Chandos and Durham, he must be a mighty impartial personage. I don't think such a man will do, though just such as Lyndhurst would be connected with.

December 7th.—George Bentinck has sent to Sturges Bourne to know if he would come in for Lynn, but he declined. Disraeli he won't hear of.[1]

December 10th.—Sir Robert arrived yesterday morning at eight o'clock. Great was the bustle among his clan; there were the Ross's, the Plantas, and all of them pacing before his door while he was still closeted with the Duke. Sefton came up to town last night, and declares that Lord Stanley has announced his intention of supporting Wood for Lancashire and opposing Francis Egerton, which, if true, is ominous against a junction with Peel.

December 13th.—Stanley has declined; I know not in what terms, but it is said courteous. Now, then, nothing remains but a Tory Government; the Whigs are triumphant that Stanley will have nothing to do with it. Lord Grey, who was moderate, has been lashed into fury by their putting up Liddell for Northumberland. Charles Grey at Holland House the other night threw them all into dismay by the language he held—"that if the Duke and Peel followed his father's steps, and

defeated by nineteen votes. Soon after this he definitely joined the Tory party; and in July, 1837, was returned as Conservative member for Maidstone.

[1] He became, nevertheless, within twelve years his closest political ally, and commemorated him at last in the eloquent biography, which established both Lord George's reputation and his own claim to the leadership of the Conservative party.

adopted Liberal measures, he should support them." Lady Holland was almost in fits, and Allen in convulsions.

December 14th.—Lord Wharncliffe, to his great joy, was sent for by Peel yesterday, and very civilly invited to join the new Cabinet. He thought it necessary to enquire if he meant to be liberal, and on receiving an assurance to that effect, he at once consented. Graham was with Peel, having come up to town on getting his letter, but he declined joining. Wharncliffe told me that the correspondence between Peel and Stanley was extremely civil. The Cabinet is now pretty nearly completed; they all dined together at Peel's yesterday.

December 20th.—Peel's letter to his constituents has appeared as his manifesto to the country; a very well written and ingenious document, and well calculated to answer the purpose, if it can be answered at all. The letter was submitted to the Cabinet at a dinner at Lyndhurst's on Wednesday last, and they sat till twelve o'clock upon it, after which it was copied out, a messenger despatched to the three great newspapers (*Times, Herald* and *Post*) to announce its arrival, and at three in the morning it was inserted. The Whigs affect to hold it very cheap, and to treat it as an artful but shallow and inefficient production. It is rather too Liberal for the bigoted Tories, but all the moderate people are well satisfied with it. Of course it has made a prodigious sensation, and nobody talks of anything else.

1835

January 1st.—Parliament is dissolved at last, and all speculation about the elections will soon be settled in certainty. It is remarkable what confidence is expressed by both sides. Three Tories stand for the City; but

Ward told me they rather expected to run their opponents hard than to come in, but that such an exhibition of strength would be important, as it will. I heard a ridiculous anecdote of the King the other day. He wrote to the Duke about something—no matter what, but I believe some appointment—and added *à propos de bottes*, "His Majesty begs to call the attention of the Duke to the *theoretical* state of Persia." The Duke replied that he was aware of the importance of Persia, but submitted that it was a matter which did not *press* for the moment.

January 4th.—There is every prospect of a miserable defeat of the Conservatives in the City, which will be doubly disastrous, first as to the election, which is an important one, and secondly because it will go far to neutralise the effect of the famous address they got up.

January 7th.—Just as might have been expected, the Conservative candidates in the City are defeated by an enormous majority. Pattison, the Governor of the Bank, the Liberal candidate who came in second on the poll, having been proposed by Jones Loyd,[1] the richest banker in the City, and perhaps the richest man in Europe. Such outward demonstrations as these unquestionably afford a very plausible answer to the opposite cry, and the victory on the Radical side is great and important.

I saw a letter which Barnes wrote to Henry de Ros yesterday, in which he speaks with horror and alarm of the prevailing spirit. He says the people are deaf with passion, and in the abrupt dissolution of the late Government and the bad composition of this they *will* see a conspiracy against their liberties, and mad and preposterous as the idea is, there is no eradicating it from their brains. I am afraid this is too true, and though no alarmist generally, and rather sluggish of fear, I do begin to tremble; and while I cast my eyes about in all directions to see what resource is in store for us, I can find none that is anything like satisfactory; the violence of party-spirit

[1] Afterwards Lord Overstone.

seems to blind everybody concerned in politics to all contingent possibilities, and every feeling of decency and propriety is forgotten.

Last night I was at Lady Holland's; there were Lord and Lady Holland, Mulgrave, Seaford, Allen and Burdett. I asked them if they had read Whittle Harvey's speech at Southwark, which was a tissue of the grossest and most outrageous abuse and ridicule of the King and Queen. They said "No," so I read to them some of the most offensive passages. Not the slightest disgust did they express. Holland merely said to one allegation, "*That* is not true," and Mulgrave laughed, and said, "Whittle is an *eccentric* politician."

January 8th.—On the whole the returns yesterday presented a gain to Government of about ten votes, many elections turning out contrary to expectation both ways, and some very severe contests. The City was a great defeat: the lowest Whig beat the highest Tory by above 1,400. It is remarkable that many who signed the address to the King voted for the Radical candidates.

At dinner yesterday at Lord Chesterfield's I met the Chancellor, whom I have not seen for some time. After dinner we talked about the state of affairs. "Well," he said, "will it do? what do you think?" I said, "I don't know what to think, but on the whole I am disposed to think it will *not* do. I don't see how you are to get on."

He asked me if I thought the Opposition meant to refuse the Supplies. I said I had no doubt they did. "Then we must go." But he still expects they will have 300 votes in the House of Commons, and with that he calculates that they may struggle on with one-half of the House of Commons, the House of Lords, the King, and a large proportion of the wealth and respectability of the country. It would be difficult, but he thought they might get on; but that the fact was, there was *no going on* after the transfer of power to another class, which the Reform Bill had effected. I said there was no doubt of that, and that

the Reform Bill had produced virtually a complete revolution in this country. " Aye," said he, " much more than that of '88." [1]

January 9th.—Dined at Holland House; they are satisfied with the elections. Mulgrave said that, out of the present return, they had to add thirty to their list, and to deduct thirteen of their original calculations, giving them seventeen more than they expected. There is a small gain to the Tories, but nothing like enough. It cannot do; all the moderate Whigs (for it is not a question of Tories) are beaten in the metropolitan districts. Spankie's admirable addresses have ensured his defeat. Duncombe, immediately after an exposure of the most disgraceful kind, will be returned by a majority doubling that of any of the other candidates; and it is not a little remarkable that Duncombe is supported by all the Dissenters, even the Quakers, with whom austerity of morals and a decent behaviour are supposed to have weight—but the rabid spirit of disaffection to government and rule bears down every other consideration, and these " enlightened electors " (as their flatterers always call them) are frantic with passion against everything belonging to what they call " the aristocracy " of the country. But who can wonder at these people, when we see the great Whig Lords smiling complacently at their brutal violence and senseless rage? At Holland House they talk in the same strain; not that they utter any indecent language, but they are passionate for the success of the movement. One single object have they—to eject Peel and the Tory Government; they own they don't know what is to follow; they do not deny that the movement must be accelerated, but they don't care; they say the Duke is responsible, for he ought not to have accepted the King's commission, and then Melbourne must have been sent for again the next day. Now *they* must take the consequences—that is, the King and the Tories.

[1] He was referring, of course, to " the glorious revolution " of 1688-9.

January 12th.—Up to the latest returns the Tories make out that they have a majority, or at least an equality; the Whigs, that they have a majority of about seventy. The latter calculation is nearer to the truth, and it only remains to be seen how many of their people will refuse to support extreme measures. Last night at Holland House Mulgrave was perfectly furious with Charles Fox for saying he would not oppose Manners Sutton being put in the chair. It has been asserted all along by some of the opposite party that Peel's measures have been influenced (especially in the composition of his Government) by a desire to keep the Tories together, and prepare a strong Opposition. I suspect there is some truth in this, for I can account in no other way for the strange appointments he makes, and the undiluted Toryism of his Government. He goes on the old aristocratic principle of taking high birth and connexion as substitutes for other qualifications, and he never seems to consider the former avowed sentiments of any man in weighing his fitness for office.[1] He has just made Sidney Herbert Secretary to the Board of Control, an office of great labour and involving considerable business in the House of Commons. He is about twenty-two or twenty-three years old, unpractised in business, and never spoke but once in the House of Commons, when he made one of those pretty first speeches which prove little or nothing, and that was in opposition to the Dissenters. He may be very fit for this place, but it remains to be proved, and I am surprised he did not make him begin with a Lordship of the Treasury or some such thing,

[1] In fact he was particularly successful in discovering and bringing forward rising talent, and Sidney Herbert became a very competent Minister. In this Government Gladstone, aged twenty-five, held his first appointment. He became first a Junior Lord of the Treasury—"the youngest lord," it was said, "who was ever placed at the Treasury on his own account, and not because he was his father's son"—and then after the Election was transferred to the Colonial Office as Under-Secretary. "As I came away," wrote Gladstone, describing his second interview with Peel, "he took my hand and said, 'Well, God bless you, wherever you are'" (Morley, I, 123).

and put Gladstone, who is a very clever man, in that post.

January 15th.—Yesterday morning I met Duncannon, and talked it all over. I asked him if he saw any chance of forming a Government, and if he figured to himself what the King would do. "Yes," he said, "he will send for Stanley." "What next?" "He may send for Lord Grey." "Will Lord Grey propose such measures as you think indispensable?" "If he will not return, or won't go the length, he may send for Melbourne again; but it is clear he—the King—must be prepared for a more Radical Government." I said, "I don't think he will ever consent to take such a one, or to agree to the measures they will propose to him." "Oh, but he must, he can't help himself." "Well, but my belief is that, happen what may, he will not." "Why, you don't think he will abdicate?" "Yes, I do, rather than agree to certain things." "Well, but then he must abdicate." Such is the language of the leaders of the other party, and so calmly do they contemplate the possibility of such a consummation. The point on which all this turns is evidently the destruction of the House of Lords. The Whigs find it necessary to finish the work they began, and to destroy the last bulwark of Conservative power.

January 20th.—Sir George Murray is beaten at Perth; James Wortley at Forfar—blows to the Government. On the other hand, Palmerston is beaten in Hants, at which everybody rejoices, for he is marvellously unpopular; they would have liked to illuminate the Foreign Office. Jonathan Peel told me yesterday morning that Lady Alice Kennedy had sent word to his wife that the Queen is with child; if it be true, and a queer thing if it is, it will hardly come to anything at her age, and with her health; but what a difference it would make!

January 23rd.—Within the last few days the country elections have given a considerable turn to the state of affairs. The Conservatives have been everywhere

triumphant. Norfolk, Derbyshire, Hants, Lancashire—two Whigs turned out and two Conservatives returned; Ingilby in Lincolnshire; one in Surrey, one in Kent: and if these affairs had not been infamously managed, they would have returned two in Surrey, two in Kent, and (if they had put up a better man) one in the other division of Norfolk. The great and most important victory, however, is Francis Egerton in Lancashire, who is nearly 1,000 above his opponents, and has been received with astonishing enthusiasm, and was the popular candidate, even at Manchester and with the mob. These elections have damped the spirits of the Radicals, and proportionally raised those of the Government. The *Morning Chronicle* was yesterday quite silent on the subject, and at Holland House, where I dined, they were evidently in no small disgust.

January 25th.—Munster told me the day before yesterday that he heard of the Queen's being with child on the day of the Lord Mayor's dinner; that she is now between two and three months gone. Of course there will be plenty of scandal. Alvanley proposes that the Psalm "Lord, *how* wonderful are thy works" should be sung. It so happens, however, that Howe has not been with the Court for a considerable time.

February 2nd.—The elections are over, and still each side claims a majority. It will turn out probably that the Government have about 270 thick and thin men. Since the Lancashire election, the Whigs have certainly not been so elated, though they still expect to succeed. They begin with the Speakership, and put up Abercromby, who is probably the best candidate they could select; he is a dull, grave man, sensible and hard-headed I fancy, but it has always been matter of astonishment to me that they should make so much of him as they do.

February 8th.—My brother tells me that the Duke is bored to death with the King, who thinks it necessary to be giving advice and opinions upon different matters,

always to the last degree ridiculous and absurd. He is just now mightily indignant at Lord Napier's affair at Canton, and wants to go to war with China. He writes in this strain to the Duke, who is obliged to write long answers, very respectfully telling him what an old fool he is. He thinks his present Ministers do not treat him well, inasmuch as they do not tell him enough. The last, it seems, constantly fed him with scraps of information which he twaddled over, and probably talked nonsense about; but it is difficult to imagine anything more irksome for a Government beset with difficulties like this than to have to discuss the various details of their measures with a silly bustling old fellow, who can by no possibility comprehend the scope and bearing of anything.

February 15th.—Dined at Miss Berry's, and Lord John Russell came after dinner; told me he had 320 people to vote with him on the Speakership (of whom perhaps 20 will not come), so his party make sure of it. Nobody talks of anything else,[1] and what has been written on the subject in pamphlets and newspapers would fill volumes. Though it is become inconceivably tiresome, I cannot help writing and talking about it myself, so impossible is it to avoid the contagion. I went yesterday to see the two Houses of Parliament;[2] the old House of Lords (now House of Commons) is very spacious and convenient; but the present House of Lords is a wretched dog-hole. The Lords will be very sulky in such a place, and in a great hurry to get back to their own House, or to have another. For the first time there is a gallery in the House of

[1] It was the first trial of strength between the parties. The Government candidate was Sir Charles Manners-Sutton, who had already held the office, and was once described by Lord Lyndhurst (May 17th, 1832) in a very opprobrious phrase. The Opposition nominated the Right Hon. James Abercromby, the "dull grave man," who, as will appear below, was elected. The Government, however, contrived to carry on for a few weeks longer.

[2] The old Houses of Parliament had been burnt down on October 16th. The Houses here spoken of were temporary buildings used during the erection of the present Houses.

Commons reserved for reporters, which is quite inconsistent with their standing orders, and the prohibition which still in form exists against publishing the debates. It is a sort of public and avowed homage to opinion, and a recognition of the right of the people to know through the medium of the press all that passes within those walls.

Lord John said to me, "Do you remember last year, when we were talking, I told you I thought the House of Lords would throw out some measure or other—that there would be a change of Government, a dissolution; and then we should have a Parliament returned with which *nobody* could govern the country? You see we have reached that point."

February 17th.—The other night I met some clerks of the Foreign Office to whom the very name of Palmerston is hateful, but I was surprised to hear them (Mellish particularly, who can judge both from capacity and opportunity) give ample testimony to his abilities. They said that he wrote admirably, and could express himself perfectly in French, very sufficiently in Italian, and understood German; that his diligence and attention were unwearied—he read everything and wrote an immense quantity; that the foreign Ministers (who detest him) did him justice as an excellent man of business. His great fault is want of punctuality, and never caring for an engagement if it did not suit him, keeping everybody waiting for hours on his pleasure or caprice. This testimony is beyond suspicion, and it is confirmed by the opinions of his colleagues; but it is certain that he cut a very poor figure in Parliament all the time he was in office before.

February 19th.—The important day is arrived, and it dawns in sunshine and south wind. In a few hours the question of the Speakership will be decided, and there will at least be the gain (wherever the loss may fall) of getting rid of a subject which has become intolerably tiresome. For the last three weeks every newspaper has been literally filled with the controversy, every club engaged in

betting on the event; in every room, at the corner of every street, nobody talked of anything else. It was the first enquiry of every man you met, "Well, what do you hear to-day? they say Sutton will win by 30." The next man (a Whig) would say, "It is safe; Abercromby will have 317 votes sure"—each party unboundedly confident, and both securing a retreat by declaring that defeat will not signify.

February 20th.—The great battle is over and the Government defeated, 316 to 306. Such a division never was known before in the House of Commons, and the accuracy of the calculations is really surprising. Mulgrave told me three days ago they had 317 people, which with the Teller makes the exact number. Holmes went over the other list, and made it 307—also correct. In the House so justly had they reckoned, that when the numbers first counted (306) were told to Duncannon in the lobby he said, "Then we shall win by ten."

The elation on one side and the depression on the other were naturally considerable, and there was not time last night to adjust scattered thoughts. Much money was won and lost; everybody betted. I won 55*l.*, for on the whole I thought (though quite a toss-up) that the chances were rather in favour of Abercromby. I had a better opinion of the cleverness of the managers on his side, and their amazing confidence staggered me, so that after at first believing Sutton to be sure, I finished by leaning the other way. The debate seems to have been dull—Sutton was dull, Peel was dull; Stanley clever, strong against the Opposition, but thought to have been indiscreet. Lord John Russell is said to have spoken remarkably well, which is important to them as a party, being his first appearance as their leader. Peel and the Duke dined at Lord Salisbury's, and all the Tories were invited there in the evening, with the intention probably of celebrating their anticipated victory; and, if so, their merry meeting must have been changed to dismal alarms, for there is

no denying or concealing that it is a very serious disaster. The moral effect of beginning with a defeat is bad; it discourages the wavering and timid, who might have felt half disposed to support the Government and the Constitution.

February 21st.—The Government were grievously annoyed at the event of Thursday, and the Duke rejected all the commonplaces of consolation, "that it would turn out a good thing." At Lord Salisbury's dinner (to which Peel did not go) they were all very dejected, and the Duke said at once it was as bad as could be; and the thing appeared the worse because they had been led to feel so very secure. He desired his private secretary to have everything ready to quit the Foreign Office at a moment's notice. However, at dinner yesterday at Peel's (a great dinner to all the Ambassadors and twenty-six people) he said to me, "It is very bad, but I consider the country *on its legs again.*" "Do you?" I said, "I am glad you think so." "Oh, yes, I think that, however this may end; I think the country is on its legs again."

February 23rd.—The Opposition mean to move an amendment to the Address, which they expect to carry by a larger majority than the last. Their tactics are completely arranged, and their understanding with O'Connell and all the Radicals so good that they think there is no danger of any indiscreet ebullition in any quarter. Discarding every prospective consideration, and prepared to encounter all consequences, they concentrate all their energies upon the single object of turning out the Government, in which they have no doubt of succeeding. It is the first time (as far as I know) that any great party ever proceeded upon, and avowed, such a principle as that which binds these people together and puts them in action; namely, to destroy the King's Ministry, without any reference to the measures that Ministry may propose, and without waiting to see how they may intend to carry on the Government. All that they ever condescend to

say, in answer to any such remonstrances, is this: "The King exercised his prerogative in a most extraordinary and unjustifiable manner. We have the same right to reject his Government that he had to turn out ours; if there is embarrassment, it is none of our creating, the King and the Tories must be responsible for it."

February 25th.—The King went down to Parliament in the midst of a vast crowd, and was neither well nor ill received; nobody takes his hat off, but there was some slight cheering. The speech disappointed me, it was rather bald, and so thought some of the moderate men.

The debate was opened by Sandon in a speech feebly delivered, but containing good matter. Morpeth made a good speech, moving the amendment. The debate was very dull indeed, Dr. Bowring a total failure. It was expected the House would adjourn, if not divide, and the Speaker put the question, when Peel got up. It was curious to see the lulling of the uproar, and the shuffling and scrambling into seats, till all was quiet and the whole coast clear. He spoke very ably for nearly two hours and a half, his speech not containing much oratory, but in a tone at once lofty and firm, yet discreet, calculated to inspire confidence and to make an impression on all who are impressible. There is no use in entering into details of speeches which are now reported with such perfect fidelity.

February 26th.—Stanley spoke last night, attacking both sides, not violently, but announcing his intention to vote against the amendment.[1] The Government were annoyed at his speech, especially at his expressing some sort of disapprobation of the Duke of Wellington, which he would have done well to omit, for many reasons. Lord John Russell, by universal admission even of his enemies, made an excellent speech. I did not hear either him or Stanley. Lord John has surpassed all expectations hitherto,

[1] Stanley was still engaged in his attempt to form a middle party, which, however, came to nothing.

as leader, which is matter of great exultation to his party, but the tide is already beginning to turn, and there are evident symptoms of weakness in the great unwieldy heterogeneous body he is at the head of. Tavistock came to me yesterday morning, and told me his brother had sent for him, "finding himself in difficulties." He did not particularise them, but said that naturally, in a situation of such novelty, he found considerable difficulties to contend with.

Lord Stanley assembled his followers again yesterday to the number of about fifty; other adhesions, and half-adhesions, occurred in the course of the evening, and the result is an expectation that the boasted majority of thirty or forty will dwindle down to four or five, or perhaps be no majority at all. The erection of this standard will therefore, in all probability, save the Government, and defeat the factious designs of the great Whig and Radical coalition; but I distrust Stanley himself, and see the great chance there is of his vanity and selfish ambition producing other difficulties, the pressure of which, though he may not feel it now, will some time hence become heavy to him.

March 11th.—The repeal of the malt tax was defeated by a majority of 158, much more than was necessary, and it is thought that Government would have done wisely, when they found they were sure of not being beaten, to allow their friends to redeem their pledges (or as many of them as stood deeply committed), for it will be found that several of them will suffer greatly from this vote in their counties. Peel (as usual) made an admirable speech; he continues to distinguish himself by a marked superiority, both in oratory and management, which cannot fail to produce a great effect both in the House of Commons and the country. There is nobody who approaches him, and every day he displays more and more his capacity for government and undoubted fitness for the situation he is in. He cannot help being a great man,

because he lives in an age of pigmies; and he will be as great as great talents without a great mind can make anybody. Even some of the violent Radicals say that if Peel's associates could be disposed of, they would not object to him.

March 14th.—Last night was a terribly damaging night to the Government, and fully justifies all that I, in common with almost everybody else, thought of that miserable appointment of Londonderry.[1] Sheil brought it forward, and a storm burst from every side. Stanley made a strong speech against it, and Mahon totally broke down. Peel spoke cleverly, as usual, but fighting under difficulties, and dodging about, and shifting his ground with every mark of weakness. The result is that Londonderry cannot go, and must either resign or his nomination be cancelled.

March 15th.—The Londonderry debate has made a great sensation, and is a source of prodigious triumph and exultation to the Opposition. In the morning I met Lady Peel, who was full of compassion for Londonderry, and said, "He had behaved very nobly about it." Nobody doubts that he cannot go, whether he resigns voluntarily or not; but, end how it may, it is a disastrous occurrence.

In the evening I met the Duke of Wellington at Lady Howe's, who talked about the affair, and said that he was not particularly partial to the man, nor ever had been; but that he was very fit for that post, was an excellent Ambassador, procured more information and obtained more insight into the affairs of a foreign Court than anybody, and that he was the best relater of what passed at a conference, and wrote the best account of a conversation, of any man he knew. I said this might be all true, but that though *he* knew it, the generality of people did not, and the public could only judge of him by what they heard or read of his speeches, and what was related of his conduct on former occasions; that on that account he was very obnoxious, and that his violent

[1] He had just been appointed Ambassador to Russia.

and intemperate attacks upon the foreign policy of the late Government, the sentiments he had displayed generally, had raised a great prejudice against him, and I had therefore been sure from the moment I heard of the appointment that it would be severely attacked, and regretted exceedingly for that reason that it had ever been made. I had told Lady Peel the same thing, for it is difficult to resist telling them the real truth; and I know not why it should not be told them.

March 17th.—Londonderry made a good speech in the House of Lords last night, gentlemanlike and temperate. He got a good deal of empty praise in both Houses in lieu of the solid pudding he is obliged to give up.

I take it that the effect abroad will be prodigious, for though Londonderry resigns of his own accord, and Peel says he would have stood by him if he had not, the simple case is (and such will be the appearance of it all over Europe) that the King appointed Londonderry Ambassador to Russia, and the House of Commons cancelled the appointment.

Everything meanwhile continues in a state of uncertainty. The Opposition is not united; the Stanley party, with their leader, observe a suspicious and suspected neutrality, but the Government is at their mercy whenever they join the Opposition, or, indeed, if they keep aloof. Such a state of things cannot go on very long, and the fate of the Government must be settled one way or the other. Every day produces fresh indications of Peel's superiority, and his capacity for the lead in the House of Commons, but he does not appear to have gained much in those points where he was most deficient—cordiality and communicativeness.

March 20th.—I have been laid up with the gout all this week, and could not go out to see and hear what is going on. On Tuesday night Peel brought in the Dissenters' Marriage Bill, and his plan gave almost general satisfaction except to those whom nothing can satisfy. Marriage is

made a civil contract for the Dissenters, and a slight civil form is substituted for the religious ceremony of the Church of England. This relieves them from all their grievance; but it is now said that they lie under a degradation, because it is not also made a civil contract for everybody else, and that the law ought to be changed universally.

March 22nd.—A few nights ago Brougham was speaking in the House of Lords (upon Lord Radnor's motion about university oaths), and was attacking, or rather beginning to attack, the Duke of Wellington in that tone of insolent sarcasm which is so familiar to him, when in the midst of his harangue the Duke from the opposite side lifted up his finger, and said loud enough to be heard, "Now take care what you say next." As if panic-struck, Brougham broke off, and ran upon some other tack. The House is so narrow, that Lords can almost whisper to each other across it, and the menacing action and words of the Duke reached Brougham at once. This odd anecdote rests upon much concurrent evidence. Alvanley told it to De Ros, and Lord Salisbury said he was sitting close to the Duke, and witnessed it all. The Chancellor afterwards confirmed it.

On Friday night, on the debate upon Irish Tithes, Peel bowled down his opponents, Howick, Rice, and Thomson, like so many ninepins; for, besides his vigour and power in debate, his memory is so tenacious and correct, that they never can make any mistakes without his detecting them; and he is inconceivably ready in all references to former debates and their incidents, and the votes and speeches of individual members. It cannot be denied that he is a great performer in his present part.

Peel wrote a letter to Hume, demanding an explanation of certain offensive expressions he had made use of in the House of Commons, and got an answer, which was sufficient, though not very civil. It was rather unnecessary that he should take any notice of what Hume said, but Peel is a man of very high and prompt courage, and seems to have made a rule to himself never to suffer

impertinence from any quarter to pass unchecked.[1] It is certainly of great service to a public man, and it largely increases the estimation in which he is held, to establish such a character. It is no small detriment to Brougham that he is accounted an arrant coward; and it is remarkable that Peel never was known to deal in the insolence, and bullying, and offensive personalities in which the other has so copiously indulged, both in Parliament and at the Bar.

March 24th.—A meeting at Lichfield's yesterday, when they resolved to reserve themselves for the great battle on Monday next, in full persuasion that Peel will resign after the division. Whether he means it or not, I have no idea, but it is surprising to me that they do not think it better to attack him on his Tithe Bill than on the appropriation clause; for I think he must go out if beaten on the former, but need not if beaten on the latter. They are, however, bent upon his expulsion; and Lichfield, who is more or less in their secrets, told me they feel no difficulty as to making another Government under Melbourne's auspices.

April 3rd.—They divided at I know not what hour this morning—321 to 289,[2] a smaller majority than I was led to expect when I heard that 18 or 19 of Stanley's (so-called) party meant to go against him. Anybody who records from day to day the shifting appearances of the political sky must constantly recant one day the opinion and expectation of the preceding. Stanley's speech the night before last may very likely make an important difference in the result of this extraordinary contest, for he has, as it seems to me, put a final end to any possibility

[1] In 1815 he challenged O'Connell, and went over to Ostend to meet him, but O'Connell, it was said, got himself arrested, and the duel was fought by the seconds. In later life Peel was only prevented with difficulty from challenging both Lord George Bentinck and Disraeli, and was always regarded, as the latter said, as a very "fightable" man.

[2] The resolution was in favour of applying the surplus revenues of the Irish Church to the general education of all classes, without distinction of religion.

of junction with the great body of the Whigs now arrayed under John Russell; he attacked Lord John himself—his Whig and Radical alliance and the inconsistency of his present conduct—with the utmost vehemence and scornful reprobation, and he poured forth a torrent of sarcasm and ridicule upon the prospective Government that he concludes they meditate. This is so conclusive that it paves the way to his junction with Peel, or if the latter goes out and John Russell does come in, it is clear that he will have both Peel and Stanley in opposition to him, against whom in the nearly balanced state of parties he could not struggle on for a month. He was miserably feeble in this debate (in his opening speech), and though he may just do to lead an Opposition which wants no leading, and merely sticks him up as a nominal chief, he could no more lead a Government in the House of Commons than he could command an army in the field.[1] Whatever may be the fate of Government for the present, I believe it to be impossible that anything can prevent Peel's speedy return to office; he has raised his reputation to such a height during this session, he has established such a conviction of his great capacity and of his liberal, enlarged, and at the same time safe views and opinions, that even the Radicals, such as Hume, join in the general chorus of admiration which is raised to his merits; he stands so proudly eminent, and there is such a general lack of talent, that he must be recalled by the voice of the nation and by the universal admission that he is indispensable to the country.

In the afternoon.—Peel's speech was not so good as usual; it was laboured, and some say tame. In the morning I met him and walked with him; he seemed in very good spirits, talked of the thing as over, said he could not endure any meddling with the Tithe Bill, that

[1] So much for my prediction. Stanley's followers dropped off and left him alone, the Government had no difficulty, and John Russell proved a very good leader.—Author's note, January, 1837.

he considered great good had been done by the dissolution, which had created a party strong enough to obstruct any violent measures on the part of their opponents, said he understood they had sent for Lord Spencer, but did not believe Lord Grey would have any concern with it.

April 4th.—I told Jonathan Peel last night that Stanley and Graham blamed Sir Robert for not resigning at once. He said that Sir Robert would, as far as his own feelings were concerned, have preferred resigning long ago, but that a vast number of his supporters were furious at the idea of his resigning at all, and wanted him to persist at all hazards, and he was compelled to resign only upon such a point as might enable him to satisfy them that he had abided by the pledge which he gave at the beginning to persevere while perseverance could be useful or honourable. He then told me (which I certainly did not attach the slightest credit to[1]) that he should not be at all surprised if his brother were now to retire from public life. Such an idea in some moment of disgust may have crossed his mind, but if he were to do so in the vigour of his age, and at the climax of his reputation, it would be the most extraordinary retirement that history ever recorded.

I was told last night that the scene of noise and uproar which the House of Commons now exhibits is perfectly disgusting. This used not to be the case in better, or at least more gentlemanlike, times; no noises were permissible but the cheer and the cough, the former admitting every variety of intonation expressive of admiration, approbation, assent, denial, surprise, indignation, menace, sarcasm. Now all the musical skill of this instrument is lost and drowned in shouts, hootings, groans, noises the most discordant that the human throat can emit, sticks and feet beating against the floor. Sir Hedworth Williamson, a violent Whig, told me that there were a set of fellows on his side of the House whose regular practice it was to make

[1] "A great fool indeed I should have been if I had."—1838.

this uproar, and with the settled design to bellow Peel down. This is the *reformed* House of Commons.

April 5th.—I understand now what Jonathan Peel meant by talking of the possibility of his brother's retiring from public life. He is no doubt thoroughly, heartily disgusted with his own associates. It appears that they (the Tories, or many of them) are indignant at his declaration the other night that on the Tithe Bill being altered he would go out, so that while others are blaming him for not going out at once his own followers are enraged that he will not set the House of Commons at defiance and stick to his post. The fact is that they cannot forgive him for his Liberal[1] principles and Liberal measures, and probably they never believed that he was sincere in the professions he made, or that he really intended to introduce such measures as he has done. They feel not without reason that they cannot follow him in the broad path he has entered upon without abandoning all their long-cherished maxims of exclusion and ascendancy, and that in so doing they would incur much odium and disgrace. Peel sees and knows all this, and cannot fail to perceive that he is not the Minister for them and they are no longer the party for him. It is no wonder that he is anxious to break up this unmanageable force, and he probably would rather trust to that increasing feeling and opinion about himself, which is so apparent among all classes of politicians, to place him by and by at the head of a party formed upon Conservative principles and embracing a much wider circle of opinions. Still this Tory body, obstinate and bigoted as they are, have no other chief, and can find none, and it is essential to Peel to keep them if possible under his influence and direction, and therefore (I believe very reluctantly) he defers his resignation.

April 7th.—Each day elicits some new proof of what I have written above—the totally altered feelings and

[1] The word, of course, unlike "Radical," was still used in quite a general sense, and not to denote a party.

expressions of all conditions of politicians about Sir Robert Peel. It would seem as if his friends were suddenly converted into his enemies, and his enemies into his friends. The Tories still cling to the expectation that he will hold on to office; they say that if he goes out he abandons his party, abandons the King. They call to mind Pitt in 1784. "Very slippery," said one to me yesterday, when I read to him Peel's answer to the City address. On the other hand Mulgrave was last night enthusiastic in his praise; he owned that he had done admirably—given proof of his perfect sincerity and acted in accordance with all his declarations and professions. "I am," said he, "astonished; nothing in Peel's last political career led me to expect that he would have done so admirably as he has. He has raised himself immensely in my opinion." Such is the language of them all, swelling a choral note of praise; and then, to make the whole thing more ridiculous (if anything so serious can be ridiculous), the Tories, who abuse him lustily, are moving heaven and earth to retain him, by violence almost, in his place; while the Whigs and Radicals, who laud him to the skies, are striving with might and main to turn him out.

April 9th.—Yesterday the Ministers resigned. Peel announced it to the House of Commons in a short but admirable speech by all accounts, exactly suitable to the occasion and to his principal object—that of setting himself right with his own supporters, who begin to acquiesce, though rather sulkily, in the course he has pursued. Lord Grey is to be with the King this morning. He was riding quietly in the Park yesterday afternoon, and neither knew nor cared apparently whether he had been sent for or not. His daughter told me (for I rode with them up Constitution Hill) that his family could not wish him to return to office, but would not interfere. She then talked, much to my surprise, of the possibility of a junction between him and Peel; she owned that Peel had done wonders, but said that she could not wish for such a junction *now*, however

it might be possible and desirable that it should take place some little time hence. This shows a very Conservative spirit and a marvellous thaw in the rigidity of the Grey politics.

April 11th.—The intention of Lord Grey evidently was to avoid office if he could, but if strongly urged by the King, and his feelings appealed to, to yield. The King, however, did not urge him at all, probably much to his astonishment, but, assuming apparently that he would under no circumstances return to office, consulted him as to the course he should adopt. Notwithstanding the good face which the King contrives to put upon the matter in his communications with his hated new-old Ministers and masters, he is really very miserable; and the Duchess of Gloucester, to whom he unbosoms himself more than to anybody, told Lady Georgiana Bathurst that with her he was in the most pitiable state of distress, constantly in tears, and saying that " he felt his crown tottering on his head."

Just now Tavistock was here, having come from St. George's Church, where he went to assist at Lord John Russell's marriage,[1] and as the ceremony could not begin for half an hour, he came over to pass the interval with me. He told me that " there still existed *one* difficulty, one only, which I should not think of, apparently unimportant, but which circumstances rendered important, and if this was got over, the Government would be formed and go on, that he thought it was an *even bet* whether it was got over or not."

April 12th.—Nothing was settled yesterday, and great doubts if anything would be. Lord John was married in the morning; he returned to Kent House with his bride, and Melbourne was to have sent him word at *one* what was definitively settled; he waited till two, when no news arriving from Melbourne, he went off to Woburn.

[1] He married the widow of Lord Ribblesdale. Greville at this time was living on the north side of Hanover Square.

April 14th.—Yesterday it was understood that everything was settled, but after all it was only the night before last that Melbourne was definitively charged with the formation of a Government. The difficulties were O'Connell and Spring Rice; [1] the former was got over by his waiving all claim to employment and promising his gratuitous support. By what underhand management or persuasion, and what secret understanding, this was effected will be a mystery for the present, but nobody doubts that it has been accomplished by some juggle. Spring Rice wanted to wash his hands of the concern; he did not think it promised sufficient stability, and without some assurance of its lasting he wished to decline taking office. They would not hear this, and represented to him that he was indispensable, and it ended in his giving way. It certainly would have been very unjustifiable of him, after going all lengths with them, to hold back at last, but it shows the opinion of the best men among them of the rottenness of the concern. Between the pretensions of one man, the reluctance of another, and the hymeneal occupation of the leader, the matter hobbled on very slowly. I certainly never remember a greater victory for which Te Deum was chanted with so faint and joyless a voice. Peel looks gayer and easier than all Brooks's put together, and Lady Holland said, "Now that we have gained our object I am not so glad as I thought I should be," and that I take to be the sentiment of them all.

Buckenham, April 29th.—At Newmarket all last week; here since Monday. I know nothing of politics but from newspapers and my letters; racing and hawking are my present occupations. There seems to be an impression that the present Government will not last very long, but as the grounds of that opinion are the badness of its composition, I do not see that its speedy dissolution is so certain; the public seems to have got very indifferent as to who governs the country.

[1] Became Chancellor of the Exchequer. Afterwards Lord Monteagle.

May 1st.—The last day of Parliament was distinguished by a worse attack of O'Connell upon Alvanley for what he had said the day before in the House of Lords. Alvanley has sent him a message through Dawson Damer demanding an apology or satisfaction, and the result I don't yet know.[1]

London, May 17th.—Newmarket and gout have between them produced an interval of unusual length in my scribblings, though I am not aware of having had anything particularly interesting to record. We had Stanley at Newmarket the second week as well as the first, taking a lively interest in John Russell's defeat in Devonshire. This defeat was a great mortification to his party, and was not compensated by the easy victory which Morpeth obtained in Yorkshire. These elections and the affair between Alvanley and O'Connell have been the chief objects of attention; all the newspapers are full of details, which I need not put down here. Alvanley seems to have behaved with great spirit and resolution. There was a meeting at De Ros's house of De Ros, Damer, Lord Worcester, and Duncombe to consider what was to be done on the receipt of Morgan O'Connell's letter, and whether Alvanley should fight him or not. Worcester and Duncombe were against fighting, the other two for it. Alvanley at once said that the boldest course was the best, and he would go out. It was agreed that no time should be lost, so Damer was despatched to Colonel Hodges, and said Alvanley was ready to meet Morgan O'Connell. "The next morning," Hodges suggested. "No, immediately." The parties joined in Arlington Street and went off in two hackney coaches; Duncombe, Worcester, and De Ros, with Dr. Hume, in a third. Only Hume went on the ground, for Damer had objected to the presence of some Irish friend of O'Connell's, so that Alvanley's

[1] O'Connell had called Lord Alvanley a "bloated buffoon," and as usual took refuge in his vow never to fight another duel; but his son Morgan O'Connell, offered to take his father's place.

friends could only look on from a distance. The only other persons who came near them were an old Irishwoman and a Methodist parson, the latter of whom exhorted the combatants in vain to forego their sinful purpose, and to whom Alvanley replied, "Pray, sir, go and mind your own affairs, for I have enough to do now to think of mine." "Think of your soul," he said. "Yes," said Alvanley, "but my body is now in the greatest danger." The Irishwoman would come and see the fighting, and asked for some money for her attendance. Damer seems to have been a very bad second, and probably lost his head; he ought not to have consented to the third shots upon any account. Alvanley says he execrated him in his heart when he found he had consented to it. Hodges acted like a ruffian, and had anything happened he would have been hanged. It is impossible to know whether the first shot was fired by mistake or not. The impression on the minds of Alvanley's friends is that it was *not,* but it is difficult to believe that any man would endeavour to take such an advantage. However, no shot ought to have been fired after that. The affair made an amazing noise. As O'Connell had threatened to mention it in the House of Commons, Damer went to Peel to put him in possession of all the circumstances, but he said that he was sure O'Connell would not venture to stir the matter there.

June 19th.—At Stoke for the Ascot races. Alvanley was there—nobody else remarkable; fine weather and great luxury. Riding to the course on Wednesday, I overtook Adolphus Fitzclarence in the Park, who rode with me, and gave me an account of his father's habits and present state of mind. The former are as follows: He sleeps in the same room with the Queen, but in a separate bed; at a quarter before eight every morning his *valet de chambre* knocks at the door, and at ten minutes before eight exactly he gets out of bed, puts on a flannel dressing-gown and trousers, and walks into his dressing-

room. Let who will be there, he never takes the slightest notice of them till he emerges from this sanctuary, when, like the *malade imaginaire*, he accosts whoever may be present with a cheerful aspect. He is long at his ablutions, and takes up an hour and a half in dressing. At half-past nine he breakfasts with the Queen, the ladies, and any of his family; he eats a couple of fingers and drinks a dish of coffee. After breakfast he reads the *Times* and *Morning Post*, commenting aloud on what he reads in very plain terms, and sometimes they hear "That's a damned lie," or some such remark, without knowing to what it applies. After breakfast he devotes himself with Sir Herbert Taylor to business till two, when he lunches (two cutlets and two glasses of sherry); then he goes out for a drive till dinner time; at dinner he drinks a bottle of sherry—no other wine—and eats moderately; he goes to bed soon after eleven. He is in dreadfully low spirits, and cannot rally at all; the only interval of pleasure which he has lately had was during the Devonshire election, when he was delighted at John Russell's defeat. He abhors all his Ministers, even those whom he used rather to like formerly, but hates Lord John the most of all. When Adolphus told him that a dinner ought to be given for the Ascot races he said, "You know I cannot give a dinner; I cannot give any dinners without inviting the Ministers, and I would rather see the Devil than any one of them in my house."

June 27th.—I am again tormented to death with the Committee on West India places, and menaced with a report that will be fatal to my case.[1] Graham has been very obliging about it, and attended the Committee on Thursday to see what they were about and give me notice. I went to Lord Melbourne yesterday and stated my case

[1] This refers to the Secretaryship of Jamaica, a very valuable "sinecure" to which C. G. was appointed "in reversion" at the age of seven, though he did not in fact succeed to it till the year 1828, when he was thirty-four. The duties were performed by deputy, and C. G. never visited the island.

to him, invoking his protection, and he appeared extremely well disposed to do what he could for me. However, I much doubt whether, strive and struggle as I may, I shall ever escape from the determination of this morose and rigid millionaire [Francis Baring, who was not, however, a millionaire or anything like it, either *in præsenti* or *in futuro*] to strip me of my property; and I have made up my mind to its loss, though resolved to fight while I have a leg to fight upon.

June 30th.—I went to Melbourne on Sunday and carried him my case. He told me he had already desired Spring Rice to speak to Baring on the subject, and I believe he will do what he can; but these great people, however well disposed, can seldom be urged into sufficient resolution and activity to take an energetic way of settling the matter, and they have always so much consideration for each other that Melbourne will probably, with all his good-nature, feel a sort of delicacy to his subordinate colleague in rescuing me from his clutches. Yesterday I went to the Duke of Wellington and gave him my case to read, requesting him to exert his influence with his Tories, and get them to attend the Committee and defend me there. He read it, approved, and promised to speak to both Peel and Herries.

July 3rd.—The night before last Lord Stanley and Graham quitted their neutral seats below the gangway, and established themselves on the opposite bench below Peel. This was considered as an intimation of a more decided hostility to the present Government, and as an abandonment of the neutrality (if such it can be called) which they have hitherto professed. Last night O'Connell made a very coarse attack upon Stanley in consequence of this change, which lashed him into a fury, and a series of retorts followed between them, without any result. O'Connell half shuffled out of his expressions, but refused to apologise; the chairman (Bernal) took no notice, and the matter ended by a speech from Stanley

and a few remarks upon it from Lord John Russell. The former stated his reasons for this ostentatious locomotion, which amounted to this: that he had been rudely treated in the House by ironical cheers and other unintelligible sounds, and attacked by the Government newspapers, and he had, therefore, departed [1] from a society for which he owned he was not fitted. It was not, I think, dignified or judicious, and George Bentinck, the most faithful of his followers, was not satisfied with the proceeding or the explanation. His party, such as it was, was finally extinguished by this act, though it hardly had any existence before; some five or six men, among whom were Gally Knight, George Bentinck, Stratford Canning, and Sir Matthew Ridley, went over to the Opposition benches; the others dispersed where they chose.

Lord Stanley is certainly fallen from his high estate, and is in a very different position from that which he aspired to occupy at the beginning of the session. He is without a party, and without any authority in the House except what he derives from his own talents for debate. He has now no alternative but to unite himself with Peel's party, and to act under him, without any pretension to competition, and without the possibility of being considered as a separate element of political power. The Whigs and the Tories both hate him, and neither will be very ready to forgive him. There is a mixture of contempt in the dislike of the former, and an undisguised satisfaction among the most violent at having got rid of him, which make any future approximation to their side impossible, and the Tories, though they will receive him in their ranks, will never forgive him for his conduct, to which they attribute the failure of the Conservative effort, for his presumption in endeavouring to set up a middle party and render himself the arbiter of the contest, and especially

[1] This marks the final transition of Lord Stanley and Lord George Bentinck to the party of which both in time became leaders; Stanley for many years, Bentinck for a few months.

for his affectation of want of confidence in Peel and his attacks upon the Duke.

July 7th.—I can't deny that many persons have shown a very kind disposition to assist me in this business of my Jamaica place, of different political persuasions, and with most of whom I have but a very slight personal acquaintance, among these none more than Mr. Gladstone and Lord Lincoln, neither of whom did I know to speak to till I put myself into communication with them on this business. On the other hand Charles Wood, who is against me in his opinion, has been the channel of communication with Baring and shown generally a good will towards me. These demonstrations are agreeable enough, and contribute to put one in harmony with mankind, but it is after all a humiliating position, and I feel unutterable disgust, and something akin to shame, at being compelled to solicit the protection of one set of men, and the friendly offices of another, in order to be maintained in the possession of that which is in itself obnoxious to public feeling and opinion. A placeman is in these days an odious animal, and as a double placeman[1] I am doubly odious, and I have a secret kind of whispering sensation that these very people who good-naturedly enough assist me must be a little shocked at the cause they advocate. All that can be said in my favour is not obvious, nor can it be properly or conveniently brought forward, and all that can be said against me lies on the surface, and is universally evident. The funds from which I draw my means do not somehow seem a pure source; formerly those things were tolerated, now they are not, and my prospects were formed and destiny determined at a remote period, while I incur all the odium and encounter all the risks consequent upon the altered state of public feeling on the subject.

[1] Apparently he regards his Clerkship of Council, which had some duties attached to it, as being equally a "place" with the Secretaryship of Jamaica which had none.

July 15th.—The night before last there was a great concert on the staircase at Stafford House,[1] the most magnificent assembly I ever saw, and such as I think no crowned head in Europe could display, so grand and picturesque. The appearance of the hall was exactly like one of Paul Veronese's pictures, and only wanted some tapestry to be hung over the balustrades. Such prodigious space, so cool, so blazing with light; everybody was *comfortable* even, and the concert combined the greatest talents in Europe all together—Grisi, Malibran, Tamburini, Lablache, Rubini, and Ivanhoff. The splendour, the profusion, and the perfect ease of it all were really admirable.

July 18th.—Yesterday I sat all day at my office wondering why I heard nothing of the Committee, till at half-past four o'clock Graham and Lord Lincoln came in with smiling countenances, that announced good news. They had had an angry debate of three hours' duration. Baring moved that my holding the office of Secretary of Jamaica was against the spirit of the Act of Parliament. Graham moved that holding it with the leave of absence was in accordance with the Act, and the division was nine to seven. A teller on each side and Baring, who as chairman did not vote, made the numbers ten to nine. They told me that Baring and Vernon Smith were furious. The former endeavoured to turn off his defeat by proposing that the question should be reopened on framing the report; but even Grote opposed that, and he was forced to own that he was wrong in proposing it. I must say that Gladstone told me that Baring behaved very well after the division. I will not conceal the truth, much as I have reason to complain of the man. I owe this victory to the zealous assistance of the Conservatives, for not one Whig or Radical voted with me; some of the former stayed away, whether designedly or not I don't know, except Stanley, Secretary to the Treasury, who told

[1] Then belonging to the Duke of Sutherland. Now the home of the London Museum.

me he could not make up his mind to go and vote against me. I never had any intimacy with any one of those who supported me except with Graham, and we were friends, and very intimate friends, twenty years ago. He dropped me all of a sudden from caprice or calculation, and we have been on very decent but scarcely cordial terms ever since. On this occasion I whipped up the old friendship, and with great effect, for he has served me very zealously throughout the business. I scarcely knew any of the others before, Lord Lincoln and Gladstone only on this occasion, and Fector, Nicholl, Bramstone, Bethell, and Pringle I do not know now by sight. It is really amusing to see the joy with which the news of Baring's defeat has been hailed by every member of his own family, and all others who have heard of it. The goodwill of the world (a very inert but rather satisfactory feeling) has been exhibited towards me, and there is mixed up with it in all who are acquainted with the surly reformer who is my adversary a lively pleasure at his being baffled and mortified.

Goodwood, July 29th.—To Petworth on Saturday and here on Monday; a smaller party than usual, and no women on account of the Duchess of Argyll's death; far better not to have women at a racing party. Tavistock told me that a man (he did not say who) had been to Lord John, evidently commissioned, though not avowedly, to tell him on the part of Peel and Lord Stanley that they would both support him if he would bring forward a proposition to pay the Irish Catholic clergy. John, however, "timet Danaos et dona ferentes," and hinted that his own popularity would be sacrificed if he did; but I was somewhat struck with the apparent intimacy which was evinced in what John Russell said about Peel, and asked his brother if they were on very good personal terms. He said, "Oh, excellent"—a sort of House of Commons intimacy. Peel told John all he meant to do in the Committee on the Church Bill—that he should

propose so and so, and when they came to the appropriation clauses he should make his bow and leave them. I wonder what the High Tories and the King would think of all this. While he is quarrelling with Johnny and his friends for Peel's sake, and undergoing martyrdom in his social relations with them, there they are hand and glove, and almost concerting together the very measures which are the cause of all the animosities and all the political violence which agitate and divide the world.

August 19th.—Yesterday the Lords finished the Committee on the Corporation Bill. Their last amendment (which I do not very well understand at present), by which certain aldermen elected for life are to be taken in the first instance from the present aldermen, has disgusted the authors of the Bill more than all the rest. In the morning I met Duncannon and Howick, both open-mouthed against the amendments, and this one in particular, and declaring that though the others might have been stomached, this could not go down, as it was in direct opposition to the principle of the Bill. Howick talked of " the Lords being swept away like chaff " and of " the serious times that were approaching." Duncannon said there would be a conference, and if the Lords insisted on these amendments the Bill would be lost.

August 21st.—Yesterday I fell in with Lyndhurst, just getting out of his carriage at his door in George Street. He asked me to come in and look at his house, which I did. I asked him what would happen about the Bill. He said, " Oh, they will take it. What can they do? If they choose to throw it out, let them do so, I don't care whether they do or not. But they will take it, because they know it does their business, though not so completely as they desire." Nothing ever was like the outrageous indecency of the attacks upon the House of Lords in the Ministerial papers, and it is not clear that they won't overdo the thing; this kind of fury generally defeats its own object.

August 25th.—At Hillingdon from Saturday till Monday last; began the Life of Mackintosh, and was delighted with Sydney Smith's letter which is prefixed to it; read and walked all day on Sunday—the two things I do least, viz., exercise my mind and body; therefore both grow gross and heavy. When I read such books as Mackintosh's Life, and see what other men have done, how they have read and thought, a sort of despair comes over me, a deep and bitter sensation of regret "for time misspent and talents misapplied," not the less bitter from being coupled with a hopelessness of remedial industry and of doing better things. The most galling of all conditions is that of him whose conscience and consciousness whisper to him perpetual reproaches, who reflects on what he might have been and who feels and sees what he is. When such a man as Mackintosh, fraught with all learning, whose mind, if not kindled into a steady blaze, is perpetually throwing out sparks and coruscations of exceeding brightness, is stung with these self-upbraidings, what must be the reflections of those, the utmost reach of whose industry is far below the value of *his* most self-accused idleness, who have no self-consolation, are plunged in entire darkness, and have not only to lament the years of omission, but those of commission, not only the opportunities neglected, but the positive mischief done by the debasement of the faculties, the deterioration of the understanding, the impairing of the power of exertion consequent upon a long devotion to low, despicable, unprofitable habits and pursuits?

August 27th.—Melbourne has thrown up the Tithe Bill in the Lords, because the Opposition expunged the appropriation clauses. In the Corporation Bill Lyndhurst made still further alterations, such as the Commons will not take (the town clerks and the exclusion of Dissenters from the disposal of ecclesiastical patronage), and as it is the general opinion that they will make no compromise and surrender none of their amendments, that Bill will probably

be lost too. What then? asks everybody, and nobody can tell what then, but there is a sort of vague apprehension that *something* must come of it, and that this collision (for collision it is) between the Lords and the Commons will not be terminated without some violent measures or important changes; if such do take place, they will have been most wantonly and wickedly brought about, but it is a lamentable thing to see the two great parties in the country, equally possessed of wealth and influence, and having the same interest in general tranquillity, tearing each other to pieces while the Radicals stand laughing and chuckling by, only waiting for the proper moment to avail themselves of these senseless divisions.

I was talking to Lord John Russell yesterday at Court on this subject, and he said that he had no doubt Peel highly disapproved of their proceedings, and that it was evident he did not pretend to guide them; for one day in the House of Commons he went over to Peel, and said that he meant to recommit (or some such thing, no matter what the particular course was) the Bill that night, and he supposed he would not object. Peel said, "Oh, no, I don't object," and as he was going away Peel called him back and said, "Remember I speak only for myself; I can answer for no other individual in the House." He went out of town about a fortnight ago, has never returned, and will not; his own friends think he ought, but it is evident that he prefers to wash his hands of the matter. He knows well enough that the Conservatives hate him in their hearts; besides having never cordially forgiven him for his conduct on the Catholic question, they are indignant at his Liberal views and opinions, and when they adopted him as their leader it was in the fond hope that he would restore the good old days of Tory Government, than which nothing could be farther from his thoughts.

August 29th.—The House of Lords has become a bear-garden since Brougham has been in it; there is no night

that is not distinguished by some violent squabble between him and the Tories. Lord Winchilsea directly accused him of cowardice the night before last, to which he replied, "As to my being *afraid* to say elsewhere what I say here, oh, that is too absurd to require an answer." It is nevertheless true. Melbourne does very well; his memory served him happily on this night. Brougham had lashed the Lords into a fury by calling them a *mob*, and Melbourne quoted Lord Chesterfield, who said that *all* deliberative assemblies were *mobs*. The other day Lord Howick was inveighing passionately against the Lords for their mutilations of the Corporation Bill, when Melbourne said, with his characteristic *nonchalance*, "Why, what does it matter? We have gone on tolerably well for 500 years with these corporations, and we may contrive to go on with them for another year or so."

September 1st.—Lord John Russell assembled his Whigs and Radicals at the Foreign Office yesterday morning, and announced to them the course he proposed to adopt with regard to the Corporation Bill, the amendments he would accept, those he would modify, and those he would decline. Hume made a violent speech, deprecating any concessions, but O'Connell made a very moderate one, recommending a compromise, and saying that great alarm prevailed among many well-meaning and conscientious persons lest Reform should proceed too far; that it was highly expedient to quiet these apprehensions, and upon every account therefore he recommended a moderate and conciliatory course. There were between two and three hundred present at this meeting. Accordingly in the afternoon John Russell stated over again in the House of Commons pretty much what he had said in the morning, and made a very temperate and conciliatory speech. Peel, who had arrived suddenly and unexpectedly in town, rose after him, and, as everybody said (some with joy, others with rage), "threw over the Lords." The only amendment to which he subscribed (and that was objected to by Government) was the

exclusion of Dissenters from the disposal of Church patronage, and I was very much surprised to hear him stand out for this upon very insufficient grounds. Nothing could exceed the dismay and the rage (though suppressed) of the Conservatives at his speech. He was not a bit cheered by those behind him, but very heartily by those opposite. One silly, noisy fellow, whose principal vocation in the House of Commons is to bellow, came near me under the gallery, and I asked him why they did not cheer, when he sulkily answered, " he was so well cheered by the other side that it was not necessary." Lord Harrowby was under the gallery. I asked him what he said to Peel's speech. " I did not hear it," he tartly replied, " but he seems to have given up the aldermen. I have a great affection for the aldermen." At the " Travellers " I met Strangford, and asked him the same question. He said, " I say, Not content." " But," said I, " you must take the Bill." " Not I, for one; the Lords cannot take it, and if we are to be ruined I think we had better be ruined by real Radicals than by sham Tories."

September 9th.—At the levee to-day I had some talk with Hobhouse, who expressed himself well satisfied with the termination of the Corporation contest; he said that the King was delighted, and added (in which I think he flatters himself) that he was in high good-humour in consequence, and that though he disliked them politically, he liked them very well personally, and that if the Irish Church question could be arranged, he would be quite content with them, and they should be excellent friends.

Lord Howick, who is the bitterest of all that party, and expresses himself with astonishing acrimony, talked in his usual strain, and I could not refrain from giving him a bit of my mind. He talked of " the Lords having played their last trump," of " the impossibility of their going on, of the hostility towards them in the country, and the manner in which suggestions of reforming the House of Lords were received in the House of Commons," and

expressed his conviction that " that House as an institution was in imminent danger." I told him I did not believe that such sentiments pervaded the country, that I had not yet seen sufficient evidence of it, and asked if such a spirit really was in activity, did he not think he was bound to set about resisting and counteracting it? He talked of " its not being resistible "; he said that " the Lords must give way or a collision would be the consequence," and " he knew who would go to the wall." I said that " it was such sentiments as those, uttered by such men as himself, which most contributed to create the danger the existence of which he deplored."

Lyndhurst (who called on me the day before yesterday about some business) talked over the Corporation Bill, which he considers to be nearly as important as the Reform Bill. He said there was no chance of the House of Lords surviving ten years, that power must reside in the House of Commons, as it always had, and that the House of Commons would not endure the independent authority of the other House; so that Howick and Lyndhurst are not far apart in their calculations. Melbourne said to me at Court that " it was a great *bouleversement,* a great experiment, and we must see how it worked." I met him in St. James's Park afterwards, and walked with him to the Palace. He told me the King was in a state of great excitement, especially about this militia question, but that the thing which affected him most was the conduct of the Duchess of Kent—her popularity-hunting, her progresses, and above all the addresses which she received and replied to. He told me what the King had said at dinner on his birthday about her. " I cannot expect to live very long, but I hope that my successor may be of full age when she mounts the throne. I have great respect for the person upon whom, in the event of my death, the Regency would devolve, but I have great distrust of the persons by whom she is surrounded. I know that everything which falls from my lips is reported again, and I

say this thus candidly and publicly because it is my desire and intention that these my sentiments should be made known."

Doncaster, September 15th.—Left London on Saturday morning with Matuscewitz; we dined at Burghley on the way, and got here at two on Sunday; read Mackintosh's Life in the carriage, which made me dreadfully disgusted with my racing *métier*. What a life as compared with mine!—passed among great and wise men, and intent on high thoughts and honourable aspirations, existing amidst interests far more pungent even than those which engage me, and of the futility of which I am for ever reminded. I am struck with the coincidence of the tastes and dispositions of Burke and Mackintosh, and of something in the mind of the one which bears an affinity to that of the other; but their characters—how different! their abilities—how unequal! yet both, how superior, even the weakest of the two, to almost all other men, and the success of each so little corresponding with his powers, neither having ever attained any object of ambition beyond that of fame. But I turn from Mackintosh and Burke to all that is vilest and foolishest on earth, and among such I now pass my unprofitable hours. There seems to me less gaiety and bustle here than formerly, but as much villainy as ever. From want of money or of enterprise, or from greater distrust and a paucity of spectators, there is very little betting, and what there is, spiritless and dull. There are vast crowds of people to see the Princess Victoria, who comes over from Wentworth to-day, and the Duc de Nemours is here. I am going to run for the St. Leger, which I shall probably not win, and though I am nervous and excited, I shall not care much if I lose, and I doubt whether I should care very much if I won; but this latter sensation will probably be for ever doubtful. There is something in it all which displeases me, and I often wish I was well out of it.

Burghley, September 21st.—I did lose the St. Leger, and

did not care; idled on at Doncaster to the end of the week, and came here on Saturday to meet the Duchess of Kent. They arrived from Belvoir at three o'clock in a heavy rain, the civic authorities having turned out at Stamford to escort them, and a procession of different people all very loyal. When they had lunched, and the Mayor and his brethren had got dry, the Duchess received the address, which was read by Lord Exeter as Recorder. It talked of the Princess as "destined to mount the throne of these realms." Conroy handed the answer, just as the Prime Minister does to the King. They are splendidly lodged, and great preparations have been made for their reception.

London, September 27th.—The dinner at Burghley was very handsome; hall well lit; and all went off well, except that a pail of ice was landed in the Duchess's lap, which made a great bustle. Three hundred people at the ball, which was opened by Lord Exeter and the Princess, who, after dancing one dance, went to bed. They appeared at breakfast the next morning at nine o'clock, and at ten set off to Holkham. Went to Newmarket on Tuesday and came to town on Wednesday; found it very empty and no news.

The papers are full of nothing but O'Connell's progress in Scotland, where he is received with unbounded enthusiasm by enormous crowds, but by no people of rank, property, or character. It is a rabble triumph altogether, but it is made the most of by all the Ministerial papers. The Opposition papers pour torrents of invective upon him, and he in his speeches is not behindhand with the most virulent and scurrilous of them; he is exalted to the bad eminence at which he has arrived more by the assaults of his enemies than by the efforts of his friends.

I have finished Mackintosh's Life with great delight, and many painful sensations, together with wonder and amazement. His account of his reading is utterly incomprehensible to me; he must have been endowed with some superhuman faculty of transferring the contents

of books to his own mind. He talks in his journals of reading volumes in a few hours which would seem to demand many days even from the most rapid reader. I have heard of Southey, who would read a book through as he stood in a bookseller's shop; that is, his eye would glance down the page, and by a process partly mechanical, partly intellectual, formed by long habit, he would extract in his synoptical passage all that he required to know. (Macaulay was, and George Lewis is, just as wonderful in this respect.) Some of the books that Mackintosh talks of, philosophical and metaphysical works, could not be so disposed of, and I should like much to know what his system or his secret was. I met Sydney Smith yesterday, and asked him why more of the journals had not been given. He said because the editors had been ill advised, but that in another edition more should be given; that Mackintosh was the most agreeable man he had ever known, that he had been shamefully used by his friends, and by none more than by Brougham. So, I said, it would appear by what you say in your letter. "Oh, no," he said, laughing and chuckling, and shaking his great belly, "you don't really think I meant to allude to Brougham?" What are we to think of the necessary connexion between intellectual superiority and official eminence, when we have seen the Duke of Richmond invited to be a member of the Cabinet, while Mackintosh was thrust into an obscure and subordinate office—Mackintosh placed under the orders of Charles Grant! [1] Well might he regret that he had not been a professor, and, "with safer pride content," adorned with unusual glory some academical chair.

December 16th.—Dined with Sefton the day before yesterday to meet the Hollands; sat between Allen and Luttrell. Melbourne was there in roaring spirits; met me

[1] Grant was President and Mackintosh Secretary of the Board of Control —equivalent to Secretary and Under-Secretary of State for India—in Lord Grey's Ministry.

very cordially, and after dinner said, "Well, how are you? I had a great deal to say to you, but I forget what it was now." To which I replied, "Oh, never mind now; we are here to amuse ourselves, and we won't talk of other things." I could not have *settled* anything with him there, so there was no use in beginning; and this put him at his ease, instead of making him hate the sight of me, and fancying wherever he met me that I should begin badgering him about my affairs.[1]

Allen talked of Mackintosh, and of his declaration of religious belief on his deathbed, when he had never believed at all during his life. He said that Mackintosh was not very deeply read in theology. Melbourne, on the contrary, is, and being a very good Greek scholar (which Mackintosh was not), has compared the Evidences and all modern theological works with the writings of the Fathers. He did not believe that Melbourne entertained *any doubts,* or that his mind was at all distracted and perplexed with much thinking and much reading on the subject, but that his studies and reflections have led him to a perfect *conviction* of unbelief.[2] He thought if Mackintosh had lived much with Christians he would have been one too. Luttrell was talking of Moore and Rogers—the poetry of the former so licentious, that of the latter so pure; much of its popularity owing to its being so carefully weeded of everything approaching to indelicacy; and the contrast between the *lives* and the *works* of the two men—the former a pattern of conjugal and domestic regularity, the latter of all the men he had ever known the greatest sensualist.

December 26th.—The adherents of Government are certainly alarmed at the present aspect of things. Lord William Bentinck, who is as Radical as need be, wrote to his wife at Paris, "Tory matters are certainly looking up

[1] Some private affairs of his which were then under discussion, and in which Lord Melbourne's influence was important.

[2] John Allen was very fond of asserting that other men believed as little as himself.

here; that senseless cry against O'Connell has produced a great effect." Nevertheless they affect at Brooks's to hold it all very cheap.

1836

February 1st.—Howick gave me an account yesterday of Spencer Perceval's communications to the Ministers, and other Privy Councillors. He called on Howick, who received him very civilly. Perceval began, "You will probably be surprised when you learn what has brought me here." Howick bowed. "You are aware that God has been pleased in these latter times to make especial communications of His will to certain chosen instruments, in a language not intelligible to those who hear it, nor always to those by whom it is uttered: I am one of those instruments, to whom it has pleased the Almighty to make known His will, and I am come to declare to you, etc. . . ." and then he went off in a rhapsody about the degeneracy of the times, and the people falling off from God. I asked him what Perceval seemed to be driving at, what was his definite object? He said it was not discoverable, but that from the printed paper which he had circulated to all Privy Councillors (for to that body he appears to think that his mission is addressed), in which he specifies all the great acts of legislation for the last five years (beginning with the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts), as the evidences of a falling off from God, or as the causes of the divine anger, it may perhaps be inferred that he means they should all be repealed. It is a ridiculous and melancholy exposure. His different receptions by different people are amusing and characteristic. Howick listened to him with patient civility. Melbourne argued with and cross-questioned him. He

told him "that he ought to have gone to the Bishops rather than to him," to which Perceval replied, that one of the brethren (Henry Drummond) was gone to the Archbishop. Stanley turned him out at once. As soon as he began he said, "There is no use, Mr. Perceval, in going on this way with me. We had, therefore, better put an end to the subject, and I wish you good morning." He went to Lord Holland, and Lady Holland was with great difficulty persuaded to allow him to go and receive the Apostles. She desired Lord John Russell (who happened to be in the house) to go with him, but John begged to be excused, alleging that he had already had his interview and did not wish for another. So at last she let Lord Holland be wheeled in, but ordered Edgar and Harold, the two pages, to post themselves outside the door, and rush in if they heard Lord Holland scream. Perceval has been with the King, and went to Drayton after Sir Robert Peel, but he complains that he cannot catch the Duke of Wellington.

February 3rd.—I heard a great deal more about Perceval's proceedings and those of his colleagues yesterday; they continue to visit the Privy Councillors. Lyndhurst told me he had been with him for an hour, Lord Lansdowne the same. When he gave Lord Lansdowne his book, as he glanced over it, Perceval said, "I am aware it is not well written; the composition is not perfect, but I was not permitted to alter it; I was obliged to write it as I received it." Drummond went in a chaise and four to the Archbishop of York[1] at Nuneham, who endeavoured

[1] The Honourable Edward Harcourt; handsome, amiable and well-born, full of professional dignities, including an Archbishopric, and the inheritor of a large private fortune, divided his life between Bishopthorpe Palace and Nuneham Park, his magnificent place near Oxford, where Drummond now arrived, and was regarded by C. G. as "the most prosperous of men." He was the father of sixteen children, whom he saw "flourishing around him in opulence and worldly success," and lived to the age of ninety-one in the exercise of a magnificent hospitality. But neither dignity nor hospitality availed to protect him from Drummond's zeal.

to stop his mouth with a good luncheon, but this would not do. He told the Archbishop the end of the world was approaching, and that it was owing to the neglect of himself and his brethren that the nation was in its present awful state. Perceval told Lord Lansdowne that their sect [1] was increasing greatly and rapidly; they have several congregations in London, two clergymen of the Church of England have joined them, and two men who still occupy their pulpits are only waiting for the call which they daily expect to receive.

February 7th.—Last night I went to Holland House; found my Lord and my Lady sitting *tête-à-tête*. About twelve she went to bed, and Standish and I stayed with him till two o'clock, hearing his accounts of speeches and speakers of old times, and anecdotes, some of which I had heard before, and some not, but they bear repeating. He is marvellously entertaining in this way; the stories so good, so well told, his imitations of the actors in the events which he narrates giving you such a conviction of their fidelity. I asked him if his uncle and Pitt were in habits of communication in the House of Commons, and on terms of mutual civility and good-humour, and he said, "Oh yes, very; I think they had a great respect for each other; latterly I think my uncle was more bitter against him"—I enquired whether he thought they would have joined? He thought they might have done so. He thinks the finest speeches Fox made (if it were possible to select out of so many fine ones) were on the War, on the Scrutiny, and on Bonaparte's overtures. Grattan complimenting him on his speech on the War, he said, "I don't know if it was good, but I know I can't make a better." Fox never wrote his speeches, was fond of preparing them in travelling, as he said a postchaise was the best place to arrange his thoughts in. Sheridan wrote and prepared a great deal, and generally in bed, with

[1] The new Irvingite Church, of which Drummond and Perceval were the chief founders.

his books, pen, and ink, on the bed, where he would lie all day. Brougham wrote and re-wrote, over and over again, whole speeches; he has been known to work fifteen hours a day for six weeks together.

February 9th.—I was talking yesterday with Stephen about Brougham and Macaulay. He said he had known Brougham above thirty years, and well remembers walking with him down to Clapham, to dine with old Zachary Macaulay, and telling him he would find a prodigy of a boy there of whom he must take notice. This was Tom Macaulay. Brougham afterwards put himself forward as the monitor and director of the education of Macaulay, and I remember hearing of a letter he wrote to the father on the subject, which made a great noise at the time; but he was like the man who brought up a young lion, which finished by biting his head off. Brougham and Macaulay disliked each other. Brougham could not forgive his great superiority in many of those accomplishments in which he thought himself unrivalled; and being at no pains to disguise his jealousy and dislike, the other was not behind him in corresponding feelings of aversion. It was unworthy of both, but most of Brougham, who was the aggressor, and who might have considered the world large enough for both of them, and that a sufficiency of fame was attainable by each. Stephen said that, if ever Macaulay's life was written by a competent biographer, it would appear that he had displayed feats of memory which he believed to be unequalled by any human being. He can repeat all Demosthenes by heart, and all Milton, a great part of the Bible, both in English and (the New Testament) in Greek; besides this his memory retains passages innumerable of every description of books, which in discussion he pours forth with incredible facility. He is passionately fond of Greek literature; has not much taste for Latin or French. Old Mill (one of the best Greek scholars of the day) thinks Macaulay has a more extensive and accurate acquaintance with the Greek writers

than any man living, and there is no Greek book of any note which he has not read over and over again. In the Bible he takes great delight, and there are few better Biblical scholars. In law he made no proficiency, and mathematics he abominates; but his great forte is history, especially English history. Here his superhuman memory, which appears to have the faculty of digesting and arranging as well as of retaining, has converted his mind into a mighty magazine of knowledge, from which, with the precision and correctness of a kind of intellectual machine, he pours forth stores of learning, information, precept, example, anecdote, and illustration with a familiarity and facility not less astonishing than delightful. He writes as if he had lived in the times and among the people whose actions and characters he records and delineates. A little reading, too, is enough for Macaulay, for by some process impossible to other men he contrives to transfer as it were, by an impression rapid and indelible, the contents of the books he reads to his own mind, where they are deposited, always accessible, and never either forgotten or confused. Far superior to Brougham in general knowledge, in fancy, imagination, and in the art of composition, he is greatly inferior to him in those qualities which raise men to social and political eminence. Brougham, tall, thin, and commanding in figure, with a face which, however ugly, is full of expression, and a voice of great power, variety, and even melody, notwithstanding his occasional prolixity and tediousness, is an orator in every sense of the word. Macaulay, short, fat, and ungraceful, with a round, thick, unmeaning face, and with rather a lisp, though he has made speeches of great merit, and of a very high style of eloquence in point of composition, has no pretensions to be put in competition with Brougham in the House of Commons. Nor is the difference and the inferiority of Macaulay less marked in society. Macaulay, indeed, is a great talker, and pours forth floods of knowledge on all subjects; but the

gracefulness, lightness, and variety are wanting in his talk which are so conspicuous in his writings; there is not enough of alloy in the metal of his conversation; it is too didactic, it is all too good, and not sufficiently flexible, plastic, and diversified for general society. Brougham, on the other hand, is all life, spirit, and gaiety—" from grave to gay, from lively to severe "—dashing through every description of folly and fun, dealing in those rapid transitions by which the attention and imagination are arrested and excited; always amusing, always instructive, never tedious, elevated to the height of the greatest intellect, and familiar with the most abstruse subjects, and at the same moment conciliating the humble pretensions of inferior minds by dropping into the midst of their pursuits and objects with a fervour and intensity of interest which surprises and delights his associates, and, above all, which puts them at their ease.

[*Quantum mutatus!* All this has long ceased to be true of Brougham. Macaulay, without having either the wit or the *charm* which constitutes the highest kind of colloquial excellence or success, is a marvellous, an unrivalled, and a delightful talker.—1850.]

February 12th.—Lord William Bentinck has published an address to the electors of Glasgow which is remarkable, because he is the first man of high rank and station who has publicly professed the ultra-Radical opinions which he avows in this document. It is by no means well done, and a very silly address in many respects. He is a man whose success in life has been greater than his talents warrant, for he is not right-headed, and has committed some great blunder or other in every public situation in which he has been placed; but he is simple in his habits, popular in his manners, liberal in his opinions, and magnificently hospitable in his mode of life. These qualities are enough to ensure popularity.

February 23rd.—Had some conversation with Lord Wharncliffe the other day, who has always been a great

alarmist. I asked him if he was so still. He said yes; that he was convinced the House of Lords and the House of Commons could not go on, that the Lords would not pass their Bills; a ferment would be produced, which would finish by an open dissension. "What, then, would be the result?" I asked. "Why, the Lords would be beaten." He told me one thing of Melbourne rather droll. Wharncliffe gave notice of a motion which comes on to-night about Lord John Russell's appointment of magistrates under the new Act, which he declares to have been very partially and improperly done; after speaking to Melbourne about it, Melbourne came over to him (Wharncliffe) and said, "Now tell me, have we been very bad in our appointments?"

May 2nd.—Many weeks without a single line. I have been at Newmarket, and have known nothing of any sort or kind. All seems quieter in the political world than for a long time past. There was a meeting of Peers at Apsley House a week or ten days ago, to consider the course they should adopt about the Corporation Bill. After the discussion Alvanley rose and asked the Duke if there would be any more meetings. He said he was not aware that there would be, when Alvanley said that he was of opinion that the majority of the House of Lords, while dealing with the Government measures, were bound to give notice to the country of the measures of relief that they were themselves prepared to offer to Ireland, that in his opinion the only real relief that could be given was some system of poor law, and the payment of the Catholic clergy, bringing that body under the control of the Government and making it penal to draw contributions from their flocks, and that he trusted their Lordships would be prepared to go so far. He describes the effect of this suggestion to have been most ludicrous. The Duke of Newcastle, who sat by him, was ready to bounce off his chair; all sorts of indistinct noises, hems, grunts, and coughs of every variety of modulation and expressive

intonation were heard, but no answer and no remark. He told me that he had intended on Tuesday last to repeat the same thing in the House of Lords, and asked me to go down and hear him, but they would not allow him. The Duke said it was out of the question, and overruled him.

May 11th.—Great talk about the adjournment of Parliament on the 20th, and about Melbourne's affair with Mrs. Norton, which latter, if it is not quashed, will be inconvenient. John Bull fancies himself vastly moral, and the Court is mighty prudish, and between them our off-hand Premier will find himself in a ticklish position. He has been served with notices, but people rather doubt the action coming on. I asked the Duke of Wellington a night or two ago what he had heard of it, and what he thought would be the result. He said he had only heard what everybody said, and that nothing would result. I said, "Would Melbourne resign?" "O Lord, no! Resign? Not a bit of it. I tell you all these things are a nine-days' wonder; it can't come into court before Parliament is up. People will have done talking of it before that happens; it will all blow over, and won't signify a straw." So spoke his Grace. I doubt not prime ministers, ex and in, have a fellow-feeling and sympathy for each other, and like to lay down the principle of such things *not mattering*.

May 25th.—The Epsom races being over, which always absorb every other interest, I have leisure to turn my mind to other things. This year there has been a miserable catastrophe. Berkeley Craven deliberately shot himself after losing more than he could pay. It is the first instance of a man of rank and station in society making such an exit. He had originally a large landed estate, strictly entailed, got into difficulties, was obliged to go abroad, compromised with his creditors and returned, fell into fresh difficulties, involved himself inextricably in betting, and went on with a determination to shoot himself if his speculations failed, and so he did. He was very

popular, had been extremely handsome in his youth, and was a fellow of infinite pleasantry and good-humour.

June 27th.—The town has been full of Melbourne's trial;[1] great exultation at the result on the part of his political adherents, great disappointment on that of the mob of Low Tories, and a creditable satisfaction among the better sort; it was in point of fact a very triumphant acquittal. The wonder is how, with such a case, Norton's family ventured into court, but (although it is stoutly denied) there can be no doubt that old Wynford was at the bottom of it all, and persuaded Lord Grantley to urge it on for mere political purposes.

August 13th.—On Monday last I was riding early in the Park and met Lord Howick. We rode together for some time. He said that "he supposed they should be out after this session, and they ought to be out, as they could carry none of their measures, and the Lords rejected Bill after Bill sent up from the other House; that since the Tories chose to go on in this way, they must make the experiment and carry on the Government if they could, but they must look for every opposition from his friends and his party. It was quite impossible things could go on upon their present footing; the country would not stand it, and the Lords must look to those changes which their own conduct rendered indispensable."

Since this there has been a free conference, and the Lords have been bowling down Bills like ninepins. This

[1] A "crim. con." action, corresponding to a divorce petition. The parties were:—(1) The Hon. George Norton, son of Lord Grantley, a briefless barrister, and an utterly worthless man, whom Lord Melbourne, when Home Secretary, had made a police magistrate; (2) Mrs. Caroline Norton, beautiful, clever and charming, one of the three famous daughters of Thomas Sheridan the actor, and herself a novelist and poet, supporting her family by her pen; (3) Lord Melbourne, her devoted friend. The case in its political motive resembles another famous case brought fifty years later against Parnell, but in the present case there seems to have been no real evidence whatever to go upon, and Melbourne to the end of his life maintained that his friendship with Mrs. Norton was quite "innocent." He even inserted a statement in his Will to that effect. "Old Wynford" was the Tory lawyer already referred to.

certainly cannot go on; either the Tories must come into power again, or the Whigs must do something to control the House of Lords, or the Lords must lower their tone and adopt more moderate counsels. The latter would be the best, as it is the least probable, of the three alternatives.

August 30th.—At Hillingdon from Saturday to Monday. There were great festivities at Windsor during the Egham race week, when the King's daughter Lady Augusta was married at the Castle.[1] It was remarked that on the King's birthday not one of the Ministers was invited to the Castle, and none except the Household in any way connected with the Government. At the Queen's birthday a short time before not one individual of that party was present. Nothing can be more undisguised than the King's aversion to his Ministers, and he seems resolved to intimate that his compulsory reception of them shall not extend to his society, and that though he can't help seeing them at St. James's, the gates of Windsor are shut against them. All his habitual guests are of the Tory party, and generally those who have distinguished themselves by their violence or are noted for their extreme opinions—Winchilsea and Wharncliffe, for example, of the former, and the Duke of Dorset of the latter sort. At the dinner on his birthday the King gave the Princess Victoria's health rather well. Having given the Princess Augusta's he said, " And now, having given the health of the oldest, I will give that of the youngest member of the Royal Family. I know the interest which the public feel about her, and although *I have not seen so much of her as I could have wished,* I take no less interest in her, and the more I do see of her, both in public and in private, the greater pleasure it will give me." The whole thing was so civil and gracious that it could hardly be taken ill,

[1] Lady Augusta Erskine, formerly Fitzclarence—one of Mrs. Jordan's numerous family—widow of Mr. John Erskine, was married on August 26th to Lord John Gordon.

but the young Princess sat opposite, and hung her head with not unnatural modesty at being thus talked of in so large a company.

September 21*st*.—I have recorded nothing about the revolutions at Madrid and Lisbon, because I know nothing besides what has appeared in all the newspapers, and it would be very useless to copy facts from their columns. As to private matters, and the exploits or interests of individuals, I only note them as the fancy takes me, and the fancy has not taken me of late. I cannot keep a *journal*—that is, a day by day memorial—and I have an invincible repugnance to making my MS. books the receptacles of scandal, and handing down to posterity (if ever posterity should have an opportunity of seeing and would take the trouble to read these pages) the *private* faults and follies of my friends, acquaintance, and associates.

This,[1] however, was nothing compared with what took place at Windsor with the Duchess of Kent, of which I heard something a long time ago (August 30th), but never the particulars till last night. It is very remarkable that the thing has not been more talked about. The King invited the Duchess of Kent to go to Windsor on the 12th of August to celebrate the Queen's birthday (13th), and to stay there over his own birthday, which was to be kept (*privately*) on the 21st (the real day, but falling on Sunday) and *publicly* the day following. She sent word that she wanted to keep her own birthday at Claremont on the 15th (or whatever the day is), took no notice of the Queen's birthday, but said she would go to Windsor on the 20th. This put the King in a fury; he made, however, no reply, and on the 20th he was in town to prorogue Parliament, having desired that they would not wait dinner for him

[1] The previous paragraph, here omitted, contains an account of a scene at a Council meeting, when the King had been very rude to one of his Whig Ministers. The scene which follows was described to C. G. by the King's son Adolphus, who told it him " over again " six weeks later.

at Windsor. After the prorogation he went to Kensington Palace to look about it; when he got there he found that the Duchess of Kent had appropriated to her own use a suite of apartments, seventeen in number, for which she had applied last year, and which he had refused to let her have. This increased his ill-humour, already excessive. When he arrived at Windsor and went into the drawing-room (at about ten o'clock at night), where the whole party was assembled, he went up to the Princess Victoria, took hold of both her hands, and expressed his pleasure at seeing her there and his regret at not seeing her oftener. He then turned to the Duchess and made her a low bow, almost immediately after which he said that "a most unwarrantable liberty had been taken with one of his palaces; that he had just come from Kensington, where he found apartments had been taken possession of not only without his consent, but contrary to his commands, and that he neither understood nor would endure conduct so disrespectful to him." This was said loudly, publicly, and in a tone of serious displeasure. It was, however, only the muttering of the storm which was to break the next day. Adolphus Fitzclarence went into his room on Sunday morning, and found him in a state of great excitement. It was his birthday, and though the celebration was what was called private, there were a hundred people at dinner, either belonging to the Court or from the neighbourhood. The Duchess of Kent sat on one side of the King and one of his sisters on the other, the Princess Victoria opposite. Adolphus Fitzclarence sat two or three from the Duchess, and heard every word of what passed. After dinner, by the Queen's desire, "His Majesty's health, and long life to him" was given, and as soon as it was drunk he made a very long speech, in the course of which he poured forth the following extraordinary and *foudroyante* tirade:—"I trust in God that my life may be spared for nine months longer, after which period, in the event of my death, no regency would take place. I

should then have the satisfaction of leaving the royal authority to the personal exercise of that young lady (pointing to the Princess), the heiress presumptive of the Crown, and not in the hands of a person now near me, who is surrounded by evil advisers and who is herself incompetent to act with propriety in the station in which she would be placed. I have no hesitation in saying that I have been insulted—grossly and continually insulted—by that person, but I am determined to endure no longer a course of behaviour so disrespectful to me. Amongst many other things I have particularly to complain of the manner in which that young lady has been kept away from my Court; she has been repeatedly kept from my drawing-rooms, at which she ought always to have been present, but I am fully resolved that this shall not happen again. I would have her know that I am King, and I am determined to make my authority respected, and for the future I shall insist and command that the Princess do upon all occasions appear at my Court, as it is her duty to do." He terminated his speech by an allusion to the Princess and her future reign in a tone of paternal interest and affection, which was excellent in its way.

This awful philippic (with a great deal more which I forget) was uttered with a loud voice and excited manner. The Queen looked in deep distress, the Princess burst into tears, and the whole company was aghast. The Duchess of Kent said not a word. Immediately after they rose and retired, and a terrible scene ensued; the Duchess announced her immediate departure and ordered her carriage, but a sort of reconciliation was patched up, and she was prevailed upon to stay till the next day. The following morning, when the King saw Adolphus, he asked him what people said to his speech. He replied that they thought the Duchess of Kent merited his rebuke, but that it ought not to have been given there; that he ought to have sent for her into his closet, and have said

all that he felt and thought there, but not at the table before a hundred people. He replied that he did not care where he said it or before whom, that "by God he had been insulted by her in a measure that was past all endurance, and he would not stand it any longer."

1837

March 31st.—Among the many old people who have been cut off by this severe weather, one of the most remarkable is Mrs. Fitzherbert,[1] who died at Brighton at above eighty years of age. She was not a clever woman, but of a very noble spirit, disinterested, generous, honest, and affectionate, greatly beloved by her friends and relations, popular in the world, and treated with uniform distinction and respect by the Royal Family. The late King, who was a despicable creature, grudged her the allowance he was bound to make her, and he was always afraid lest she should make use of some of the documents in her possession to annoy or injure him. This mean and selfish apprehension led him to make various efforts to obtain possession of those the appearance of which he most dreaded, and among others, one remarkable attempt was made by Sir William Knighton some years ago. Although a stranger to Mrs. Fitzherbert, he called one day at her house, when she was ill in bed, insisted upon seeing her, and forced his way into her bedroom. She contrived (I forget how) to get rid of him without his getting anything

[1] In 1785, George IV, when Prince of Wales, aged twenty-three, fell violently in love with Mrs. Fitzherbert, then a beautiful widow of twenty-nine, and after much entreaty prevailed on her to marry him. On December 21st, 1785, they were duly married by a clergyman in the presence of witnesses, and for many years lived together. But the marriage of a Prince of Wales under the age of twenty-five, without the consent of the King, was by statute invalid, and in April, 1795, the Prince married the lady who was to become famous in history as Queen Caroline.

out of her, but this domiciliary visit determined her to make a final disposition of all the papers she possessed, that in the event of her death no advantage might be taken of them either against her own memory or the interests of any other person. She accordingly selected those papers which she resolved to preserve, and which are supposed to be the documents and correspondence relating to her marriage with George IV, and made a packet of them which was deposited at her banker's, and all other letters and papers she condemned to the flames.

June 2nd.—The King has been desperately ill, his pulse down at thirty; they think he will now get over it for this time. His recovery will not have been accelerated by the Duchess of Kent's answer to the City of London's address, in which she went into the history of her life, and talked of her "friendless state" on arriving in this country, the gist of it being that, having been abandoned or neglected by the Royal Family, she had thrown herself on the country.

June 11th.—At Buckhurst last week for Ascot; went on Monday and returned on Friday. On Tuesday the Queen came to the course, but only stayed an hour. They had an immense party at the Castle notwithstanding the King's illness. I met Adolphus Fitzclarence at the course, who gave me an account of the King's state, which was bad enough, though not for the moment alarming; no disease, but excessive weakness without power of rallying.

On Wednesday it was announced for the first time that the King was alarmingly ill, on Thursday the account was no better, and in the course of Wednesday and Thursday his immediate dissolution appeared so probable that I concerted with Errol that I should send to the Castle at nine o'clock on Thursday evening for the last report, that I might know whether to go to London directly or not. On Wednesday the physicians wanted to issue a bulletin, but the King would not hear of it. He said as long as he was able to transact public business he would not have

the public alarmed on his account; but on Friday, nevertheless, the first bulletin was issued.

June 16th.—On Wednesday the King was desperately bad, yesterday he was better, but not so as to afford any hope, though Chambers says his recovery is not impossible. Although the bulletins tell so little, everybody is now aware of his Majesty's state.

In the morning I met Sir Robert Peel in the Park, and talked with him about the beginning of the new reign. He said that it was very desirable that the young Queen should appear as much as possible emancipated from all restraint, and exhibit a capacity for the discharge of her high functions; that the most probable as well as the most expedient course she could adopt, would be to rely entirely upon the advice of Melbourne, and she might with great propriety say that she thought it incumbent on her to follow the example which had been set by her two uncles, her predecessors, William IV having retained in office the Ministers of his brother, and George IV, although his political predilections were known to lean another way, having also declined to dismiss the Government of his father. The Tories are in great consternation at the King's approaching death, from the advantage which they foresee their opponents must derive from it as far as the extension of their term of power is concerned, and they prognosticate, according to their custom, all sorts of dismal consequences, none of which, of course, will come to pass. *Nothing* will happen, because, in this country, *nothing* ever does. The Whigs, to do them justice, behave with great decency; whatever they may really feel, they express a very proper concern, and I have no doubt Melbourne really feels the concern he expresses. The public in general don't seem to care much, and only wonder what will happen.

June 19th.—Yesterday the King was sinking fast; the Sacrament was administered to him by the Archbishop of Canterbury. He said, " This is the 18th of June; I should like to live to see the sun of Waterloo set." Last night

I met the Duke, and dined at the Duchess of Cannizzaro's, who after dinner crowned him with a crown of laurel (in joke of course), when they all stood up and drank his health, and at night they sang a hymn in honour of the day. He asked me whether Melbourne had had any communication with the Princess Victoria. I said I did not know, but thought not. He said, " He ought. I was in constant communication with the present King for a month before George IV died."

June 21st.—The King died at twenty minutes after two yesterday morning, and the young Queen met the Council at Kensington Palace at eleven. Never was anything like the first impression she produced, or the chorus of praise and admiration which is raised about her manner and behaviour, and certainly not without justice. It was very extraordinary, and something far beyond what was looked for. Her extreme youth and inexperience, and the ignorance of the world concerning her, naturally excited intense curiosity to see how she would act on this trying occasion, and there was a considerable assemblage at the Palace, notwithstanding the short notice which was given. The first thing to be done was to teach her her lesson, which for this purpose Melbourne had himself to learn. I gave him the Council papers, and explained all that was to be done, and he went and explained all this to her. He asked her if she would enter the room accompanied by the Great Officers of State, but she said she would come in alone. When the Lords were assembled the Lord President informed them of the King's death, and suggested, as they were so numerous, that a few of them should repair to the presence of the Queen and inform her of the event, and that their Lordships were assembled in consequence; and accordingly the two Royal Dukes, the two Archbishops, the Chancellor, and Melbourne went with him. The Queen received them in the adjoining room alone. As soon as they had returned the proclamation was read and the usual order passed, when the doors

were thrown open and the Queen entered, accompanied by her two uncles, who advanced to meet her. She bowed to the Lords, took her seat, and then read her speech in a clear, distinct, and audible voice, and without any appearance of fear or embarrassment. She was quite plainly dressed, and in mourning. After she had read her speech and taken and signed the oath for the security of the Church of Scotland, the Privy Councillors were sworn, the two Royal Dukes[1] first, by themselves; and as these two old men, her uncles, knelt before her, swearing allegiance and kissing her hand, I saw her blush up to the eyes, as if she felt the contrast between their civil and their natural relations, and this was the only sign of emotion which she evinced. Her manner to them was very graceful and engaging; she kissed them both, and rose from her chair and moved towards the Duke of Sussex, who was farthest from her and too infirm to reach her. She seemed rather bewildered at the multitude of men who were sworn, and who came one after another to kiss her hand, but she did not speak to anybody, nor did she make the slightest difference in her manner, or show any in her countenance, to any individual of any rank, station, or party. I particularly watched her when Melbourne and the Ministers and the Duke of Wellington and Peel approached her. She went through the whole ceremony, occasionally looking at Melbourne for instruction when she had any doubt what to do, which hardly ever occurred, and with perfect calmness and self-possession, but at the same time with a graceful modesty and propriety particularly interesting and ingratiating. When the business was done she retired as she had entered, and I could see that nobody was in the adjoining room. She appeared, in fact, to be awed, but not daunted, and afterwards the Duke of Wellington told me the same thing, and added that if she had been his own daughter he could not have

[1] The Dukes of Cumberland and Sussex. The Duke of Cambridge was in Hanover.

desired to see her perform her part better. It was settled that she was to hold a Council at St. James's this day, and be proclaimed there at ten o'clock, and she expressed a wish to see Lord Albemarle, who went to her and told her he was come to take her orders. She said, "I have no orders to give; you know all this so much better than I do, that I leave it all to you. I am to be at St. James's at ten to-morrow, and must beg you to find me a conveyance proper for the occasion." Accordingly, he went and fetched her in state with a great escort. The Duchess of Kent was in the carriage with her, but I was surprised to hear so little shouting, and to see so few hats off as she went by. I rode down the Park, and saw her appear at the window when she was proclaimed. The Duchess of Kent was there, but not prominent; the Queen was surrounded by her Ministers, and curtsied repeatedly to the people, who did not, however, hurrah till Lord Lansdowne gave them the signal from the window. At twelve she held a Council, at which she presided with as much ease as if she had been doing nothing else all her life, and though Lord Lansdowne and my colleague had contrived between them to make some confusion with the Council papers, she was not put out by it. She looked very well, and though so small in stature, and without much pretension to beauty, the gracefulness of her manner and the good expression of her countenance give her on the whole a very agreeable appearance, and with her youth inspire an excessive interest in all who approach her, and which I can't help feeling myself. After the Council she received the Archbishops and Bishops, and after them the Judges. They all kissed her hand, but she said nothing to any of them, very different in this from her predecessor, who used to harangue them all, and had a speech ready for everybody.

No contrast can be greater than that between the personal demeanour of the present and the late sovereigns at their respective accessions. William IV was a man who,

coming to the throne at the mature age of sixty-five, was so excited by the exaltation, that he nearly went mad, and distinguished himself by a thousand extravagances of language and conduct, to the alarm or amusement of all who witnessed his strange freaks. The young Queen, who might well be either dazzled or confounded with the grandeur and novelty of her situation, seems neither the one nor the other, and behaves with a decorum and propriety beyond her years, and with all the sedateness and dignity the want of which was so conspicuous in her uncle.

CHAPTER IV

THE NEW REIGN

(1837-41)

1837

June 25th.—I remember when George IV died, seven years ago, having been struck by the small apparent sensation that his death created. There was, however, at that time a great deal of bustle and considerable excitement, which were caused by the activity of the new Court, and the eccentricities of the King; but in the present instance the crown has been transferred to the head of the new Queen with a tranquillity which is curious and edifying. The first interest and curiosity to see the young Queen and observe her behaviour having passed off, there appears nothing more to do or to think about; there are no changes, and there is no talk of change. Her Majesty has continued quietly at Kensington, where she transacts business with her Ministers, and everything goes on as if she had been on the throne six years instead of six days. Animated panegyrics were pronounced upon the late King in both Houses of Parliament by those who had served him; and Peel repeated in the House of Commons, in more set phrases, the expressions of his admiration of the conduct of the Queen on her first public appearance, which he uttered to me when I saw him after the Council on Tuesday. Melbourne's funeral oration over William IV

was very effective because it was natural and hearty, and as warm as it could be without being exaggerated. He made the most of the virtues the King undoubtedly possessed, and passed lightly over his defects.

King William IV, if he had been born in a private station, would have passed unobserved through life like millions of other men, looked upon as possessing a good-natured and affectionate disposition, but without either elevation of mind or brightness of intellect. During many years of his life the Duke of Clarence was an obscure individual, without consideration, moving in a limited circle, and altogether forgotten by the great world. He resided at Bushey with Mrs. Jordan, and brought up his numerous children with very tender affection: with them, and for them, he seemed entirely to live. The cause of his separation from Mrs. Jordan has not been explained, but it probably arose from his desire to better his condition by a good marriage, and he wanted to marry Miss Wykeham, a half-crazy woman of large fortune, on whom he afterwards conferred a Peerage. George IV, I believe, put a spoke in that wheel, fortunately for the Duke as well as for the country. The death of the Princess Charlotte opened to him a new prospect, and the lack of royal progeny made his marriage as desirable an event to the public as it was convenient to himself. The subsequent death of the Duke of York, which made him heir to the throne, at once exalted him into a personage of political importance, and when the great Tory schism took place, upon the death of Lord Liverpool, Mr. Canning thought the Duke of Clarence's appointment to the office of Lord High Admiral would strengthen his Government, and at the same time relieve him from some of the difficulties which beset him; and he accordingly prevailed upon the King to revive the office in his person. Soon after the Duke of Wellington's elevation he found it necessary to remove the Duke of Clarence, and it is an excellent trait in the character of the latter that, notwithstanding his

vexation at the time, which was very great, he harboured no resentment against the Duke of Wellington, and never seems to have hesitated about retaining him as his Minister when he came to the throne. His exaltation (for the moment) completely turned his head, but as his situation got familiar to him he became more composed and rational, if not more dignified in his behaviour.

The most remarkable foible of the late King was his passion for speechifying, and I have recorded some of his curious exhibitions in this way. He had considerable facility in expressing himself, but what he said was generally useless or improper. He never received the homage of a bishop without giving him a lecture; and the custom he introduced of giving toasts and making speeches at all his dinners was more suitable to a tavern than to a palace. He was totally deficient in dignity or refinement, and neither his elevation to the throne nor his association with people of the most distinguished manners could give him any tincture of the one or the other. Though a good-natured and amiable man, he was passionate and hasty, and thus he was led into those bickerings and quarrels with the Duchess of Kent and with his own children, which were a perpetual source of discomfort or disgrace to him, and all of which might have been avoided by a more consistent course of firmness and temper on his part. His sons generally behaved to him with great insolence and ingratitude, except Adolphus. Of the daughters I know nothing.

The various political hopes, fears, and expectations which his death has raised may be very shortly summed up. Nobody can deny that it has given the Whig Government a great advantage over the Tories. Hitherto the Government have been working against the stream, inasmuch as they had the influence of the Crown running dead against them; the tide has now turned in their favour, and to a certain degree they will be able to convert the Tory principle to their own advantage.

The great body of the Tories, on the other hand, are thirsting for office: they are, or pretend to be, greatly alarmed at the Radical tendencies of the Government, but they are well aware that in the actual state of the House of Commons they have the power of keeping the Government in check and of defeating every Radical scheme while *in opposition*, but that it would be dangerous to attempt to turn them out and take their places. The Radicals are few in number, and their influence is very low; they are angry with the Government for not making greater concessions to them, but as they still think there is a better chance of their views being promoted by the Whigs remaining in, they continue to vote with them in cases of need, though there are some of them who would prefer the dissolution of the Ministry and war with a Tory Government rather than the present imperfect alliance which subsists between themselves and the Whigs.

June 29th.—All the accounts continue to report well of the young Queen, of her quickness, sense and discretion, and the remarkable facility with which she has slid into her high station and discharges its duties. The Duchess of Kent never appears at Kensington, where the Queen occupies a separate range of apartments, and her influence is very silently exercised, if at all. The town is rife with reports of changes and appointments, some very natural and others very absurd; all agree that the power vested in Melbourne's hands is unbounded, and that (as far as Court appointments are concerned) he uses it with propriety.

July 9th.—Yesterday I went to the late King's funeral, who was buried with just the same ceremonial as his predecessor this time seven years. It is a wretched mockery after all, and if I were king, the first thing I would do should be to provide for being committed to the earth with more decency and less pomp. A host of persons of all ranks and stations were congregated, who "loitered through the lofty halls," chattering and laughing, and with nothing of woe about them but the garb.

I saw two men in an animated conversation, and one laughing heartily at the very foot of the coffin as it was lying in state. The chamber of death in which the body lay, all hung with black and adorned with scutcheons and every sort of funereal finery, was like a scene in a play, and as we passed through it and looked at the scaffolding and rough work behind, it was just like going behind the scenes of a theatre. A soldier's funeral, which I met in the morning—the plain coffin slowly borne along by his comrades, with the cap and helmet and sword of the dead placed upon it—was more impressive, more decent, more affecting than all this pomp with pasteboard crowns, and heralds scampering about, while idleness and indifference were gazing or gossiping round about the royal remains. I would rather be quietly consigned to the grave by a few who cared for me (if any such there might be) than be the object of all this parade and extravagance. The procession moving slowly through close ranks of Horse and Foot Guards holding tapers and torches in their hands, whilst at intervals the bands played a dead march, had, however, a very imposing effect. The service was intolerably long and tedious, and miserably read by the Dean of Windsor.

We continue to hear of the young Queen's admirable behaviour, but all other subjects are swallowed up in the interest of the approaching elections. There will be more contests than ever were known, and it is amusing to see both parties endeavouring to avail themselves of the Queen's name, the Tories affecting to consider her as a prisoner in the hands of the Whigs, and the Whigs boasting of the cordiality and warmth of her sentiments in their favour. The Whigs have the best of this, as they have some evidence to show in support of their assertions, and the probability really is that she is well enough contented with them, as they naturally take care she should be.

Knowsley, July 18th.—Tired of doing nothing in London, and of hearing about the Queen and the elections,

I resolved to vary the scene and run down here to see the Birmingham railroad,[1] Liverpool, and Liverpool races. So I started at five o'clock on Sunday evening, got to Birmingham at half-past five on Monday morning, and got upon the railroad at half-past seven. Nothing can be more comfortable than the vehicle in which I was put, a sort of chariot with two places, and there is nothing disagreeable about it but the occasional whiffs of stinking air which it is impossible to exclude altogether. The first sensation is a slight degree of nervousness and a feeling of being run away with, but a sense of security soon supervenes, and the velocity is delightful. Town after town, one park and *château* after another, are left behind with the rapid variety of a moving panorama, and the continual bustle and animation of the changes and stoppages make the journey very entertaining. The train was very long, and heads were continually popping out of the several carriages, attracted by well-known voices, and then came the greetings and exclamations of surprise, the "Where are you going?" and "How on earth came you here?" Considering the novelty of its establishment, there is very little embarrassment, and it certainly renders all other travelling irksome and tedious by comparison. It was peculiarly gay at this time, because there was so much going on. There were all sorts of people going to Liverpool races, barristers to the assizes, and candidates to their several elections. The day was so wet that I could not see the town of Liverpool.

This is a very large place, the house immense, with no good room in it but the dining-room. The country is generally flat, but there are fine trees and thriving plantations, so that it is altogether sufficiently enjoyable. It is a strange thing to see Stanley here; he is certainly the most

[1] A few railways had existed for some years—Creevey made his first railway journal in 1829—but before the railway boom of 1842-45 the progress of the new invention was slow, and railway travelling did not become general till the early fifties.

natural character I ever saw; he seems never to think of throwing a veil over any part of himself: it is this straightforward energy which makes him so considerable a person as he is. In London he is one of the great political leaders, and the second orator in the House of Commons, and here he is a lively rattling sportsman, apparently devoted to racing and rabbit-shooting, gay, boisterous, almost rustic in his manners, without refinement, and if one did not know what his powers are and what his position is, it would be next to impossible to believe that the Stanley of Knowsley could be the Stanley of the House of Commons.

July 25th.—I remained at Knowsley till Saturday morning, when I went to Liverpool, got into the train at half-past eleven, and at five minutes after four arrived at Birmingham with an exact punctuality which is rendered easy by the great reserved power of acceleration, the pace at which we travelled being moderate and not above one half the speed at which they do occasionally go; one engineer went at the rate of forty-five miles an hour, but the Company turned him off for doing so.

July 28th.—The borough elections in England, as far as they have gone, and they are nearly over, have disappointed the Government, who expected to gain in them. The contests have been numerous, often very close, and in some instances very costly. Norwich, won with the greatest difficulty by Lord Douro[1] and Scarlett,[2] is said to have cost 50,000*l.* The balance is slightly in favour of the Tories, but the best sign of the times is the defeat of the Radicals in various places. It is quite impossible to doubt that there is in the country a strong Conservative reaction, and it is the more valuable from not being more strongly pronounced. It is great enough to prove that our institutions are safe, but not great enough to bring the Tories back into power and to turn their heads, ready as

[1] The Duke of Wellington's heir.
[2] A former Attorney-General, afterwards Lord Abinger.

they always are to be puffed up with every returning gale of success.

July 28th.—Everything that could be said in praise of the Queen, of her manners, conduct, conversation, and character, having been exhausted, we now hear no more of her. It is an interesting speculation to conjecture how soon she will begin to think and to act for herself upon higher matters, as she has at once done on all minor points connected with her domestic arrangements. It is generally believed that she is perfectly independent of any influence in these things, and while in all political concerns she has put herself implicitly in Melbourne's hands, in all others she is her own mistress. She has been extremely kind and civil to the Queen Dowager, but she has taken no notice of the King's children, good, bad, or indifferent. Lord Munster asked for an audience to deliver up the keys of the Castle which he had, and was very graciously received by her, but she did not give him back the keys. Adolphus Fitzclarence has lost his Lordship of the Bedchamber, but then Peers only are retained, and he keeps the command of the Royal yacht. He has had no intimation whether his pension and his Rangership of Windsor Park are to be continued to him. [In the end, however, they retained everything, and the Queen behaved with equal liberality and kindness towards them all.]

July 29th.—The loss of Leeds, news which arrived last night, is a great blow to the Tories, and the only important Radical triumph that has occurred. George Byng[1] told me yesterday that all the applications from the country for candidates sent to the Reform Club desired that Whigs and not Radicals might be supplied to them, which affords an additional proof of the decline of Radical opinions. He owned that they are disappointed at the result of the borough contests, having lost many places when they had no idea there was any danger.

July 30th.—Madame de Lieven told me yesterday that

[1] A Lord of the Treasury and Government Whip.

she had an audience of the Queen, who was very civil and gracious, but timid and embarrassed, and talked of nothing but commonplaces. Her Majesty had probably been told that the Princess was an *intrigante*, and was afraid of committing herself. She had afterwards an interview with the Duchess of Kent, who (she told me) it was plain to see is overwhelmed with vexation and disappointment. The Duchess said to Madame de Lieven, " qu'il n'y avait plus d'avenir pour elle, qu'elle n'était plus rien "; that for eighteen years this child had been the sole object of her life, of all her thoughts and hopes, and now she was taken from her, and there was an end of all for which she had lived heretofore. Madame de Lieven said that she ought to be the happiest of human beings, to see the elevation of this child, her prodigious success, and the praise and admiration of which she was universally the object; that it was a triumph and a glory which ought to to sufficient for her—to which she only shook her head with a melancholy smile, and gave her to understand that all this would not do, and that the accomplishment of her wishes had only made her to the last degree unhappy. King William is revenged, he little anticipated how or by what instrumentality, and if his ghost is an ill-natured and vindictive shade, it may rejoice in the sight of this bitter disappointment of his enemy.

August 25th.—Nothing of any moment has occurred for some time past, and all the world has been occupied with the elections as long as they lasted. After much disputing between the two parties as to the actual result, it appears by an impartial examination of the returns that the Ministers will have a majority of 30, and possibly a little more. As the Government members always attend better than their opponents, the working majority will probably be usually greater than this. There cannot, however, be a doubt that questions of organic change are not at present in any degree of public favour. Charles Villiers, one of the Radicals with whom I sometimes converse, insists upon

it that the Ballot has made great progress, but he also declares that, if carried, it would prove a Conservative measure, and that better men would be chosen. He predicts, however, with greater appearance of reason, that the question of the Corn Laws will, before long, become of paramount interest and importance, and I am induced to think that the next great struggle that takes place will be for their repeal.

August 30th.—All that I hear of the young Queen leads to the conclusion that she will some day play a conspicuous part, and that she has a great deal of character. It is clear enough that she had long been silently preparing herself, and had been prepared by those about her (and very properly) for the situation to which she was destined. Melbourne thinks highly of her sense, discretion, and good feeling; but what seem to distinguish her above everything are caution and prudence, the former to a degree which is almost unnatural in one so young, and unpleasing, because it suppresses the youthful impulses which are so graceful and attractive.

On the morning of the King's death, the Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Conyngham arrived at Kensington at five o'clock, and immediately desired to see "the Queen." They were ushered into an apartment, and in a few minutes the door opened and she came in wrapped in a dressing-gown and with slippers on her naked feet. Conyngham in a few words told her their errand, and as soon as he uttered the words "Your Majesty," she instantly put out her hand to him, intimating that he was to kiss hands before he proceeded. He dropped on one knee, kissed her hand, and then went on to tell her of the late King's death. She presented her hand to the Archbishop, who likewise kissed it, and when he had done so, addressed to her a sort of pastoral charge, which she received graciously and then retired. She lost no time in giving notice to Conroy of her intentions with regard to him; she saw him, and desired him to name the reward he

expected for his service to her parents. He asked for the Red Riband, an Irish peerage, and a pension of 3,000*l.* a year. She replied that the two first rested with her Ministers, and she could not engage for them, but that the pension he should have. It is not easy to ascertain the exact cause of her antipathy to him, but it has grown with her growth, and results from divers causes. The person in the world she loves best is the Baroness Lehzen, and Lehzen and Conroy were enemies. She may have instilled into the Princess a dislike and bad opinion of Conroy, and the evidence of these sentiments, which probably escaped neither the Duchess nor him, may have influenced their conduct towards her, for strange as it is, there is good reason to believe that she thinks she has been ill-used by both of them for some years past.[1] Her manner to the Duchess is, however, irreproachable, and they appear to be on cordial and affectionate terms. Madame de Lehzen is the only person who is constantly with her. When any of the Ministers come to see her, the Baroness retires at one door as they enter at the other, and the audience over she returns to the Queen.

She is upon terms of the greatest cordiality with Lord Melbourne, and very naturally. Everything is new and delightful to her. She is surrounded with the most exciting and interesting enjoyments; her occupations, her pleasures, her business, her Court, all present an unceasing round of gratifications. With all her prudence and discretion she has great animal spirits, and enters into the magnificent novelties of her position with the zest and curiosity of a child.

No man is more formed to ingratiate himself with her than Melbourne. He treats her with unbounded consideration and respect, he consults her tastes and her wishes, and he puts her at her ease by his frank and natural manners, while he amuses her by the quaint, queer, epigrammatic

[1] In a letter to her uncle, King Leopold, published with her consent, she speaks of "my sad childhood."

turn of his mind, and his varied knowledge upon all subjects. It is not therefore surprising that she should be well content with her present Government, and that during the progress of the elections she should have testified great interest in the success of the Whig candidates. Her reliance upon Melbourne's advice extends at present to subjects quite beside his constitutional functions, for the other day somebody asked her permission to dedicate some novel to her, when she said she did not like to grant the permission without knowing the contents of the work, and she desired Melbourne to read the book and let her know if it was fit that she should accept the dedication. Melbourne read the first volume, but found it so dull that he would not read any more, and sent her word that she had better refuse, which she accordingly did. She seems to be liberal, but at the same time prudent with regard to money, for when the Queen Dowager proposed to her to take her band into her service, she declined to incur so great an expense without further consideration, but one of the first things she spoke to Melbourne about was the payment of her father's debts, which she is resolved to discharge.

October 23rd.—Since August 30th, nearly two months, I have written not a line, for I have had nothing to record of public or general interest, and have felt an invincible repugnance to write about myself or my own proceedings. Having nothing else to talk of, however, I shall write my own history of the last seven weeks, which is very interesting to me, inasmuch as it has been very profitable. Having asked George Bentinck to try my horse "Mango" before Doncaster, we went down together one night to Winchester racecourse and saw him tried. He won the trial and we resolved to back him. This we accomplished more successfully than we expected, and ten days after he won the St. Leger, and I won about 9,000*l.* upon it, the first *great* piece of good fortune that ever happened to me. Since Doncaster, I have continued (up to this time) to win

at Newmarket, so that my affairs are in a flourishing condition, but, notwithstanding these successes, I am dissatisfied and disquieted in my mind, and my life is spent in the alternations of excitement from the amusement and speculation of the turf and of remorse and shame at the pursuit itself. One day I resolve to extricate myself entirely from the whole concern, to sell all my horses, and pursue other occupations and objects of interest, and then these resolutions wax faint, and I again find myself buying fresh animals, entering into fresh speculations, and just as deeply engaged as ever. It is the force of habit, a still unconquered propensity to the sport, and a nervous apprehension that if I do give it up, I may find no subject of equal interest.

November 14th.—Yesterday morning I heard of the death of Lord Egremont, who died after a week's illness of his old complaint, an inflammation in the trachea, being within a month of eighty-six years old. He was a remarkable man, and his death will be more felt within the sphere of his influence (and that extended over the whole county of Sussex) than any individual's ever was. He was immensely rich, and his munificence was equal to his wealth. No man probably ever gave away so much money in promoting charitable institutions or useful undertakings, and in pensioning, assisting, and supporting his numerous relations and dependants. Lord Egremont was a distinguished patron of artists,[1] and it was rarely that Petworth was unvisited by some painter or sculptor, many of whom he kept in almost continual employment, and by whom his loss will be severely felt. He was extremely hospitable, and Petworth was open to all his friends, and to all their

[1] Turner for some years had his own studio in the house, and "Petworth Park" and "Chichester Canal" recall his time there. Amongst other artists who went to Petworth were Constable, Haydon and Flaxman. With the death of this Lord Egremont the title became extinct, and Petworth now belongs to Lord Leconfield, who is descended from one of his natural children.

friends if they chose to bring them, provided they did not interfere with his habits or require any personal attention at his hands: from any such obligation he considered that his age and infirmities released him. He received his guests with the utmost urbanity and courtesy, did the honours of his table, and in every other respect left them free to abide as long as they pleased, but to amuse themselves as they could. Petworth was consequently like a great inn. Everybody came when they thought fit, and departed without notice or leave-taking. He liked to have people there who he was certain would not put him out of his way, especially those who, entering into his eccentric habits, were ready for the snatches of talk which his perpetual locomotion alone admitted of, and from whom he could gather information about passing events; but it was necessary to conform to his peculiarities, and these were utterly incompatible with conversation or any prolonged discussion. He never remained for five minutes in the same place, and was continually oscillating between the library and his bedroom, or wandering about the enormous house in all directions; sometimes he broke off in the middle of a conversation on some subject which appeared to interest him, and disappeared, and an hour after, on a casual meeting, would resume it just where he had left off. But this habitual restlessness, which was so fatal to conversation, served perhaps to exhibit the vivacity of his mind and its shrewd and epigrammatic turn in a most remarkable manner: few persons visited Petworth without being struck with astonishment at the unimpaired vigour of his intellectual powers.

November 3rd.—At Court yesterday when the Queen received the Address of the Commons. She conducts herself with surprising dignity: the dignity which proceeds from self-possession and deliberation. The smallness of her stature is quite forgotten in the majesty and gracefulness of her demeanour.

The Session has opened merrily with an angry squabble

between Lord John Russell and the Radicals, at which the Tories greatly rejoice. Upon the Address, Wakley and others thought fit to introduce the topic of the Ballot and other reforms, upon which John Russell spoke out and declared he would never be a party to the Ballot, and would not reform the Reform Bill. They were indignant, and attacked him in no measured terms. The next night Charles Buller[1] returned to the charge with equal violence, when Lord John made (by the agreement of all parties) an incomparable speech vindicating his own consistency, explaining his motives for making the declaration which he did the first night, and repelling with great dignity the charges with which he was assailed.

December 8th.—The notion of a break-up of the Government has gradually faded away, and though the Radicals have not forgiven John Russell for his speech, they appear to have no intention of altering their conduct towards the Government, and some concessions have already been made partly for the purpose of mollifying them. Government have given up the Pension List, and it is believed that the Ballot is to be made an open question. This will be considered more than an equivalent for the discouraging effect of John Russell's speech.

Mr. Disraeli made his first exhibition[2] the other night, beginning with florid assurance, speedily degenerating into ludicrous absurdity, and being at last put down with inextinguishable shouts of laughter.

The new House of Commons does not promise to be a more business-like or more decorous assembly than its

[1] Member for Liskeard; was now just thirty-one, and regarded by all his contemporaries as a man of extraordinary brilliance. He went to Canada as chief secretary to Lord Durham next year, but died at the age of forty-two with the promise of his youth unfulfilled. There is a bust of him in Westminster Abbey.

[2] Referring to the debate described on November 3rd, he spoke of the "passion and recrimination of the noble Titvrus of the Treasury Bench and the learned Daphne of Liskeard," and added that "these *amantium iræ* had resulted in an *amoris redintegratio*." But at this point was laughed down.

immediate predecessor. The noise and confusion are so great that the proceedings can hardly be heard or understood, and it was from something growing out of this confusion and uproar that the Speaker thought it necessary to address the House last night and complain that he no longer enjoyed its confidence, and if he saw any future indication that such was the case he should resign the Chair. His declaration was taken very quietly, for nobody said a word.

December 14th.—There was a grand breeze in the House of Lords the night before last between Melbourne and Brougham. The latter is said to have been in a towering passion, and he vociferated and gesticulated with might and main. Jonathan Peel was in the Lobby, and being attracted by the noise, ran to the House, and found Brougham not only on his legs, but on tip-toes, in the middle of his indignant rejoinder. Melbourne's attack upon him seemed hardly called for, but I heard he had declared he would not much longer endure the continual twittings and punchings that Brougham every day dealt out to some one or other of the Ministers. Probably Melbourne thought it as well to put an end at once to the half hostile, half amicable state of their mutual relations, to their " noble friendship," and real enmity, and to bring matters to a crisis, otherwise he might have had some indulgence for his old friend and colleague, have made allowance for the workings of deep disappointment and mortification on his excitable temperament, and have treated him with forbearance out of reverence for his rare acquirements and capacity. But the fact is, that Brougham has ostentatiously proclaimed the dissolution of all his former ties, and has declared war against all his ancient connexions; he has abandoned his friends and his principles together, and has enrolled himself in a Radical fellowship which would have been the object of his scorn and detestation in his calmer moods and in more prosperous days.

December 24th.—News of the insurrection[1] in Canada arrived the day before yesterday, and produced a debate of some animation in the House of Commons, in which the Radicals principally figured, making speeches of such exceeding violence that it was only justifiable to pass them over, because those who uttered them are not worth notice. Gladstone spoke very well, and Lord John Russell closed the discussion with an excellent speech, just such as a Minister ought to make, manly, temperate and constitutional. He is a marvellous little man, always equal to the occasion, afraid of nobody, fixed in his principles, clear in his ideas, collected in his manner, and bold and straightforward in his disposition. He invariably speaks well when a good speech is required from him, and this is upon every important question, for he gets no assistance from any of his colleagues, except now and then from Howick.

The Queen went to the House yesterday without producing any sensation. There was the usual crowd to look at the finery of carriages, horses, Guards, etc., but not a hat raised nor a voice heard: the people of England seem inclined to hurrah no more.

December 30th.—Since the receipt of Colborne's despatches,[2] the alarm about Canada has subsided, and if Ministers had been aware that matters were no worse, probably Parliament would have had longer holidays. Nobody doubts that the insurrection will be easily put down, but the difficulty will be how to settle matters afterwards.

1838

Burghley, January 2nd.—Among other changes of habit, it has occurred to me why should not I begin the New Year by keeping a regular diary? What I do write are merely fragments of memoirs with passing events

[1] A rising of French settlers in Lower Canada was followed by an insurrection in the Northern Province; but in a few weeks both risings collapsed.

[2] Lieutenant-Governor of Lower Canada.

briefly alluded to, and the odds and ends collected from different sources recorded and commented on. It is not the first time I have had thoughts of keeping a more regular journal, in which not only my doings should be noted down and my goings, but which would also preserve some record of my thoughts and feelings, if ever indeed I really do think and feel. The reason I have never done anything of this sort is partly that I have been too idle, the result partly of modesty and partly of vanity. A journal to be good, true, and interesting, should be written without the slightest reference to publication, but without any fear of it; it should be the transcript of a mind which can bear transcribing. I do not in sincerity believe that my mind, or thoughts, or actions, are of sufficient importance or interest to make it worth while (for the sake of others) to take this trouble. I always contemplate the possibility that hereafter my journal will be read by the public, always greedy of such things, and I regard with alarm and dislike the notion of its containing a heap of twaddle and trash concerning matters appertaining to myself which nobody else will care three straws about. If therefore I discard these scruples and do what I meditate (and very likely after all I shall not, or only for a very short time), the next thing is, Why? It seems exceedingly ridiculous to say that one strong stimulus proceeds from reading Scott's Diary—which he began very late in life and in consequence of reading Byron's —not because I fancy I can write a diary as amusing as Scott's or Byron's, but because I am struck by the excessive pleasure which Scott appeared to derive from writing his journal, and I am (and this is the principal cause) struck with the important use to which the habit may be turned. The habit of recording is first of all likely to generate a desire to have something of some interest to record; it will lead to habits of reflection and to trains of thought, the pursuit of which may be pleasing and profitable; it will exercise the memory and sharpen the understanding generally; and though the thoughts may

not be very profound, nor the remarks very lively or ingenious, nor the narrative of exceeding interest, still the exercise is, I think, calculated to make the writer wiser, and perhaps better. If I do this I shall read over all I write long before anyone else will have an opportunity of doing so, and I am not likely to be over-indulgent if I find myself a bore.

Yesterday morning I left town, slept at Newmarket, saw the horses, rode out on the Warren Hill, and came here to dinner, where I find twenty-two people—the Duke of Wellington and Lord Aberdeen, the Salisburys, Wiltons, and a mob of fine people; very miserable representatives of old Lord Burleigh, the two insignificant-looking Marquesses, who are his lineal descendants, and who display no more of his brains than they do of his beard.[1] The Duke of Wellington is in great force, talked last night of Canada, and said he thought the Government ought to exhibit to the world their determination to put this revolt down, and that to do so they must seal the St. Lawrence so as to prevent the ingress of foreigners, who would flock to Canada for employment against us; that the Queen could not blockade her own ports, so that they must apply to Parliament for power to effect this, and they ought to bring in a Bill forthwith for the purpose. This morning he got a letter (from a man he did not know) enclosing the latest news, which he thought very good, and promising better and more decisive results. After breakfast they went shooting.

I walked out and joined the Duke, who talked to me for I dare say an hour and a half about his Spanish campaigns, and most interesting it was. He said of his generals, " that in the beginning they none of them knew anything of the matter, that he was obliged to go from division to division and look to everything himself down to the minutest details." I said, " What on earth would have happened if anything had befallen you? " He laughed and said, " I really do not know. There was

[1] But within fifty years the late Lord Salisbury recovered them both.

a great deal of correspondence about my successor at the time Sir Thomas Graham went home. I was against having any second in command, which was quite useless, as nobody could share the responsibility with me. However, afterwards Graham came back, and then there was Hope next to him."

I asked him why Bonaparte had not himself come to Spain to attack him; and if he had with a great force, whether he would have driven him out. He replied that he thought Napoleon had satisfied himself that it would be a work of great difficulty, and what was more, of great length, and he had no mind to embark in it; and that the French certainly would not have driven him out: he should have taken up some position, and have been enabled to baffle the Emperor himself just as he had done his marshals. He thinks that Napoleon's military system compelled him to employ his armies in war, when they invariably lived upon the resources of the countries they occupied, and that France could not have maintained them, as she must have done if he had made peace: peace, therefore, would have brought about (through the army itself) his downfall.

It is impossible to convey an idea of the zest, eagerness, frankness, and *abundance* with which he talked, and told of his campaigns, or how interesting it was to hear him. He expressed himself very warmly about Hill, of all his generals, and said, "When I gave him my memorandum about Canada the other day I said, Why it looks as if we were at our old trade again."

Belvoir Castle, January 4th.—Came here yesterday, all the party (almost) migrating, and many others coming from various parts to keep the Duke of Rutland's birthday. We are nearly forty at dinner, but it is no use enumerating the people.

To-day (the cook told me) nearly four hundred people will dine in the Castle. We all went into the servants' hall, where one hundred and forty-five retainers had just

done dinner and were drinking the Duke's health, singing and speechifying with vociferous applause, shouting, and clapping of hands. I should like to bring the surly Radical here who scowls and snarls at "the selfish aristocracy who have no sympathies with the people," and when he has seen these hundreds feasting in the Castle, and heard their loud shouts of joy and congratulation, and then visited the villages around, and listened to the bells chiming all about the vale, say whether "the greatest happiness of the greatest number" would be promoted by the destruction of all the feudality which belongs inseparably to this scene, and by the substitution of some abstract political rights for all the beef and ale and music and dancing with which they are made merry and glad even for so brief a space. The Duke of Rutland is as selfish a man as any of his class—that is, he never does what he does not like, and spends his whole life in a round of such pleasures as suit his taste, but he is neither a foolish nor a bad man, and partly from a sense of duty, partly from inclination, he devotes time and labour to the interest and welfare of the people who live and labour on his estate.

We had a great ball last night, opened by the Duke of Rutland and Duchess of Sutherland, who had to sail down at least a hundred couple of tenants, shopkeepers, valets, and abigails. The Duke of Newcastle gave the Duke's health at dinner instead of the Duke of Wellington, who generally discharges that office. He made a boggling business of it, but apologised in sufficiently handsome terms for being spokesman instead of the Duke of Wellington. The Duke of Rutland made a very respectable speech in reply, and it all went off swimmingly. To-day I went to see the hounds throw off; but though a hunter was offered to me would not ride him, because there is no use in risking the hurt or ridicule of a fall for one day. A man who goes out in this casual way and hurts himself looks as foolish as an

amateur soldier who gets wounded in a battle in which he is tempted by curiosity to mingle. So I rode with the mob, saw a great deal of galloping about and the hounds conveniently running over hills and vales all in sight, and then came home. They said a thousand people were out, many attracted by the expectation of the Duke of Wellington's appearing, but he was rheumatic and could not come out. He is incessantly employed in writing military statements and memoranda, having been consulted by the Government, or probably by Lord Hill on behalf of the Government, both on this Canadian question, and on the general government of the army, and he will take as much pains to give useful advice to Melbourne's Government as if he and Peel were in office. Brougham said of him, "That man's first object is to serve his country, with a sword if necessary, or with a pick-axe." He also said of the Duke's Despatches, "They will be remembered when I and others (mentioning some of the most eminent men) will be forgotten." Aberdeen told the Duke this, and he replied with the greatest simplicity, "It is very true: when I read them I was myself astonished, and I can't think how the devil I could have written them."

Melton, January 7th (*Lord Wilton's house*).—I came here to-day from Belvoir. Last night the Duke of Wellington narrated the battle of Toulouse and other Peninsular recollections. All the room collected round him, listening with eager curiosity, but I was playing at whist and lost it all. Fitzgerald said to me that he had a great mind to write upon Ireland, and make a statement of the conduct of England towards Ireland for ages past; that he had mentioned his idea to Peel, who had replied, "Well, and if you do, I am not the man to object to your doing so." This he meant as a trait of his fairness and candour; but the fact is that it is Peel's interest that all Irish questions should be settled, and he would rejoice at anything which tended to accelerate a settlement, and

I am no great believer in his fairness. I was struck with a great admiration for Peel during his hundred days' struggle, when he made a gallant fight; but this has very much cooled since that time.

Fitzgerald said one thing in conversation with me of which I painfully felt the truth, that an addiction to worthless or useless pursuits did an irretrievable injury to the mental faculties.

I feel myself a miserable example of this species of injury, both as relates to the defects and omissions of my early education and the evil of my subsequent habits. From never having studied hard at any time, no solid foundation of knowledge has ever been laid, my subsequent reading has been desultory and very nearly useless. I have attacked various subjects as I have been prompted thereto by curiosity, or vanity, or shame, but I have never mastered any of them, and the information I have obtained has been like a house built without a foundation, which the first gust of wind would blow down and scatter abroad. Really to master a subject, we should begin at the beginning, storing the memory with consecutive facts, reasoning and reflecting upon them as we go along, till the whole subject is digested, comprehended, made manageable and producible at will; but then, for this process, the mind must be disciplined, and there must be a power of attention undiverted, and of continuous application; but if the eyes travel over the pages of a book, while the mind is far away upon Newmarket Heath, and nothing but broken fragments of attention are bestowed upon the subject before you, whatever it may be, the result can only be useless imperfect information, crude and superficial ideas, constant shame, and frequent disappointment and mortification. Nothing on earth can make up for the valuable time which I have lost, or enable me to obtain that sort of knowledge, or give me those habits which are only to be acquired early in life, when the memory is fresh and vigorous, and the faculties are both lively and

pliant; but that is no reason why I should abandon the design of improvement in despair, for it is never too late to mend, and a great deal may yet be done.

Beaudesert,[1] *January 12th.*—Came here on Wednesday; a magnificent place indeed, and very comfortable house. A good many people, nobody remarkable; very idle life. Read in the newspaper that Colburn the publisher gave Lady Charlotte Bury 1,000*l.* for the wretched catchpenny trash called " Memoirs of the Time of George IV," which might well set all the world what Scott calls " gurnelising," for nobody could by possibility compile or compose anything more vile or despicable. Since I came here, a world of fine thoughts came into my head which I intended to immortalise in these pages; but they have all evaporated like the baseless fabric of a vision.

Beaudesert, January 17th.—To Sandon on Monday, and returned here yesterday; go away to-morrow. It has been a dreadfully idle life all day long, *facendo niente,* incessant gossip and dawdle, poor, unprofitable talk, and no rational employment.

Badminton, January 23rd.—Lord Eldon died last week full of years and wealth. He had for some time past quitted the political stage, but his name was still venerated by the dregs of that party to whom consistent bigotry and intolerance are dear. Like his more brilliant brother, Lord Stowell, he was the artificer of his own fortune, and few men ever ran a course of more unchequered prosperity. As a politician, he appears to have been consistent throughout, and to have offered a determined and uniform opposition to every measure of a Liberal description. He knew of no principles but those (if they merit the name of principles) of the narrowest Toryism and of High Church, and as soon as more enlarged and enlightened views began to obtain ascendancy, he quitted (and for ever) public life. I suppose he was a very great lawyer, but he was certainly a contemptible statesman. He was a very cheerful, good-

[1] Lord Anglesey's house near Burton-on-Trent.

natured old man, loving to talk, and telling anecdotes with considerable humour and point. He lived long enough to see the overthrow of the system of which he had been one of the most strenuous supporters, the triumph of all the principles which he dreaded and abhorred, and the elevation of all the men to whom, through life, he had been most adverse, both personally and politically.

February 5th.—I saw a letter yesterday with a very bad account of the state of Canada. It was to Lord Lichfield from his Postmaster there, a sensible man, and he describes the beaten Canadians as returning to their homes full of sullen discontent, and says we must by no means look upon the flame as extinguished; however, for the time it has been smothered. On the other hand, there are the English victorious and exasperated, with arms in their hands, and in that dangerous state of mind which is the result of conscious superiority, moral and intellectual, military and political, but of (equally conscious) physical—that is, numerical—inferiority. It is the very state which makes men insolent and timid, tyrannical and cruel; it is just what the Irish Orangemen have been, and it is very desirable that nothing like them should exist elsewhere. All this proves that Durham[1] will have no easy task. It is a curious exhibition of the caprice of men's opinions when we see the general applause with which Durham's appointment is hailed, and the admiration with which he is all at once regarded. Nobody denies that he is a man of ability, but he has not greatly distinguished himself, perhaps from having had no fair opportunity to do so. He has long been looked upon as a man of extreme and dangerous opinions by the Conservatives, and he never could agree with the Whigs when he was their colleague; to them generally he was an object of personal aversion. Now everybody says he is the finest fellow imaginable, and that he alone can pacify Canada. Nor do I mean

[1] Lord Durham was sent out as Governor-General with special instructions and powers.

to say he is unequal to the task he has undertaken, but the opinion of the world seems oddly produced, and to stand upon no very solid foundation. If he had continued plain John Lambton I doubt if he ever would have been thought of for Canada, or that the choice (if he had been sent there) would have been so approved. Why on earth is it that an Earldom makes *any* difference?

February 18th.—On Thursday night came on the Ballot, and its advocates divided, as they said they should, 200. Lord John Russell, though ill, came down and spoke against it. Peel made a good speech, and complimented John on his conduct. All the Cabinet Ministers voted against it except Poulett Thomson, who stayed away. The result is the creation of a strong impression that the Ballot will eventually be carried;[1] Brougham says in five years.

February 20th.—We have had Brougham every day at the Council Office, more busy writing a review of Lady Charlotte Bury's book than with the matter before the Judicial Committee. He writes this with inconceivable rapidity, seldom corrects, and never reads over what he has written, but packs it up and despatches it rough from his pen to Macvey Napier. He is in exuberant spirits and full of talk, and certainly marvellously agreeable. His talk (for conversation is not the word for it) is totally unlike that of anybody else I ever heard. It comes forth without the slightest effort, provided he is in spirits and disposed to talk at all. It is the spontaneous outpouring of one of the most fertile and restless of minds, easy, familiar, abundant, and discursive. The qualities and peculiarities of mind which mar his oratorical, give zest and effect to his conversational, powers; for the perpetual bubbling up of fresh ideas, by incapacitating him from condensing his speeches, often makes them tediously digressive and long; but in society he treads the ground with so elastic a step, he touches everything so lightly

[1] It was carried in *thirty-four* years from this time.

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and so adorns all that he touches, his turns and his breaks are so various, unexpected, and pungent, that he not only interests and amuses, but always exhilarates his audience so as to render weariness and satiety impossible. He is now coquetting a little with the Tories, and especially professes great deference and profound respect for the Duke of Wellington; his sole object in politics, for the moment, is to badger, twit, and torment the Ministry, and in this he cannot contain himself within the bounds of common civility, as he exemplified the other night when he talked of " Lord John this and Mr. Spring that " (on Thursday night), which, however contemptuous, was too undignified to be effective. He calls this " the Thomson Government " from its *least* considerable member.

March 8th.—On Tuesday night Brougham made another great Slavery speech in the House of Lords, as usual, very long, eloquent, powerful; but his case overstated, too highly wrought, and too artificial. He was followed by several of the Tory Lords; but the Duke of Wellington refused to support him, provided Melbourne would agree to adopt certain rules which he proposed as a security against future abuses, in which case he said he would move the previous question. Melbourne agreed, and the Duke moved it. Brougham was exceedingly disconcerted, and threw out all sorts of baits to catch the Duke's vote and support, but did not succeed, and he said that the Duke had again stepped in to save the Government. He will certainly gain a great deal of reputation and popularity by his agitation of the Anti-slavery question, for it is a favourite topic in the country. Wharncliffe told me he walked away with him from the House after the debate on Tuesday, and some young men who had been below the bar saluted him as he went by with " Bravo, Brougham! "

March 11th.—I dined yesterday at the Palace, much to my surprise, for I had no expectation of an invitation. There was a very numerous party:—the Hanoverian Minister Baron Münchhausen, Lord and Lady Grey, the

Chancellor, the Roseberys, Ossulston, Mahon, etc. We assembled in the round room next the gallery, and just before the dinner was ready the Queen entered with the Duchess of Kent, preceded by the Chamberlain, and followed by her six ladies. She shook hands with the women, and made a sweeping bow to the men, and directly went in to dinner, conducted by Münchhausen, who sat next to her, and Lord Conyngham on the other side. The dinner was like any other great dinner. After the eating was over, the Queen's health was given by Cavendish, who sat at one end of the table, and everybody got up to drink it: a vile, vulgar custom, and, however proper it may be to drink her health elsewhere, it is bad taste to have it given by her own officer at her own table, which, in fact, is the only private table it is ever drunk at. However, this has been customary in the last two reigns. George III never dined but with his family, never had guests, or a dinner *party*.

The Queen sat for some time at table, talking away very merrily to her neighbours, and the men remained about a quarter of an hour after the ladies. When we went into the drawing-room, and huddled about the door in the sort of half-shy, half-awkward way people do, the Queen advanced to meet us, and spoke to everybody in succession, and if everybody's " palaver " was as deeply interesting as mine, it would have been worth while to have had Gurney to take it down in short-hand. The words of kings and queens are precious, but it would be hardly fair to record a Royal after-dinner colloquy. . . . After a few insignificant questions and answers—gracious smile and inclination of head on part of Queen, profound bow on mine, she turned again to Lord Grey. Directly after I was (to my satisfaction) deposited at the whist table to make up the Duchess of Kent's party, and all the rest of the company were arranged about a large round table (the Queen on the sofa by it), where they passed about an hour and a half in what was probably the smallest possible talk,

interrupted and enlivened, however, by some songs which Lord Ossulston sang. We had plenty of instrumental music during and after dinner. To form an opinion or the slightest notion of her real character and capacity from such a formal affair as this, is manifestly impossible. Nobody expects from her any clever, amusing, or interesting talk, above all no stranger can expect it. She is very civil to everybody, and there is more of frankness, cordiality, and good-humour in her manner than of dignity. She looks and speaks cheerfully: there was nothing to criticise, nothing particularly to admire. The whole thing seemed to be dull, perhaps unavoidably so, but still so dull that it is a marvel how anybody can like such a life. This was an unusually large party, and therefore more than usually dull and formal; but it is much the same sort of thing every day.

March 23rd.—On Wednesday I attended a levee and Council. The Queen was magnificently dressed, and looked better than I ever saw her. Her complexion is clear and has the brightness of youth; the expression of her eyes is agreeable. Her manner is graceful and dignified and with perfect self-possession. I remarked how very civil she was to Brougham, for she spoke to him as much as to anybody. He was in high good-humour after it.

April 2nd.—My birthday. Another year has stolen over me, and finds me, I fear, little better or wiser than at the end of the last. How we wince at our reflections and still go on in the same courses! how we resolve and break our resolutions! It is a common error to wish we could recall the past and be young again, and swear what things we would do if another opportunity was offered us. All vanity, folly, and falsehood. We *should* do just the same as before, because we *do* actually do the same; we linger over and regret the past instead of setting manfully to work to improve the future; we waste present time in vague and useless regrets, and abandon ourselves to

inaction in despair instead of gathering up what yet remains of life, and finding a compensation, however inadequate, in resolute industry for our losses. I wonder if anybody has ever done this. Many after damaging their health have become prudent and careful in restoring their shattered constitutions; many more have been extravagant and careless, and ended by being parsimonious and prudent, and so the first have grown strong and the second rich; but has anybody thoroughly wasted his time, frittered away his understanding, weakened the powers of judgment and memory, and let his mind be bare and empty as the shelves of an unfurnished bookcase, and afterwards become diligent, thoughtful, reflective, a hater of idleness, and of, what is worse, indolence, and habitually addicted to worthy and useful pursuits? I do not think I can call to mind any instance of such a reformation.

I went to Newmarket on Saturday.

The Ministers got a pretty good majority, all things considered, on Friday. Gladstone made a first-rate speech in defence of the planters, which places him in the front rank in the House of Commons, so Fazakerly told me; he converted or determined many adverse or doubtful votes, as did Sir George Grey the day before.

April 12th.—Dined with Lord Anglesey yesterday, to meet Wolff, the missionary. I had figured to myself a tall, gaunt, severe, uncouth man; but I found a short, plump, cheerful person, with a considerable resemblance to the Bonaparte family, and with some to old Denon, with one of the most expressive countenances I ever saw, and so agreeable as to compensate for very plain features; eyes that become suddenly illuminated when he is warmed by his subject, and a voice of peculiar sweetness and power of intonation. He came prepared to hold forth, with his Bible in his pocket, and accordingly after dinner we gathered round him in a circle, and he held forth. It would be no easy matter to describe a discourse which

lasted a couple of hours, or indeed to say very precisely what it was about. It was a rambling, desultory reference to his travels and adventures, in fluent and sometimes eloquent language, and not without an occasional dash of humour and drollery. He illustrated the truth of the Scriptures by examples drawn from his personal observation and the habits, expressions, and belief of the present inhabitants of Palestine, and he spoke with evident sincerity and enthusiasm. He sang two or three hymns as specimens of the psalmody now in use at Jerusalem. The great fault of his discourse was its length and desultory character, leaving no strong and permanent impression on the mind. He subsequently gave us a second lecture upon the Millennium, avowing his belief that it is near at hand; he "hoped and believed that it would take place in 1847," and he proceeded to show that this was to be inferred from the prophecies of Daniel, and that the numbers in that book, rightly explained, bore this meaning. He told us that he had learnt fourteen languages, and had preached in nine.

May 7th.—For three weeks past entirely engrossed by Newmarket, with the same mixed feelings of disgust at the nature of the occupation, and satisfaction at the success attending it. I won 2,000*l.* by the two weeks, and if I meet with no reverse am rapidly acquiring the means of paying off my debts. Then I propose to live not for myself alone (as I earnestly hope), but that I may feel the desire of contributing to the enjoyments of others. I hope as I become rich (and if I get out of debt I shall be rich) I may not become grasping and avaricious, and acquire a taste for hoarding money merely for hoarding's sake. When I see how insensibly, and under what plausible pretexts, this passion steals upon others, I tremble lest I should become a victim to it myself.

I have read hardly anything all this time but two reviews in the *Edinburgh*—Brougham's most remarkable paper upon Lady Charlotte Bury's book, the composition

of which I saw with my own eyes; the other is Stephen's review of Wilberforce's Life. Nothing can be more admirable than the characters which Brougham has given of the celebrated people of that day—George III, George IV, Eldon, Perceval, and others; and when I think of the manner in which they were written, with what inconceivable rapidity, and in the midst of what occupation—for his attention was perpetually divided between what he was writing and what the counsel was saying—it is an astonishing exhibition of facility and fertility. Stephen's review is as good as possible in a very different style, and his description of the end of Wilberforce's life strikes me as singularly eloquent and pathetic.

May 11th.—Last night I was at the ball at the Palace —a poor affair in comparison with the Tuileries. Gallery ill-lit; rest of the rooms tolerable. The Queen's manner and bearing perfect. She danced, first with Prince George, then young Esterhazy, then Lord Fitzalan.[1] Before supper, and after dancing, she sat on a sofa somewhat elevated in the drawing-room, looking at the waltzing; she did not waltz herself. Her mother sat on one side of her, and the Princess Augusta on the other; then the Duchesses of Gloucester and Cambridge and the Princess of Cambridge; her household, with their wands, standing all round; her manners exceedingly graceful, and, blended with dignity and cordiality, a simplicity and good humour, when she talks to people, which are mighty captivating. When supper was announced she moved from her seat, all her officers going before her—she, first, alone, and the Royal Family following; her exceeding youth strikingly contrasted with their mature ages, but she did it well. I was struck last night for the first time with the great change in the Duke of Wellington's looks; others have noted it before. He is no longer so straight and upright, and old age is taking possession of his

[1] The grandson and heir of the Duke of Norfolk.

features in a way that is distressing to see. He has lived long enough for his own renown, but he cannot live long enough for the good of his country, let what will happen and when it may. It is a fine sight to regard the noble manner in which he is playing the last act of his glorious life.

May 23rd.—Talleyrand is dead. He died after a short illness some day last week. It would require a nice discrimination of character and intimate knowledge of the man to delineate his, a great deal more of both than I possess, therefore I shall not attempt it. During the period of his embassy in England I lived a good deal with him, his house being always open to me, and I dined there *en famille* whenever I pleased. Nothing could be more hospitable, nothing more urbane and kind than he was; and it was fine to see, after his stormy youth and middle age, after a life spent in the very tempest and whirlwind of political agitation, how tranquilly and honourably his declining years ebbed away. Still retaining his faculties unimpaired, and his memory stored with the recollections of his extraordinary and eventful career, and an inexhaustible mine of anecdotes, his delight was to narrate, which he used to do with an abundance, a vivacity, and a *finesse* peculiar to himself, and to the highest degree interesting and attractive. No name was once held in greater detestation in England than that of Talleyrand. He was looked upon universally as a sink of moral and political profligacy. Born at the end of Louis XV's reign, and bred up in the social pleasures and corruptions of that polite but vicious aristocracy, he was distinguished in his early youth for his successful gallantries, for the influence he obtained over women, and the dexterity with which he converted it to his advancement. A debauched abbé and bishop, one of the champions and then one of the victims of the Revolution, afterwards (having scrambled through the perilous period of Terrorism) discarding his clerical character, he became

the Minister of the Consulate and the Empire, and was looked upon all over Europe as a man of consummate ability, but totally destitute of principle in public or in private life. Disgraced by Napoleon, he reappeared after his fall, and was greatly concerned in the restoration of the Bourbons. For a short time only employed, but always treated by them with consideration and respect, the Revolution of July again brought Talleyrand prominently on the stage, and, to the surprise of all men, he accepted the embassy to London. The years he passed here were probably the most peaceful of his life, and they served to create for him a reputation altogether new, and such as to cancel all former recollections. The account which my brother has sent me of the circumstances which preceded his death, and of his reconciliation with the Church, are very curious. He had always desired to die at Valençay, in order to avoid the scandal which he apprehended there might be in Paris from the severity of the Archbishop, but it was contrived to get everything quietly and decently settled, and he died in peace with the Church, and with all the absolutions and benedictions that she could have bestowed upon the most faithful of her sons.

June 1st.—I dined yesterday at Lambeth, at the Archbishop's public dinner, the handsomest entertainment I ever saw. There were nearly a hundred people present, all full-dressed or in uniform. Nothing can be more dignified and splendid than the whole arrangement, and the dinner was well served and very good. The Archbishop is a very meek and quiet man, not dignified, but very civil and attentive. It is excessively well worth seeing.[1]

June 16th.—At Hillingdon, for Ascot races, from

[1] These archiepiscopal dinners were public: anyone could go who thought proper to put down his name, which, in fact, nobody did without some claim to be there. The practice ended with Archbishop Howley.

Tuesday to Friday. A great concourse of people on Thursday; the Queen tolerably received; some shouting, not a great deal, and few hats taken off. This mark of respect has quite gone out of use, and neither her station nor her sex procures it; we are not the nearer a revolution for this, but it is ugly. All the world went on to the Royal Stand, and her Majesty was very gracious and civil, speaking to everybody.

June 21st.—Soult arrived yesterday.[1] Croker meets him with an offensive article in the *Quarterly,* brought out on purpose, and emanating from his spiteful and malignant temper, just the reverse of the Duke, who has made Gurwood keep back the eleventh volume of the Despatches, in which the battle of Toulouse appears, because some of the details are calculated to be annoying to Soult—a piece of delicacy which is very becoming.

June 27th.—There never was anything seen like the state of this town; it is as if the population had been on a sudden quintupled; the uproar, the confusion, the crowd, the noise, are indescribable. Horsemen, footmen, carriages squeezed, jammed, intermingled, the pavement blocked up with timbers, hammering and knocking, and falling fragments stunning the ears and threatening the head; not a mob here and there, but the town all mob, thronging, bustling, gaping, and gazing at everything, at anything, or at nothing; the park one vast encampment, with banners floating on the tops of the tents, and still the roads are covered, the railroads loaded with arriving multitudes. From one end of the route of the Royal procession to the other, from the top of Piccadilly to Westminster Abbey, there is a vast line of scaffolding; the noise, the movement, the restlessness are incessant and universal; in short, it is very curious, but uncommonly tiresome, and the sooner it is over the better.

[1] To attend the Coronation as special Ambassador from France. As one of Napoleon's Marshals he had been in command of the French troops in Spain. The battle of Toulouse, in which he was defeated by Wellington in 1814, was the last action in the Peninsular War.

A great squabble is going on about the Wellington memorial,[1] in which I have so far been concerned that Lord Tavistock got me to write the requisition to the Duke of Rutland to call another meeting of the committee, to reconsider the question of the selection of the artist. It is a gross job of Sir Frederick Trench's, and has been so from the beginning, the Duke being a mere cat's paw of that impudent Irish pretender. The Duke of Wellington himself thinks it a great job, and would be very glad to see it defeated; but he said that " his lips were sealed, he could take no part, the Duke of Rutland had been so personally kind to him, but that it was the damnedest job from the beginning."

June 29th.—The Coronation (which, thank God, is over) went off very well. The day was fine, without heat or rain—the innumerable multitude which thronged the streets orderly and satisfied. The appearance of the Abbey was beautiful, particularly the benches of the Peeresses, who were blazing with diamonds. The entry of Soult was striking. He was saluted with a murmur of curiosity and applause as he passed through the nave, and nearly the same as he advanced along the choir. His appearance is that of a veteran warrior, and he walked alone, with his numerous suite following at a respectful distance, preceded by heralds and ushers, who received him with marked attention, more certainly than any of the other Ambassadors. The Queen looked very diminutive, and the effect of the procession itself was spoilt by being too crowded; there was not interval enough between the Queen and the Lords and others going before her.

[1] A proposal to erect an equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington. To this there was stormy opposition; equestrian statues were for kings and emperors; no such statue had ever before been erected to a subject; and " the whole thing," said Reeve, " appeared to most people who knew the facts to be a scandalous job and an enormous absurdity." After long delay, however, the money was collected and the statue made, and placed on the arch at Constitution Hill. From there it was removed after a few years to a lower pedestal at Hyde Park Corner, and finally in 1883 to Aldershot, where it still is.

The Bishop of London (Blomfield) preached a very good sermon. The different actors in the ceremonial were very imperfect in their parts, and had neglected to rehearse them. Lord John Thynne, who officiated for the Dean of Westminster, told me that nobody knew what was to be done except the Archbishop and himself (who had rehearsed), Lord Willoughby (who is experienced in these matters), and the Duke of Wellington, and consequently there was a continual difficulty and embarrassment, and the Queen never knew what she was to do next. They made her leave her chair and enter into St. Edward's Chapel before the prayers were concluded, much to the discomfiture of the Archbishop. She said to John Thynne, " Pray tell me what I am to do, for they don't know; " and at the end, when the orb was put into her hand, she said to him, " What am I to do with it? " " Your Majesty is to carry it, if you please, in your hand." " Am I? " she said; " it is very heavy." The ruby ring was made for her little finger instead of the fourth, on which the rubric prescribes that it should be put. When the Archbishop was to put it on, she extended the former, but he said it must be on the latter. She said it was too small, and she could not get it on. He said it was right to put it there, and, as he insisted, she yielded, but had first to take off her other rings, and then this was forced on, but it hurt her very much, and as soon as the ceremony was over she was obliged to bathe her finger in iced water in order to get it off. The noise and confusion were very great when the medals were thrown about by Lord Surrey, everybody scrambling with all their might and main to get them, and none more vigorously than the Maids of Honour. There was a great demonstration of applause when the Duke of Wellington did homage. Lord Rolle, who is between eighty and ninety, fell down as he was getting up the steps of the throne. Her first impulse was to rise, and when afterwards he came again to do homage she said, " May I not get up and meet him? " and then

rose from the throne and advanced down one or two of the steps to prevent his coming up, an act of graciousness and kindness which made a great sensation. It is, in fact, the remarkable union of *naïveté,* kindness, nature, good nature, with propriety and dignity, which makes her so admirable and so endearing to those about her, as she certainly is. She never ceases to be a Queen, but is always the most charming, cheerful, obliging, unaffected Queen in the world. It is said that a million have had a sight of the show in one way or another. These numbers are possibly exaggerated, but they really were prodigious. From Buckingham Palace to Westminster Abbey, by the way they took, which must be two or three miles in length, there was a dense mass of people; the seats and benches were all full, every window was occupied, the roofs of the houses were covered with spectators, for the most part well dressed, and, from the great space through which they were distributed, there was no extraordinary pressure, and consequently no room for violence or ill-humour. In the evening I met Prince Esterhazy, and asked him what the foreigners said. He replied that they admired it all very much: "Strogonoff and the others don't like you, but they feel it, and it makes a great impression on them; in fact, nothing can be seen like it in any other country." I went into the park, where the fair was going on; a vast multitude, but all of the lower orders; not very amusing. The great merit of this Coronation is, that so much has been done for the people: to amuse and interest *them* seems to have been the principal object.

July 14th.—It is really curious to see the manner in which Soult has been received here, not only with every sort of attention and respect by persons in the most respectable ranks in life, members of all the great trading and commercial bodies, but with enthusiasm by the common people; they flock about him, cheer him vociferously, and at the review in the park he was obliged

to abandon both his hands to be shaken by those around him. The old soldier is touched to the quick at this generous reception, and has given utterance to his gratitude and his sensibility on several occasions in very apt terms. It is creditable to John Bull, but I am at a loss to understand why he is so desperately fond of Soult; but Johnny is a gentleman who generally does things in excess, and seldom anything by halves. In the present instance it is a very good thing, and must be taken as a national compliment and as evidence of national goodwill towards France, which cannot fail to make a corresponding impression in that country. But the French will not meet us cordially and frankly and with an equally amicable spirit; they are not such good fellows as the English; they have more vanity and jealousy, and are not so hearty; still it will not be without effect.

August 8th.—James Stephen yesterday was talking to me about Macaulay. He came to him soon after his return from India, and told him that when there he used to get up at five every morning (as everybody else did), and till nine or ten he read Greek and Latin, and went through the whole range of classical literature of every sort and kind; that one day in the Government library he had met with the works of Chrysostom, fourteen Greek folios, and that he had taken home first one volume and then another, till he had read the whole through, that is, he had not read every word, because he had found that it contained a great deal of stuff not worth reading, but he had carefully looked at every page, and had actually read the greater part. His object now is to devote himself to literature, and his present project, to write a History of England for the last 150 years, in which Stephen says he would give scope to his fine imagination in the delineation of character, and bring his vast stores of knowledge to the composition of the narrative, and would, without doubt, produce a work of astonishing power and interest. Macaulay says if he had the power of recalling everything he has ever written

and published and of destroying it all, he would do so, for he thinks that his time has been thrown away upon *opuscula* unworthy of his talents. This is, however, a very preposterous squeamishness and piece of pride or humility, whichever it may be called, for no man need be ashamed of producing anything perfect in its kind, although the kind may not be the highest, and his reviews are perfect in their way. I asked Stephen by what mental process Macaulay had contrived to accumulate such boundless stores of information, and how it was all so sorted and arranged in his head that it was always producible at will. He said that he had first of all the power of abstraction, of giving his undivided attention to the book and the subject on which he was occupied; then, as other men read by syllables or by words, he had the faculty, acquired by use, of reading by whole sentences, of swallowing, as it were, whole paragraphs at once, and thus he infinitely abbreviated the mere mechanical part of study; that as an educated man would read any number of pages much more quickly than an uneducated man, so much more quickly would Macaulay read than any ordinary man.

Nature has certainly cast the mind of Macaulay in a different mould from that of common men. There is no more comparison between his brain and such a one as mine than between a hurdy-gurdy in the street and the great organ at Haarlem; but it is probably not true that *nature* has made all the difference or the greatest part of it. If the hurdy-gurdy was kept in constant tune and the great instrument was never played upon, and its barrels and tubes allowed to grow rusty, the former would at length discourse the more eloquent music of the two. No care or cultivation indeed could have made me what Macaulay is, but if he had wasted his time and frittered away his intellects as I have done mine, he would only have been an ordinary man; while if I had been carefully trained and subjected to moral discipline, I might have acted a creditable and useful part.

September 12th.—George Villiers, who came from Windsor on Monday, told me he had been exceedingly struck with Lord Melbourne's manner to the Queen, and hers to him: his, so parental and anxious, but always so respectful and deferential; hers, indicative of such entire confidence, such pleasure in his society. She is continually talking to him; let who will be there, he always sits next her at dinner, and evidently by arrangement, because he always takes in the lady-in-waiting, which necessarily places him next her, the etiquette being that the lady-in-waiting sits next but one to the Queen. It is not unnatural, and to him it is peculiarly interesting. I have no doubt he is passionately fond of her as he might be of his daughter if he had one, and the more because he is a man with a capacity for loving without having anything in the world to love. It is a great proof of the discretion and purity of his conduct and behaviour, that he is admired, respected, and liked by all the Court.

November 18th, Wolbeding.—Came here to-day and brought Lord Fitzroy Somerset[1] with me, who told me a great deal about the Duke and their old campaigns. He never saw a man so cool and indifferent to danger, at the same time without any personal rashness or bravado, never putting himself in unnecessary danger, never avoiding any that was necessary. He was close to the Duke, his left arm touching the Duke's right, when he was shot in the arm at Waterloo, and so was Lord Anglesey when he received his wound in the leg. When Lord Anglesey was shot he turned to the Duke and said, "By G—— I have lost my leg." The Duke replied, "Have you? by G——" The only time the Duke ever was hit was at Orthez, by a spent ball, which struck him on the side and knocked him down. He and Alava were standing together, having both dismounted, and they were laughing at a Portuguese soldier who had just passed by saying he was "offendido"

[1] Afterwards Lord Raglan. He lost his arm at Waterloo, and commanded the British army in the Crimea, where he died in 1855.

. . . when the Duke was struck down, but he immediately rose and laughed all the more at being "offendido" himself. During the battles of the Pyrenees Cole proposed to the Duke and his staff to go and eat a very good dinner he had ordered for himself at his house in the village he occupied, as he could not leave his division. They went and dined, and then the Duke went into the next room and threw himself upon a bed without a mattress, on the boards of which he presently went to sleep with his despatch-box for a pillow. Fitzroy and the aides-de-camp slept in chairs or on the floor scattered about. Presently arrived, in great haste and alarm, two officers of artillery, Captain Cairne and another, who begged to see the Duke, the former saying that he had just brought up some guns from the rear, and that he had suddenly found himself close to the enemy and did not know what to do. They went and woke the Duke, who desired him to be brought in. The officer entered and told his story, when the Duke said, very composedly, "Well, Sir, you are certainly in a very bad position, and you must get out of it in the best way you can," turned round, and was asleep again in a moment.

Lord Fitzroy gave me an account of the battle of Salamanca, exactly corresponding with that which the Duke himself gave me last year at Burghley, but with some additional details. They were going to dine in a farmyard, but the shot fell so thick there that the mules carrying the dinner were ordered to go to another place. There the Duke dined, walking about the whole time munching, with his field-glass in his hand, and constantly looking through it. On a sudden he exclaimed, "By G——, they are extending their line; order my horses." The horses were brought and he was off in an instant, followed only by his old German dragoon, who went with him everywhere. The aides-de-camp followed as quickly as they could. He galloped straight to Pakenham's division and desired him immediately to begin the attack. Paken-

ham said, "Give me your hand, and it shall be done." The Duke very gravely gave him his hand, Pakenham shook it warmly and then hastened off. The French were attacked directly after.

December 2nd.—Lord Durham arrived at Plymouth some days ago, but was not able to land (on Thursday last) owing to the violence of the storms. Great curiosity prevails to see what sort of a reception he gets from Ministers and the Queen, and what his relations are to be with Government.

December 10th.—Nothing can exhibit more strikingly the farcical nature of public meetings, and the hollowness, worthlessness, and accidental character of popularity, than the circumstances of Durham's arrival here. He has done nothing in Canada, he took himself off just as the fighting was going to begin, his whole conduct has been visited with universal disapprobation, and nevertheless his progress to London has been a sort of triumph; and he has been saluted with addresses and noisy receptions at all the great towns through which he passed.

The greatest enigma is how Durham has ever come to be considered of such importance, and what is the cause of the sort of reputation he has acquired; for whatever may be his intrinsic value, he certainly fills a considerable space, attracts a great share of public attention, and is a personage of some consequence in the political world. He is a clever man, can both write and speak well, but he has not been in the habit of *saying* much, and he has never *done* anything whatever.

December 15th.—Went on Wednesday to a Council at Windsor, and after the Council was invited to stay that night; rode with the Queen, and after riding Melbourne came to me and said her Majesty wished me to stay the next day also. This was very gracious and very considerate, because it was done for the express purpose of showing that she was not displeased at my not staying when asked on a former occasion, and as she can have no

object whatever in being civil to me, it was a proof of her good-nature and thoughtfulness about other people's little vanities, even those of the most insignificant. Accordingly I remained till Friday morning, when I went with the rest of her suite to see the hounds throw off, which she herself saw for the first time. The Court is certainly not gay, but it is perhaps impossible that any Court should be gay where there is no social equality; where some ceremony, and a continual air of deference and respect must be observed, there can be no ease, and without ease there can be no real pleasure. The Queen is natural, good-humoured, and cheerful, but still she is Queen, and by her must the social habits and the tone of conversation be regulated, and for this she is too young and inexperienced. She sits at a large round table, her guests around it, and Melbourne always in a chair beside her, where two mortal hours are consumed in such conversation as can be found, which appears to be, and really is, very up-hill work.

The life which the Queen leads is this: she gets up soon after eight o'clock, breakfasts in her own room, and is employed the whole morning in transacting business; she reads all the despatches, and has every matter of interest and importance in every department laid before her. At eleven or twelve Melbourne comes to her and stays an hour, more or less, according to the business he may have to transact. At two she rides with a large suite (and she likes to have it numerous); Melbourne always rides on her left hand, and the equerry in waiting generally on her right; she rides for two hours along the road, and the greater part of the time at a full gallop; after riding she amuses herself for the rest of the afternoon with music and singing, playing, romping with children, if there are any in the Castle (and she is so fond of them that she generally contrives to have some there), or in any other way she fancies. The hour of dinner is nominally half-past seven o'clock, soon after which time the guests

assemble, but she seldom appears till near eight. The lord in waiting comes into the drawing-room and instructs each gentleman which lady he is to take in to dinner. When the guests are all assembled the Queen comes in, preceded by the gentlemen of her household, and followed by the Duchess of Kent and all her ladies; she speaks to each lady, bows to the men, and goes immediately in to the dining-room. She generally takes the arm of the man of the highest rank, but on this occasion she went with Mr. Stephenson, the American Minister (though he has no rank), which was very wisely done. Melbourne invariably sits on her left, no matter who may be there; she remains at table the usual time, but does not suffer the men to sit long after her, and we were summoned to coffee in less than a quarter of an hour. In the drawing-room she never sits down till the men make their appearance. Coffee is served to them in the adjoining room, and then they go into the drawing-room, when she goes round and says a few words to each, of the most trivial nature, all however very civil and cordial in manner and expression. When this little ceremony is over the Duchess of Kent's whist table is arranged, and then the round table is marshalled, Melbourne invariably sitting on the left hand of the Queen and remaining there without moving till the evening is at an end. At about half-past eleven she goes to bed, or whenever the Duchess has played her usual number of rubbers, and the band have performed all the pieces on their list for the night. This is the whole history of her day: she orders and regulates every detail herself, she knows where everybody is lodged in the Castle, settles about the riding or driving, and enters into every particular with minute attention. But while she personally gives her orders to her various attendants, and does everything that is civil to all the inmates of the Castle, she really has nothing to do with anybody but Melbourne, and with him she passes (if not in *tête-à-tête* yet in intimate communication) more hours than any two people, in any relation of

life, perhaps ever do pass together besides. He is at her side for at least six hours every day—an hour in the morning, two on horseback, one at dinner, and two in the evening. Interesting as his position is, and flattered, gratified, and touched as he must be by the confiding devotion with which she places herself in his hands, it is still marvellous that he should be able to overcome the force of habit so completely as to endure the life he leads. Month after month he remains at the Castle, submitting to this daily routine: of all men he appeared to be the last to be broken in to the trammels of a Court, and never was such a revolution seen in anybody's occupations and habits. Instead of indolently sprawling in all the attitudes of luxurious ease, he is always sitting bolt upright; his free and easy language interlarded with "damns" is carefully guarded and regulated with the strictest propriety, and he has exchanged the good talk of Holland House for the trivial, laboured, and wearisome inanities of the Royal circle.

December 24th.—Dined yesterday at the Hollands': Normanby, Melbourne, and Luttrell; pretty good talk. Melbourne, rather paradoxical, asserted that "men with quick feelings were always the worst men; that he could not work out the proposition metaphysically then, but that he should do." It was the assertion of Brougham's having quick feelings which elicited the saying, though certainly Brougham is not the worst of men: far from it, nor did he mean to say so. Melbourne was talking of Brougham's indignation and mortification at being deprived of his pre-eminence in the House of Lords, and of a letter he wrote in great bitterness of spirit, in which he said, "Do you mean to deprive me of my lead in the House of Lords? Why don't you say, as you did when you took the Great Seal from me, 'God damn you, I tell you I can't give you the Great Seal, and there's an end of it'?"

Lord Holland gave me an account of Fox's death, with

all the details of the operations (he was thrice tapped), and his behaviour; and till then I was not entirely aware that Fox was no believer in religion. Mrs. Fox was very anxious to have prayers read, to which he consented, but paid little attention to the ceremony, remaining quiescent merely, not liking, as Lord Holland said, to refuse any wish of hers, nor to pretend any sentiments he did not entertain.

1839

January 1st.—Another year gone, taking along with it some particles of health, strength, and spirits, but it is to be hoped making us something wiser and better, and giving an increased power of passive resistance to bear up against the accumulating ills or sorrows of life. But I will not—here at least—plunge into a moralising strain. As to public matters the year opens in no small gloom and uncertainty. On the surface all is bright and smooth enough; the country is powerful, peaceful and prosperous, and all the elements of wealth and power are increasing; but the mind of the mass is disturbed and discontented, and there is a continual fermentation going on, and separate and unconnected causes of agitation and disquiet are in incessant operation, which create great alarm, but which there seems to exist no power of checking or subduing. The accounts of the Chartists (as they are called), at and about Manchester, represent them to be collected in vast bodies, associations of prodigious numbers, meeting in all the public-houses, collecting arms universally, and constantly practising by firing at a mark, openly threatening, if their demands are not complied with, to enforce them by violence. In the meantime there is no military force in the country at all adequate to meet these menacing demonstrations; the yeomanry have been

reduced, and the magistracy are worse than useless, without consideration, resolution, or judgment.

January 18th.—The murder of Lord Norbury[1] has made a great sensation because the man is so conspicuous; for there seems no reason for believing that he was murdered from any religious or political motive, but that it was only another of the many prædial enormities that are from time to time committed in Ireland. At present this event only serves to exasperate angry passions, to call forth loud blasts of the never silent trumpet against Romanism and the Irish population, and it does not lead men's minds *immediately* to a conviction of the necessity of calmly investigating, and if possible applying a remedy to a social condition so full of crime and misery, and so revolting to every feeling of humanity, as that of Ireland. But the death of this poor man will conduce to this end, for it is only through long processes of evil and after much suffering that good is accomplished.

January 24th.—As the time draws near for the meeting of Parliament the probability of ousting the Government grows fainter; we hear no more of disunion and Radical hostility, and things promise to continue pretty much as they have heretofore been. The question of absorbing interest is now the repeal or alteration of the Corn Laws, and the declaration of war against them on the part of the *Times* has produced a great effect, and is taken as conclusive evidence that they cannot be maintained, from the rare sagacity with which this journal watches the turn of public affairs.

February 6th.—Brougham and Lyndhurst came to a Patent case on Thursday, both in high spirits. After it was over Lyndhurst came into my room, when I said, "You look in high force." "Oh no," said he, "I am quite *passé*, entirely done up." Just then Brougham came in, when I said to him, pointing to Lyndhurst, "He

[1] The Earl of Norbury was shot near his house at Kilbeggan, in County Meath. The assassin was never discovered.

says he is quite *passé* and done up." "Just like me," he said; "I am quite *passé* too." "Then," I said, "there can be no use in two such poor worn-out creatures as you two going to the House of Lords." "Do you hear him?" cried out Brougham: "A capital suggestion of the Clerk of the Council: we won't go to the House of Lords at all; let us go together to *Hamble*."[1] And then he seized Lyndhurst's arm, and off they went together chuckling and laughing and brimful of mischief.

February 10th, Sunday.—Lord Durham's enormously long Report[2] appeared in the *Times* on Friday last, before being laid on the tables of the two Houses, whereat he rose in his place and expressed much surprise and displeasure, all of which was very ridiculous and superfluous, for he had two thousand copies of it printed, and distributed them to the right and left, to anybody who came to see him, to Foreign Ministers and others, so no wonder that the document found its way into the *Times*.

The Corn Law question, which appeared so formidable before Parliament met, has lost much of its terrors; and an error committed by one of its champions, Mr. Wood of Preston, greatly assisted to damage it. Peel turned against him certain admissions which he made of the prosperity of trade, with extraordinary dexterity and effect. The Anti-Corn-Lawites were so enraged and mortified that they punished their blundering advocate by dismissing him from his post of President of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce; and his constituents invited him to resign. This, and the strong demonstration in favour of the

[1] The country seat of Sir Arthur Paget, who was present with Brougham.—Author's note.

[2] A famous Report, that was the means of effecting a complete revolution in our Colonial policy. It was mainly written by Charles Buller, with the help of Gibbon Wakefield and other Colonial reformers, but Buller himself attributed the report to Lord Durham, and Lord Durham, who gave it the authority of his name and influence, is properly entitled to the credit of it. The fact is, as Mr. Trevelyan says, that both chief and secretaries were "far above the average of public men."

existing system the first night, the divided opinions and indifference of the Government, and the diversion made by the Chartists, have placed the Corn Laws in perfect security for this Session at least.

February 17th.—I dined at Lady Blessington's yesterday, to meet Durham and Brougham; but, after all, the latter did not come, and the excuse he made was, that it was better not; and as he was taking, or going to take (we shall see), a moderate course about Canada, it would impair his efficacy if the press were to trumpet forth, and comment on, his meeting with Durham. There was that sort of strange *omnium gatherum* party which is to be met with nowhere else, and which for that reason alone is curious. We had Prince Louis Napoleon[1] and his A.D.C. He is a short, thickish, vulgar-looking man, without the slightest resemblance of his Imperial uncle, or any intelligence in his countenance. Then we had the ex-Governor of Canada, Captain Marriott, the Count Alfred de Vigny (author of "Cinq Mars"), Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, and a proper sprinkling of ordinary persons to mix up with these celebrities. Lady Blessington's existence is a curiosity, and her house and society have at least the merit of being singular, though the latter is not so agreeable as from its composition it ought to be. There is no end to the men of consequence and distinction in the world who go there occasionally—Brougham, Lyndhurst, Abinger, Canterbury, Durham, and many others; all the *minor* poets, *literati*, and journalists, without exception, together with some of the highest pretensions. Moore is a sort of friend of hers; she *has been* very intimate with Byron, and *is* with Walter Savage Landor. Her house is furnished with a luxury and splendour not to be surpassed; her dinners are frequent and good; and D'Orsay does the honours with a frankness and cordiality which are very successful; but

[1] Afterwards Napoleon III, who was for many years an *habitué* of Gore House.

all this does not make society, in the real meaning of the term. There is a vast deal of coming and going, and eating and drinking, and a corresponding amount of noise, but little or no conversation, discussion, easy quiet interchange of ideas and opinions, no regular social foundation of men of intellectual or literary calibre ensuring a perennial flow of conversation, and which, if it existed, would derive strength and assistance from the light superstructure of occasional visitors, with the much or the little they might individually contribute. The reason of this is that the woman herself, who must give the tone to her own society, and influence its character, is ignorant, vulgar, and commonplace. Nothing can be more dull and uninteresting than her conversation, which is never enriched by a particle of knowledge, or enlivened by a ray of genius or imagination. The fact of her existence as an authoress is an enigma, poor as her pretensions are; for while it is very difficult to write good books, it is not easy to compose even bad ones, and volumes have come forth under her name for which hundreds of pounds have been paid, because (Heaven only can tell how) thousands are found who will read them.

March 2nd.—The whole town has been engrossed for some days with a scandalous story at Court, and although of course great exaggerations and falsehoods are grafted upon the real case, and it is not easy to ascertain what and how much is true, enough is known and indubitable, to show that it is a very discreditable transaction. It appears that Lady Flora Hastings, the Duchess of Kent's lady, has been accused of being with child. It was at first whispered about, and at last swelled into a report, and finally into a charge. With whom it originated is not clear; but the Queen appears to have been apprised of the rumour, and so far to have entered into it as to sanction an intimation to the lady that she must not appear at Court till she could clear herself of the imputation. Medical examination was either demanded

by her or submitted to, and the result was satisfactory to the virtue of the accused damsel. Then naturally exploded the just indignation of insulted honour. Her brother, Lord Hastings, came up to town, saw Melbourne, who is said to have endeavoured to smother the affair, and to have tried to persuade Lord Hastings to do so; but he was not at all so inclined, and if he had been, it was too late, as all the world had begun to talk of it, and he demanded and obtained an audience of the Queen. I abstain from noticing the various reports of what this or that person did or said, for the truth of which I could not vouch; but it is certain that the Court is plunged in shame and mortification at the exposure, that the palace is full of bickerings and heart-burnings, while the whole proceeding is looked upon by society at large as to the last degree disgusting and disgraceful. It is really an exemplification of the saying, that " les Rois et les Valets " are made of the refuse clay of creation, for though such things sometimes happen in the servants' hall, and housekeepers charge still-room and kitchen-maids with frailty, they are unprecedented and unheard of in good society, and among people in high or even in respectable stations. It is inconceivable how Melbourne can have permitted this disgraceful and mischievous scandal, which cannot fail to lower the character of the Court in the eyes of the world.

March 25th.—Laid up with the gout for these ten days, in which time the only occurrences of moment have been the great (and final) debate on the Corn Laws, and the hostile vote in the House of Lords,[1] followed by John Russell's declaration in the House of Commons, and appeal to that House from the vote of the Lords. The Corn debate was extremely long and dull, and the House more than usually clamorous and impotent. The only speech was Peel's, said to have been exceedingly able; the division was better for the Cornites, and worse for their antagonists,

[1] A motion by Lord Roden for a Committee to inquire into the state of Ireland, on which the Government were defeated by five votes.

than had been expected; the decision received with great indifference, and the question put on the shelf for some time.

The other affair is much more interesting, because more personal, and involving the existence of the Government. At the Cabinet there was a long discussion whether they should resign or not, and the Speaker, Ellice, and others of their friends, were strongly for their taking this opportunity of retiring with all their strength, and upon a question which would have rendered it next to impossible for their successors to go on if they took their places. The result, however, was the declaration of John Russell, and their determination to try their strength in the House of Commons. If the Radicals support them they will get their usual majority of from fifteen to twenty; but it does not appear that they will gain much by that, for the Lords will go on with their Committee and put Normanby on his trial without caring for the vote of the Commons.

The country is beset with difficulties on all sides, if not with danger; besides the ever rankling thorn of Ireland, there are the Chartists and the Anti-Corn Law agitators, to say nothing of minor reformers in England, and the whole of our Colonial Empire in a most unsettled, precarious, and difficult state, requiring the utmost wisdom and firmness in dealing with Colonial interests, and our relations with America demanding firmness, temper, and sagacity. But, while the country has thus urgent need of all the ability and experience which can be enlisted in her service, from the curious position of parties in the House of Commons, and the mode in which power is distributed, we have at once a Government miserably weak, unable to exercise a will of its own, bolstered up by the interested and uncertain support of men more inimical than friendly to them; while the most distinguished statesmen and the men who are admitted to be the fittest to govern, are effectually excluded from office. The great characteristic of the present time is indifference: nobody appears to care

for anything; nobody cares for the Queen, her popularity has sunk to zero, and loyalty is a dead letter; nobody cares for the Government, or for any man or set of men. Melbourne seems to hold office for no other purpose but that of dining at Buckingham House, and he is content to rub on from day to day, letting all things take their chance. Palmerston, the most enigmatical of Ministers, who is detested by the *Corps Diplomatique*, abhorred in his own office, unpopular in the House of Commons, liked by nobody, abused by everybody, still reigns in his little kingdom of the Foreign Office, and is impervious to any sense of shame from the obloquy that has been cast upon him, and apparently not troubling himself about the affairs of the Government generally, which he leaves to others to defend and uphold as they best may.

Newmarket, March 29th.—Poor De Ros expired last night soon after twelve, after a confinement of two or three months from the time he returned to England. His end was enviably tranquil, and he bore his protracted sufferings (more from oppression and annoyance than acute pain) with astonishing fortitude and composure. Whatever may have been the error of his life,[1] he closed the scene with a philosophical dignity not unworthy of a sage, and with a serenity and sweetness of disposition of which Christianity itself could afford no more shining or delightful example. In him I have lost (half lost before) the last and greatest of the friends of my youth, and I am left a more solitary and a sadder man.

London, April 6th.—I saw Tavistock at Newmarket, and had a long conversation with him, in which he gave me an account of the state of affairs. The Government is at its last gasp; the result of the debate next week may possibly prolong its existence, as a cordial does that of a dying man, but it cannot go on. They are disunited, dissatisfied, and disgusted in the Cabinet—Lord John himself

[1] About two years before this he had been discovered cheating at cards, and lost a libel action which he brought to vindicate his honour.

deeply so—considerably alarmed at the state of affairs, resolutely bent upon making no further concessions to Radicalism, and no sacrifices for mere party purposes. There is a violent faction in the Cabinet and in the Government, who are indignant with him for his *finality* speech[1] last year, to which they ascribe the ruin of their cause, and Duncannon at the time, or soon after, abused him openly and loudly for it. The principal object of the more radically inclined was to let Ballot be an open question, and to this Melbourne had been persuaded to consent, though no doubt quite contrary to his own wishes and opinions. But Melbourne has no strong convictions or opinions founded on political principles deeply engraven on his mind; he is easy, *insouciant*, persuadable, averse to disputes, and preferring to sacrifice his own convictions to the pertinacity and violence of others, rather than manfully and consistently defend and maintain them; still he looks up to John Russell and defers to him more than to any of his colleagues, both on account of his respect for his character and the station he holds as leader of the House of Commons; and when any struggle occurs, and he must side with one or the other party, he goes with Lord John, and accordingly Ballot was not made an open question.

April 21st.—At Newmarket all last week, and having heard from nobody, could judge of the debate only from reading the report. Lord John's speech was admirable, and so skilful, that it satisfied his friends, his foes, and did not dissatisfy the Radicals. Satisfactorily, however, as the whole thing appears to have terminated for the Government, they do not consider it to have given them any permanent strength, or the prospect of a longer tenure of office; for the Radicals, while one and all supported them on this Irish vote, were not sparing of menace and invective, and plainly indicated that, unless concessions

[1] In which he had stated that he regarded the Reform Bill as a final settlement, and would not take part in any further measures of reconstruction; after which he was called "Finality Jack."

were speedily made for them, the Government should lose their support; and consequently, there are many who are hoping and expecting, and many more who are desiring, that concessions should be made, and by these means that the Government concern should be again bolstered up. Some of the Cabinet, more of the subordinates and hangers-on, and many of what are called the old Whigs, are earnestly pressing this, and they are very angry and very sorrowful because John Russell is inflexible on this point. He has to sustain the assaults, not only of the violent of his party, and of Ellice and the out-of-door advisers, monitors and critics, but of his own family, even of his father, who, after announcing that he had given up politics and quitted the stage, has been dragged forward and induced to try his parental rhetoric upon the conservative immobility of his son. To the letter which the Duke wrote him, Lord John merely replied that "he would shortly see his opinions in print"; and to Ellice's warm remonstrances and entreaties he only dryly said, "I have made up my mind." His nephew, Lord Russell,[1] who, from some extraordinary crotchet, has thought fit to embrace republican opinions, and is an ultra-movement man, but restrained in the manifestation of his opinions from personal deference to his father and his uncle, with whom he lives on excellent terms—said the other day to Lord Tavistock, "Lord John has undertaken a great task; he is endeavouring to arrest the progress of the movement, and if he succeeds he will be a very great man. He may succeed, and if he does it will be a great achievement." This Lord Tavistock told Lord John, who replied that "he was convinced of the danger which threatened the country from the movement, and of the necessity of opposing its progress; that he considered this duty paramount to all other considerations."

April 22nd.—The moderate Radicals are now very anxious to come to some amicable understanding with the

[1] William Russell, afterwards eighth Duke of Bedford.

Government, and, if possible, to prop up the concern. They are very angry with their more violent compeers (Grote, Leader, etc.), and Fonblanque told me last night that they would take the slightest concessions, the least thing that would satisfy their constituencies, but that *something* they must have, and that something he appeared to think they should get. I asked him what was the *minimum* of concession that would do, and he said the rate-paying clauses, which would be merely working out the original principle, the demolition of the boroughs under 300 electors, and Ballot an open question. I told him that I was persuaded these things were impossible; that Lord John Russell never would consent to begin again the work of disfranchisement, nor to make Ballot an open question; that he *is alarmed,* and determined to stop. Clarendon[1] had told me much the same thing in the morning on the authority of his brother Charles, who is a very leading man, and much looked to among them, probably (besides that he really is very clever) on account of that aristocratic origin and connexion which he himself affects to despise, and to consider prejudicial to him. Of course this anxiety on the part of the moderate Radicals to come to terms will increase the eagerness of the violent Whigs to strike a bargain; but Lord John will continue, I believe, to forbid the banns.

May 2nd.—The Duke of Newcastle has been dismissed from the Lieutenancy of Nottinghamshire, as he ought to have been long ago. I met the Duke of Wellington at the Ancient Concert, and asked him the reason, which he told me in these words: "Oh, there never was such a fool as he is; the Government have done quite right, quite right, they could not do otherwise." There was a correspondence between him and the Chancellor about the appointment of some magistrates: he recommended two gentlemen of

[1] George Villiers had succeeded his uncle as Earl of Clarendon four months before, and returned to England from Madrid. In the following November he joined the Cabinet as Lord Privy Seal.

Derbyshire as magistrates of Nottinghamshire, and the Chancellor told him he meant to appoint likewise two others, one of whom was a Mr. Paget. The Duke replied that he objected to Mr. Paget—first, because he was a man of violent political opinions; and, secondly, because he was a Dissenter. The Chancellor told him that Mr. Paget was not a man of violent political opinions, and as to his being a Dissenter, he considered that no objection, and that he should therefore appoint him, together with the gentlemen recommended by the Duke. The Duke wrote a most violent answer, in which he said that his lordship had the power of making this appointment if he chose to do so, and if he did, he would have the satisfaction of knowing that he had done very wrong, and he informed him that for the future he should hold no confidential communication with him. The Chancellor (the Duke of Wellington said) behaved in the most gentlemanlike manner possible; nobody could behave better. He sent to the Duke of Newcastle to say that he must be aware, on reflection, that he ought not to have written such a letter, and he would therefore return it to him, that he might, if he pleased, put it in the fire, and let it be considered as not having been written at all. The Duke replied that he had no objection to withdraw the letter, *provided the Chancellor would cancel the appointment.* Upon this, Lord John Russell wrote him word that "her Majesty had no further occasion for his services as Lord-Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the county of Notts." Yesterday morning the Duke of Newcastle went to Apsley House, and said to the Duke of Wellington, "You have heard what has happened to me?" "Not I," said the Duke, "I have heard nothing"; and then the Duke of Newcastle gave him Lord John's letter to read. "Well," said he, "but there is a correspondence alluded to in this letter: where is it?" and then the Duke of Newcastle put into his hands the correspondence with the Chancellor. As soon as the Duke of Wellington had read it, he said,

"They could not do otherwise; no Government could be carried on if such a letter as this was submitted to." "What shall I do?" said the Duke of Newcastle. "Do?" said the Duke: "Do nothing."

May 5th.—Lord John Russell's letter to the electors of Stroud [1] came out late on Friday evening, and three editions were sold of it yesterday, and not a copy to be had. It is very sound and temperate, will be a bitter pill to the Radicals, and a source of vexation to his own people, but will be hailed with exceeding satisfaction by all moderate and really conservative men of whatever party. I saw Graham yesterday morning, who owned that it had fully answered all the expectations held out by me as to his intentions and opinions.

The Jamaica Bill is about to produce a fresh crisis much more difficult to get over than the last, and it puzzles me to make out why Peel has chosen this ground on which to fight a great and possibly a decisive battle.[2] The Government, it is true, have placed themselves by their measure in a false position, because on their own reasoning their Bill does not go far enough, and ought to have extended to the dissolution instead of merely to the suspension of the Assembly, and this was what the Colonial Office authorities recommended. Still, having adopted this course, and determined to deal with the Colony upon their own responsibility, I cannot understand why Peel did not let them alone. There was no popularity to be gained by taking this course; the country does not care a straw for the constitution of Jamaica, the anti-slavery feeling is all against the Assembly, and nobody will believe that the Tories are animated by any high constitutional scruples, or that they care about the question except as one on which they can fight a battle.

[1] A letter, published as a pamphlet, in which Lord John emphasised his Whig opinions, to the great disgust of the Radicals.

[2] It was proposed to suspend the Constitution of Jamaica for five years, because the Assembly had refused to adopt a certain Prisons Act; and the Government majority fell to five in a House of 583.

May 10th.—I left town on Monday, having in the morning seen Le Marchant, who knows better than anybody the numbers and details of divisions; and he told me that they should have a majority of twenty: little, therefore, was I prepared to hear on Tuesday morning that they had been left with only a majority of five. On Tuesday the Cabinet met, and resolved to resign. The Queen had not been prepared for this catastrophe and was completely upset by it. Her agitation and grief were very great. In her interview with Lord John Russell she was all the time dissolved in tears; and she dined in her own room, and never appeared on the Tuesday evening. Melbourne advised her to send for the Duke, and on Wednesday morning she sent for him. By this time she had regained her calmness and self-possession. She told him that she was very sorry for what had occurred, and for having to part with her Ministers, particularly Lord Melbourne, for whom she felt the warmest regard, and who had acted an almost parental part towards her. The Duke was excessively pleased with her behaviour and with her frankness. He told her that his age and his deafness incapacitated him from serving her as efficiently as he could desire, and that the leader of the House of Commons ought to be her Prime Minister, and he advised her to send for Peel. She said, "Will you desire him to come to me?" He told her that he would do anything; but, he thought, under the circumstances, it would be better that she should write to him herself. She said she would, but begged him to go and announce to Peel that he might expect her letter. This the Duke did, and when Peel received it, he went to the Palace (in full dress according to etiquette), and received her commands to form a Government. She received him (though she dislikes him) extremely well, and he was perfectly satisfied.

While, however, the Tories were waiting in perfect security for the tranquil arrangement of the new Government, a storm suddenly arose, which threatens to scatter

to the winds the new combinations, and the ultimate effects of which it is impossible for anybody to foresee. The Queen insisted upon keeping the ladies of her household, and Peel objected, but without shaking her determination. He begged her to see the Duke of Wellington, and she agreed to see the Duke and him together. When the Duke and Peel saw her, and endeavoured to persuade her to yield this point, they found her firm and immovable, and not only resolved not to give way, but prepared with answers to all they said, and arguments in support of her determination. They told her that she must consider her *Ladies* in the same light as *Lords*: she said, "No, I have Lords besides, and these I give up to you." And when they still pressed her, she said, "Now suppose the case had been reversed, that you had been in office when I had come to the Throne, Lord Melbourne would not have required this sacrifice of me." Finding that she would not give way, Peel informed her that under these circumstances he must consult his friends; and a meeting took place at his house yesterday afternoon.

In the meantime the old Ministers were apprised of the difficulty that had occurred, and Lord John Russell, who knew that there was a meeting at Peel's to consider what was to be done, entreated Melbourne, if the thing was broken off upon this difficulty, not to give any advice, but to call the Cabinet and have a general consultation. At nine in the evening he was summoned to a Cabinet at Melbourne's house, and from this he inferred that negotiations with Peel had closed. The Ministers were collected from all quarters: (Hobhouse from dinner at Wilton's, Morpeth from the opera), and Melbourne laid before them a letter from the Queen, written in a bitter spirit, and in a strain such as Elizabeth might have used. She said, "Do not fear that I was not calm and composed. They wanted to deprive me of my Ladies, and I suppose they would deprive me next of my dressers and my housemaids; they wished to treat me like a girl, but I will show them

that I am Queen of England! " The end was, that a letter was composed for her, in which she simply declined to place the Ladies of her household at Peel's discretion. This was sent yesterday morning; when Peel wrote an answer resigning his commission into her Majesty's hands; but recapitulating everything that had passed.

It was speedily known all over the town that the whole thing was at an end, and nothing could surpass the excitement and amazement that prevailed. The indignant Tories exclaimed against intrigue and preconcerted plans, and asserted that she refused to part with *any* of her Ladies, and that it was only a pretext to break off the Tory Government; while the Whigs cried out against harshness and dictatorial demands, and complained that it was intended to make a thorough clearance, to strip her of all her friends, and destroy her social comfort.

In the meantime Lord Melbourne and Lord John Russell went to the Queen, who told them her whole story. I met the latter coming from her; he said, " I have just been for an hour with the Queen; she told me her story, and ended by saying, ' I have stood by you, you must now stand by me.' " They thought her case a good one, and resolved to stand by her.

May 12th.—The Cabinet met yesterday, and resolved to take the Government again; they hope to interest the people in the Queen's quarrel, and having made it up with the Radicals they think they can stand. It is a high trial to our institutions when the wishes of a Princess of nineteen can overturn a great Ministerial combination, and when the most momentous matters of Government and legislation are influenced by her pleasure about her Ladies of the Bedchamber. The Whigs resigned because they had no longer that Parliamentary support for their measures which they deemed necessary, and they consent to hold the Government without the removal of any of the difficulties which compelled them to resign, for the purpose of enabling the Queen to exercise her pleasure without any

control or interference in the choice of the Ladies of her household. This is making the private gratification of the Queen paramount to the highest public considerations: somewhat strange Whig doctrine and practice!

May 13th.—Lord Tavistock went on Saturday to Buckingham Palace; found Melbourne was not there, and followed him to his house, where the Cabinet was sitting. He wrote him a letter, in which he said that he had seen the Duke, and that his impression was that there had been a misunderstanding between Peel and the Queen; and suggested to Melbourne that he should see the Duke, who was very willing, if he pleased, to talk the matter over with him. This letter was taken in to the Cabinet, and they discussed its contents. Melbourne was not indisposed to see the Duke; but, after a careful consideration of Peel's letter, they came to the conclusion that there was no difference between the Queen's statement to them and Peel's to her, and, therefore, no misconception to correct. The Chancellor accordingly gave his opinion, that there was no ground for an interview between Melbourne and the Duke; so then ended the last hope of a readjustment.

In the meantime Brougham wrote a violent letter to Lord Tavistock, imploring him, while it was still time, to arrest the perilous course on which his friends had entered, and full of professions of regard for him and his. Tavistock went to him in the evening, found him in a state of furious excitement, abusing the Ministry greatly, and many of them by name in the grossest terms, and pouring forth a torrent of invective against men and things.

June 1st.—Laid up with the gout and confined to my room for ten days, very ill and utterly disinclined to write. The Radicals have been again bestirring themselves, and trying to turn the present occasion to account and extract some concessions from the Government. Warburton has been in communication with Lord John Russell, and they expect some declarations from him and Melbourne of their future intentions, and some indications of a disposition

to give way on some of the favourite Radical measures. Melbourne's intention was to be elicited by certain questions of which Lord Winchilsea gave notice, and which he actually put last night, as to the principles on which the Government was to be conducted. Melbourne replied in a very guarded and somewhat didactic style, but, so far from evincing any disposition to make Radical concessions, he intimated with sufficient clearness that he was resolved to make none whatever, and that he would not sacrifice his conscientious convictions for any political or party purpose.

After this, up got Brougham, and that boiling torrent of rage, disdain, and hatred, which had been dammed up upon a former occasion when he was so unaccountably muzzled, broke forth with resistless and overwhelming force. He spoke for three hours, and delivered such an oration as no other man in existence is capable of: devilish in spirit and design, but of superhuman eloquence and masterly in execution. He assailed the Ministers with a storm of invective and ridicule; and, while he enveloped his periods in a studied phraseology of pretended loyalty and devotion, he attacked the Queen herself with unsparing severity. The Duke of Wellington rose after Brougham: in a short speech, replete with moderation and dignity, he abstained from entering upon the past, but fastened upon Melbourne's declaration, and gave him to understand that as long as he adhered to such principles as he had then declared he would be governed by, he might appeal to Parliament confidently for support.

These three speeches have all in their different ways produced a great effect: Melbourne's will not satisfy the Radicals, though they catch (as dying men at straws) at a vague expression about "progressive reforms," and try (or pretend) to think that this promises something, though they know not what. Brougham's speech was received by the Tory Lords with enthusiastic applause, vociferous cheering throughout, and two or three rounds at the conclusion.

But the Duke's assurance of support to Melbourne exasperated his own people to the greatest degree, produced a sulky article in the *Times,* and the usual complaints at White's and the Carlton of the Duke's being in his dotage, and so forth.

Macaulay is gone to Edinburgh to be elected in the room of Abercromby, so he is again about to descend into the arena of politics. He made a very eloquent and, to my surprise, a very Radical speech, declaring himself for Ballot and short Parliaments. I was the more astonished at this, because I knew he had held very moderate language, and I remembered his telling me that he considered the Radical party to be reduced to " Grote and his wife," after which I did not expect to see him declare himself the advocate of Grote's favourite measure and the darling object of the Radicals.

June 7th.—Notwithstanding Lord John Russell's speech on Fleetwood's motion, and Melbourne's anti-movement declaration in the other House, the Government have to their eternal disgrace succumbed to the Radicals, and been squeezed into making Ballot an open question. For John Russell I am sorry. I thought he would have been stouter. The Radicals are full of exultation, and the Government underlings, who care not on what terms they can retain their places, are very joyful. I rode with Howick yesterday for a long time and talked it over with him. I asked him, if he was not conscious that it was only like buying off the Picts and Scots, and that fresh demands would speedily follow with redoubled confidence; and he owned he was. It may prolong for a brief period the sickly existence of the Government, and if a dissolution comes speedily, Whigs and Radicals may act in concert at the elections; but if they attempt to go on with the present Parliament fresh demands will rapidly ensue, and then there must be fresh concessions or another breach.

June 24th, Ludlow.—I left London on Friday last by railroad, went to Wolverhampton (the vilest-looking town

I ever saw), and posted in my carriage from thence to this place, where I only arrived at a quarter-past nine. This journey takes (losing no time) about eleven and a half hours—one hundred and fifty miles—of which thirty-four by road. The road from Bridgenorth to Ludlow is very striking and commands exceedingly fine views.[1]

July 7th.—I came to town yesterday from Basingstoke by railroad; found that Lady Flora Hastings was dead, and a great majority in the House of Lords in favour of an Address to the Crown against the proposed Committee of Council on Education,[2] the Bishop of London having made an extraordinary fine speech.

July 19th.—There have been angry debates in the Lords about the Birmingham riots, chiefly remarkable for the excitement, so unlike his usual manner, exhibited by the Duke of Wellington, who assailed the Government with a fierceness which betrayed him into much exaggeration and some injustice.

July 22nd.—I met the Duke yesterday at dinner and had much talk with him. He is very desponding about the state of the country and the condition in which the Government have placed it. He complains of its defenceless situation from their carrying on a war (Canada) with a peace establishment; consequently that the few troops we have are harassed to death with duty, and in case of a serious outbreak that there is no disposable force to quell it; that the Government are ruled by factions, political and religious. I was glad to meet him and see (for it is some time since I have talked to him) whether there was any perceptible change in his manner or any symptom indicative of decay. Without there being anything tangible or very remarkable, I received the impression that there was not exactly the same vigour of mind which I have been used to admire in him, and what he said did

[1] The beginning of a fortnight's tour, in the course of which he visited Malvern, Tintern Abbey, Bath, Salisbury, etc.

[2] See below, August 10th.

not appear to me indicative of the strong sense and acuteness which characterise him.

August 10th.—I went to Norwood yesterday to see Dr. Kay's[1] Poor Law School, supposed to be very well managed, and very successful. As I looked at the class to whom a lesson was then being read, all the urchins from eight to eleven or twelve years old, I thought I had never seen a congregation of more unpromising and ungainly heads, and accordingly they are the worst and lowest specimens of humanity; starved, ill-used children of poor and vicious parents, generally arriving at the school weak and squalid, with a tendency to every vice, and without having received any moral or intellectual cultivation whatever; but the system, under able and zealous teachers, acts with rapid and beneficial effect on these rude materials, and soon elicits manifestations of intelligence, and improves and develops the moral faculties. When one sees what is done by such small means, it is impossible not to reflect with shame and sorrow upon the little or rather the nothingness, that is accomplished when the material is of the best description, and the means are unlimited—upon the total absence of any system throughout places of education, either public or private, and consequently at the imperfect and defective education which is given to the highest and richest class of society, who are brought up thus stupidly at an enormous expense, acquiring little knowledge, and what they do acquire, so loosely and incompletely as to be of the smallest possible use.

August 15th.—This eventful Session and season has at length closed, Lyndhurst having wound up by a *résumé* of the acts of the Government, in one of those "exercitations," as Melbourne calls them, which are equally pungent for their severity, and admirable for their lucidity.

[1] Afterwards Sir James Kay Shuttleworth, Bart., father of Lord Shuttleworth. Dr. Kay was a zealous promoter of national education, and had recently been appointed to the Education Department of the Privy Council Office, then in its infancy.

Melbourne made a bitter reply, full of personalities, against Lyndhurst, but offering a meagre defence for himself and his colleagues. Those who watch the course of events, and who occasionally peep behind the curtain, have but a sorry spectacle to contemplate:—a Government miserably weak, dragging on a sickly existence, now endeavouring to curry a little favour with one party, now with another; so unused to stand, and so incapable of standing, on any great principles, that at last they have, or appear to have, none to stand on. Buffeted by their antagonists, and often by their supporters in Parliament, despised by the country at large, clinging to office merely to gratify the Queen, while they are just sufficiently supported in the House of Commons to keep their places, and not enough to carry their measures; for so meagre are their majorities, and so little do the public care for those majorities, or for the Ministers or their measures, that the Lords do not scruple to treat the Ministerial Bills with undisguised contempt.

September 4th.—The Dover dinner to the Duke of Wellington,[1] which took place the other day, did not present an agreeable spectacle. Brougham, who had thrust himself in among the party, was pitched upon, as having the best gift of the gab, to propose the Duke's health, which he did in a very tawdry speech, stuffed with claptraps and commonplaces. It was a piece of bad taste to select Brougham (who had nothing to do with Dover) for the performance of this office, which would have been more appropriately discharged by the local authority in the chair, although he might not have been able to make such a flourish as the practised orator favoured the company with. The Duke himself hates to be thus bepraised, and it is painful to see Brougham and him in any way connected, though for so ephemeral a purpose.

September 5th.—Among other bad signs of these times,

[1] A dinner given to the Duke of Wellington as Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports.

one is the decay of *loyalty* in the Tory party; the Tory principle is completely destroyed by party rage. No Opposition was ever more rabid than this is, no people ever treated or spoke of the Sovereign with such marked disrespect. They seem not to care one straw for the Crown, its dignity, or its authority, because the head on which it is placed does not nod with benignity to them. An example of this took place the other day, when at a dinner at Shrewsbury the company refused to drink the health of the new Lord-Lieutenant, the Duke of Sutherland (a man not personally obnoxious), because the Duchess of Sutherland is at the head of the Queen's female household.

September 14th.—Brougham has sent to the press a letter to the Duke of Bedford on Education, of which he thus speaks in a letter to Lord Tavistock: " . . . I have sent my letter to the Duke to the press at Edinburgh. I wrote it in eight and a half hours the day I came here; but if I am to judge, who should not, it is by far the best thing I ever did, and the only eloquent. My whole heart was in it, both from affection to your excellent father, and to the subject. I hope it will do good, for the time is going away under me, and I shall be called to my great account before I have done any good on earth. Therefore I must make a new attempt at having something to show." The production will be probably very good in its way and very eloquent, but the note is characteristic—a mixture of pride and humility, humbugging and self-deceitful. What cares he for the Duke of Bedford, whom he scarcely sees from one end of the year to the other, and why should he care? They have very little in common—neither the *idem velle* nor *idem nolle;* and a more uninteresting, weak-minded, selfish character does not exist than the Duke of Bedford.[1] It is a farce to talk of friendship with such

[1] This Duke of Bedford died six weeks later (October 20th). He was father of C. G.'s friend, Lord Tavistock, who succeeded him as seventh Duke.

a man, on whom, if he were not Duke of Bedford, Brougham would never waste a thought.

September 17th.—Finding the Duke of Wellington was in town yesterday, I called on him. He talked to me a great deal about Brougham and the Dover dinner, and told me a comical anecdote with reference to his giving the toast of the Duke's health at the dinner. The Committee invited him, and, as the chairman was a man who could not speak at all, they, thinking it a catch to get so great an orator to do the office, proposed to Brougham to give the toast of the night. He accepted, and then they found that Lord Guilford, a man of the first rank and consequence in the county, and therefore entitled to this distinction, was highly affronted at the preference of Brougham to him. They got embarrassed, and desired to take the toast from Brougham and give it to Lord Guilford, and when he got down there this was suggested to him; but he said "it could not be, for he had not only written his speech beforehand, but had already sent it to be published, so that no alteration was then possible." The consequence was, Lord Guilford would not come to the dinner, and he was only pacified afterwards by the Duke himself, who went to call upon him for the purpose of soothing down his ruffled plumage; this he succeeded in doing by telling him this story, and nothing the Duke said reconciled him so much to what had passed, as the fact of Brougham's having written his speech beforehand.

The more I see of the Duke, the more I am struck with the impression that he is declining; that he is not what he was a year or two ago. He is vigorous and hearty, cheerful, lively; his memory does not seem to be impaired; he talks with sense and energy. If anybody asserted that they saw symptoms of mental decay, it would be easy to deny the fact, and to support the denial by ready and numerous examples of his force and sagacity in discussion, or in the transaction of business; but nevertheless I am persuaded that a change has come over him, that it is

gradually spreading more and sinking deeper, and that we must begin to make up our minds to the deprivation of his noble spirit, full of honesty, wisdom, and patriotism as it is.[1]

September 23rd.—Lady Holland asked me the other night what I thought of their prospects, and I told her I thought them very bad. She said, "The fact is, we have nothing to rely upon but the Queen and Paddy." This has since struck me as being an epigrammatic but very correct description of their position.

November 8th.—Nothing has excited so much interest as the hoax of Brougham's pretended death,[2] which was generally believed for twenty-four hours, and the report elicited a host of criticism and panegyrics on his life and character, for the most part flattering, except that in the *Times,* which was very able but very severe, and not less severe than true. As soon as it was discovered that he was not dead, the liveliest indignation was testified at the joke that had been played off, and the utmost anxiety to discover its origin. General suspicion immediately fixed itself on Brougham himself, who, finding the bad impression produced, hastened to remove it by a vehement but indirect denial of having had any share in, or knowledge of the hoax. But so little reliance is placed upon his word, that everybody laughs at his denials, and hardly anybody has a shadow of a doubt that he was himself at the bottom of it. He has taken the trouble to write to all sorts of people, old friends and new, to exonerate himself from the charge; but never was trouble more

[1] He lived, however, for thirteen years more.

[2] A letter from Brougham purporting to be from Mr. Shafto was received by Mr. Alfred Montgomery, which contained the particulars of Lord Brougham's death by a carriage accident. Mr. Montgomery brought the letter to Lady Blessington at Gore House, where I happened to be, and I confess we were all taken in by the hoax. Montgomery went off in a post-chaise to break the news to Lord Wellesley at Fernhill; and meeting Lord Alfred Paget in Windsor Park he sent the news to the Castle. The trick was kept up for twenty-four hours, but the next day I received a note from Brougham himself, full of his usual spirits and vitality.—Note by Henry Reeve.

thrown away. D'Orsay says that he carefully compared the (supposed) letter of Shafto with one of Brougham's to him, and that they were evidently written by the same hand. The paper, with all its marks, was the same, together with various other minute resemblances, leaving no doubt of the fact.

Next to this episode, Jemmy Bradshaw's speech at Canterbury has attracted the greatest attention, and he has been for many days the hero of newspaper discussion. This speech, which was a tissue of folly and impertinence, but principally remarkable for a personal attack of the most violent and indecent kind upon the Queen, was received with shouts of applause at a Conservative dinner, and reported with many compliments, and some gentle reprehension by the Tory press. His example has since been followed in a less offensive style by two others calling themselves Tories—a Mr. Roby and a Mr. Escott. Of these rabid and disloyal effusions, the Government papers have not failed to make the most, by pointing out the disaffected and almost treasonable character of modern Toryism when embittered by exclusion from office; and there is no doubt that, contemptible as the authors are, their senseless and disgusting exhibitions are calculated to do great mischief; for, if no other evil ensued, it is one of no small consequence to sour the mind of the Queen still more against the whole Tory party, and fasten upon her an impression which it will be difficult to efface, that she is odious and her authority contemptible in their eyes, so long as she is unfavourable to them, and commits herself to other hands than theirs. Peel is to be pitied for having to lead such an unruly and unprincipled faction.

November 13th.—At Holland House for three days last week. Lord Holland told many stories of Lord Chatham, some of which I had heard before, and some not. His stories are always excellent, and excellently told, and those who have heard them before can very well bear to hear them again. I think I have somewhere inserted the

"Sugar" story, which Lord Harrowby told me many years ago, but without the vivacity and good acting of Lord Holland. Another of his sayings was in the House of Lords, when, on I forget what question, he was unsupported: "My Lords, I stand like our First Parents —alone, naked, but not ashamed." This was fine. Lord Holland said there was nothing like real oratory in Parliament before the American war.

He had received several letters from Brougham in a most strange, incoherent style, avowedly for the purpose of thanking Lady Holland for the interest he heard she had shown about him when his death was reported, and at the same time to explain that he had no hand in the report, which he did with the utmost solemnity of asseveration;[1] but he took this opportunity to descant on the conduct of the party towards him, of the press, of the people, and of the leading Whigs, talked of the flags of truce he had held out, and how they had been fired on, and that he must again arm himself for another fight. All this in a curious, disjointed style. As these letters were considered flags of truce, Lady Holland fired upon them an invitation to dinner, but he would not come. I met him on Sunday, and asked him why he did not come, but he would not give any answer whatever. On that occasion he talked for two hours without stopping, abusing one person after another, particularly Fonblanque,[2] and then telling the whole history of the Reform Bill and of the famous dissolution, and of all his own exploits on that occasion. It was amusing enough, but he talks too much, and his talk has the grand fault of not impressing his hearers with an idea of its truth; it is lively, energetic, vivacious, abundant, but it is artificial and unsatisfactory, because liable to suspicion and doubt.

[1] It was well known, eventually, that the hoax was entirely his own, and the letter dictated by himself.—Author's note.

[2] Albany Fonblanque, a well-known journalist and writer on politics, editor of the *Examiner*, etc.

November 23rd.—At Wolbeding for three days. Then news came of the Duke's illness, which, though it turned out to be exaggerated, will, I fear, prove to have given him a shake. The Council being summoned to declare the Queen's marriage to-day, I have come up to town for it, and am just returned from the declaration, which took place in the lower apartments of the palace. About eighty Privy Councillors present, all who were within call having attended. Peel, Lyndhurst, and the Duke. The Duke arrived last night for the purpose; he looked very old, very feeble, and decrepit. All the Privy Councillors seated themselves, when the folding-doors were thrown open, and the Queen came in, attired in a plain morning-gown, but wearing a bracelet containing Prince Albert's picture. She read the declaration in a clear, sonorous, sweet-toned voice, but her hands trembled so excessively that I wonder she was able to read the paper which she held. Lord Lansdowne made a little speech, asking her permission to have the declaration made public. She bowed assent, placed the paper in his hands, and then retired.

November 26th.—The Queen wrote to all her family and announced her marriage to them. When she saw the Duchess of Gloucester in town, and told her she was to make her declaration the next day, the Duchess asked her if it was not a nervous thing to do. She said, "Yes; but I did a much more nervous thing a little while ago." "What was that?" "I proposed to Prince Albert."

The Duke of Cambridge hunted Brougham round the room, saying, "Oh, by God, you wrote the letter; by God, you did it yourself." Brougham is in a state of prodigious excitement.

November 27th.—The Queen settled everything about her marriage herself, and without consulting Melbourne at all on the subject, not even communicating to him her intentions. The reports were already rife, while he was in ignorance; and at last he spoke to her, told her that he could not be ignorant of the reports, nor could she; that

he did not presume to enquire what her intentions were, but that it was his duty to tell her, that if she had any, it was necessary that her Ministers should be apprised of them. She said she had nothing to tell him, and about a fortnight afterwards she informed him that the whole thing was settled. A curious exhibition of her independence, and explains the apprehensions which Lady Cowper has recently expressed to me of the serious consequences which her determined character is likely to produce. If she has already shaken off her dependence on Melbourne, and begins to fly with her own wings, what will she not do when she is older, and has to deal with Ministers whom she does not care for, or whom she dislikes?

December 14th.—On Monday last I went to Windsor for a Council. There we had Sir Thomas Phillips, the Mayor of Newport, who came to be knighted.[1] They were going to knight him, and then dismiss him, but I persuaded Normanby that it would be a wise and popular thing to keep him there and load him with civilities—do good to the Queen, encourage others to do their duty—and send him back rejoicing to his province, to spread far and wide the fame of his gracious reception. He said, that etiquette would not permit one of his rank in life to be invited to the Royal table. I said, that this was all nonsense: if he was good enough to come and be knighted, he was good enough to dine there, and that it was a little outlay for a large return. He was convinced; spoke to Melbourne, who settled it, and Phillips stayed. Nothing could answer better, everybody approved of it, and the man behaved as if his whole life had been spent in Courts, perfectly at his ease without rudeness or forwardness, quiet, unobtrusive, but with complete self-possession, and a *nil admirari* manner which had some-

[1] On November 4th a Chartist riot occurred at Newport, Monmouthshire. The Mayor, Mr. T. Phillips, behaved with great courage, and with the help of the troops dispersed the mob. John Frost, the leader of this disturbance, had unluckily been made a magistrate by Lord John Russell.

thing distinguished in it. The Queen was very civil to him, and he was delighted.

December 31st.—We are arrived at the end of the year, and the next will begin with the Chartist trials. Parliament is about to meet. Parties are violent, Government weak, everybody wondering what will happen, nobody seeing their way clearly before them.

1840

January 17th.—Parliament met yesterday. The Queen was well enough received—much better than usual—as she went to the House. The Speech was harmless. Some had wished to have something about the Corn Laws in it, but this was overruled by the majority. They said nothing about Prince Albert's Protestantism, and very properly, for though they might as well have done so in the Speech to the Privy Council (merely not to give a handle to their opponents for cavilling and clamouring), it would have been an acknowledgment of error, and a knocking under to clamour, to do so now. The Duke, however, moved an amendment, and foisted in the word Protestant—a sop to the silly. I was grieved to see him descend to such miserable humbug, and was in hopes he was superior to it, and would have rather put down the nonsense than have lent his sanction to it.

Bradshaw[1] and Horsman went out yesterday morning. The former called out the latter on account of a speech at Cockermouth, in which, in allusion to the famous Canterbury *Victorippick*, he had said that Bradshaw had the tongue of a traitor and the heart of a coward. Though six weeks had elapsed between the speech and the challenge, Horsman did go out, and they exchanged shots;

[1] He had used very disloyal language in speaking of the Queen at a public dinner at Canterbury (see above, November 8th, 1839), and Mr. Horsman, a strong Whig, and Member for Cockermouth, had said what he thought of him—hence this strange duel.

after which Bradshaw made a sort of stingy apology for his insults to the Queen, and the other an apology for his offensive expressions. Gurwood[1] went out with Bradshaw, which he had better not have done. He said, "he had never read Bradshaw's speech, and was ignorant what he had said." As Gurwood is a man of honour and veracity, this must be true; but it is passing strange that he alone should not have read what everybody else has been talking about for the last two months, and that he should go out with a man as his second on account of words spoken, and not enquire what they were.

January 18th.—Everybody talks of this duel, and the Whigs abuse Gurwood, and accuse him of ingratitude, for having acted for Bradshaw in such a quarrel, when he has just been loaded with favours—a pension and a place; for, though the latter was given by the Duke of Wellington, it was with the concurrence of Government, who might either have reduced his salary or taken away his pension, and did neither. Gurwood has acquired a title to public gratitude by being instrumental to the publication of the Wellington Despatches; but he is a silly fellow; his conduct in this duel shows it.

January 22nd.—Dined at Lady Blessington's the day before yesterday: a queer *omnium gatherum* party—Prince Louis Napoleon, General Montholon, Lord Lyndhurst, Brougham, Sir Robert Wilson, Leader, and Roebuck. Droll to see Lyndhurst, the most execrated of the Tories, hand-and-glove, and cracking his jokes, with the two Radicals.

Yesterday morning the Duke of Bedford[2] came to me, to beg I would suggest some Lord for the situation of Chief of Prince Albert's establishment, for they can get none who is eligible. They want a Peer, a Whig, and a

[1] Colonel Gurwood, the Duke of Wellington's confidential friend, and editor of his Despatches, had just been appointed to the Governorship of the Tower.

[2] John, sixth Duke of Bedford, had died on the 20th October, 1839, and my friend Tavistock had become Duke of Bedford.—Author's note.

man of good sense, character and education, something rather better than common,[1] and such a one willing to put on Court trappings they find not easily to be had.

February 13th.—The wedding on Monday went off tolerably well. The week before was fine, and Albert drove about the town with a mob shouting at his heels. Tuesday, Wednesday, and to-day, all beautiful days; but Monday, as if by a malignant influence, was a dreadful day—torrents of rain, and violent gusts of wind. Nevertheless a countless multitude thronged the park, and was scattered over the town. I never beheld such a congregation as there was, in spite of the weather. The Queen proceeded in state from Buckingham House to St. James's without any cheering, but then it was raining enough to damp warmer loyalty than that of a London mob. The procession in the Palace was pretty enough by all accounts, and she went through the ceremony with much grace and propriety, not without emotion, though sufficiently subdued, and her manner to her family was very pretty and becoming. Upon leaving the Palace for Windsor she and her young husband were pretty well received; but they went off in a very poor and shabby style. Instead of the new chariot in which most married people are accustomed to dash along, they were in one of the old travelling coaches, the postilions in undress liveries, and with a small escort, three other coaches with post-horses following. The crowds on the road were so great that they did not reach the Castle till eight o'clock.

February 15th (Saturday).—The Duke of Wellington had a serious seizure on Thursday. He dines early, and he rode out after dinner. The first symptom of something wrong was, that he could not make out the numbers on the doors of the houses he wanted to call at. He went to Lady Burghersh, and when he came away, the footman

[1] Unfortunately they never found the man they wanted; and Stockmar, the Doctor from Coburg, who held the strangest views of the British Constitution, remained to the end of the Prince's life his only friend and adviser.

told his groom he was sure his Grace was not well, and advised him to be very attentive to him. Many people were struck with the odd way he sat on his horse. As he went home this got more apparent. When not far from Apsley House he dropped the reins out of his left hand, but took them up with the other, and when he got to his own door, he found he could not get off his horse. He felt his hand chilled. This has been the first symptom in each of his three attacks. He was helped off. Hume was sent for, came directly, and got him to bed. He had a succession of violent convulsions, was speechless, and his arm was affected. They thought he would have died in the night.[1] The doctors came, physicked but did not bleed him, and yesterday morning he was better. He has continued to mend ever since, but it was a desperate blow, and offers a sad prospect.

February 16th.—The Duke of Wellington, although his life was in such danger on Thursday night, that the chances were he would die, has thrown off his attack in a marvellous manner, and is now rapidly approaching to convalescence, all dangerous symptoms subsiding. The doctors, both Astley Cooper and Chambers, declare that they have never seen such an extraordinary power of rallying in anybody before in the whole course of their practice, and they expect that he will be quite as well again as he was before.

February 25th.—Yesterday I saw the Duke of Wellington, whom I had not seen for above six months, except for a moment at the Council just after his first illness. He looked better than I expected—very thin, and his clothes hanging about him, but strong on his legs, and his head erect. The great alteration I remarked was in his voice, which was hollow, though loud, and his utterance, which, though not indistinct, was very slow. He is certainly now

[1] He was now seventy, and it was generally supposed that such a seizure must be fatal either to his life or his reason; but as will be seen he soon recovered, and lived to be eighty-two.

only a ruin. He is gone to receive the Judges at Stratfield-saye, and he will go on again when he comes back to town, and hold on while he can. It is his desire to die with the harness on his back, and he cannot endure the notion of retirement and care of his life, which is only valuable to him while he can exert it in active pursuits. I doubt if he could live in retirement and inactivity—the life of a valetudinarian.

March 5th.—The Duke of Wellington returned to town; went up with the Oxford address, and dines at the Palace on Monday. So he is again in harness; but he is a broken man, and I fear we shall see him show himself in eclipse, which will be a sorry sight.

March 12th.—Her Majesty went last night to the Ancient Concert (which she particularly dislikes), so I got Melbourne to dine with me, and he stayed talking till twelve o'clock. He told us, among other things, that he had seen Dudley's Diary (now said to be destroyed), which contained very little that was interesting upon public matters, but the most ample and detailed disclosures about women in society, with their names at full length. Melbourne expressed his surprise that anybody should write a journal, and said that he had never written anything, except for a short time when he was very young, and that he had soon put in the fire all that he had written. He talked of Creevey's Journal, and of that which Dover is supposed to have left behind him; both of whom, at different times and in different ways, knew a good deal of what was going on. Melbourne said Creevey had been very shrewd, but exceedingly bitter and malignant; and I was rather surprised to hear him talk of Lord Dover as having been very bitter also, an underhand dealer and restless intriguer.

March 26th.—Ministers were defeated by sixteen on Stanley's motion about Irish Registration.[1] O'Connell

[1] A Bill providing for the annual revision of voting lists—nothing apparently could be less important—but it made trouble between the Government and their Irish supporters.

made a most blackguard speech, alluding with wretched ribaldry to the deathbed of Stanley's mother-in-law, from which he had come to urge his motion, out of deference to those whom he had brought up for it. One of the worst of those disgraceful and stupid brutalities, which will obliterate (if possible) the fame of the great things O'Connell has done in the course of his career. What will Government do upon this? It is impossible for anything to be more embarrassing. It is humiliating to go on, after another great defeat, and it is a bad question for them to dissolve upon. Weak in itself, and with all the moral deformity of its O'Connellism, it will produce no sympathy in this country, and not even a cry to stand upon at a general election.

March 29th.—They did not care about this division, but made very light of it. However, it adds an item to the account against them, and is (say what they will) a bad thing.

May 15th.—A month, and nothing written here, or written, read, or done, elsewhere. Went to Newmarket for the Craven meeting, then to Bretby for a week, then Newmarket again, and back to London on Friday.

Just after I got back to Newmarket, the intelligence arrived of the extraordinary murder of Lord William Russell, which has excited a prodigious interest, and frightened all London out of its wits. Visionary servants and air-drawn razors or carving-knives dance before everybody's imagination, and half the world go to sleep expecting to have their throats cut before morning. The circumstances of the case are certainly most extraordinary, and though every day produces some fresh cause for suspecting the man Courvoisier, both the fact and the motives are still enveloped in great mystery. People are always ready to jump to a conclusion, and having made up their minds, as most have, that he must have done the deed, they would willingly hang him up at once. I had

the curiosity to go the day before yesterday to Tothill Fields Prison to see the man, who had just been sent there. He is rather ill-looking, a baddish countenance, but his manner was calm though dejected, and he was civil and respectful, and not sulky.

May 26th.—Yesterday I met the Duke of Wellington. He was walking in the garden of the park adjoining his own, promenading two young ladies—Lord Salisbury's daughters—arm in arm. He left them and took me to walk with him to Lansdowne House. He began discoursing about the state of affairs, and lamenting that there was, and could be, no strong Government, and that there never would be till people were convinced by experience of the necessity of having one. He then said, "If other people would do as I do, support the Government when they can, and when the Government ought to be supported, it would be much better."

June 12th.—On Wednesday afternoon, as the Queen and Prince Albert were driving in a low carriage up Constitution Hill, about four or five in the afternoon, they were shot at by a lad of eighteen years old, who fired two pistols at them successively, neither shots taking effect. He was in the Green Park without the rails, and as he was only a few yards from the carriage, and, moreover, very cool and collected, it is marvellous he should have missed his aim. In a few moments the young man was seized, without any attempt on his part to escape or to deny the deed, and was carried off to prison. The Queen, who appeared perfectly cool, and not the least alarmed, instantly drove to the Duchess of Kent's, to anticipate any report that might reach her mother, and, having done so, she continued her drive and went to the Park. By this time the attempt upon her life had become generally known, and she was received with the utmost enthusiasm by the immense crowd that was congregated in carriages, on horseback, and on foot. All the equestrians formed themselves into an escort, and attended her back

to the Palace, cheering vehemently, while she acknowledged, with great appearance of feeling, these loyal manifestations.

August 13th.—Two months have elapsed since I have written anything in this book, owing to an unaccountable repugnance, which daily grew stronger, to take up my pen for that purpose. It is true that I had nothing of great interest to note down, but I could frequently have found something worth recollecting if I had not been too idle, too occupied with other things, or paralysed by the disgust I had taken to the task of journalising. It is now too late to record things as I was told them, or events as they occurred, and all is confusion in my recollections. If I were now to begin to describe the transactions of the late two months, I should be writing history, for which I am in no way qualified. However, as I must make up my mind to begin again, and write something, or give up the practice altogether, and as I don't choose (just yet, at least) to do the latter, I will scribble what occurs to me, and take a short survey[1] of the Parliamentary campaign that is just over. The danger, whether real or supposed, which the Queen ran from the attempt of the half-witted coxcomb who fired at her, elicited whatever there was of dormant loyalty in her lieges, and made her extremely popular. Nothing could be more enthusiastic than her reception at Ascot, where dense multitudes testified their attachment to her person, and their joy at her recent escape by more than usual demonstrations.

August 24th.—Passed the greatest part of last week at the Grove,[2] where Clarendon talked to me a great deal about the Eastern question, and Palmerston's policy in that quarter. Palmerston, it seems, has had for many years as his fixed idea the project of humbling the Pasha of

[1] Here follows a long and elaborate survey of the condition of parties, the influence of the Duke of Wellington, the state of foreign affairs, etc.; not uninteresting, but far too long to include here.

[2] Lord Clarendon's house in Hertfordshire, where C. G. became a frequent visitor.

Egypt.[1] In the Cabinet he has carried everything his own way; all his colleagues either really concurring with him, or being too ignorant and too indifferent to fight the battle against his strong determination, except Lord Holland and Clarendon, who did oppose with all their strength Palmerston's recent treaty; but quite ineffectually. Palmerston, in fact, appears to exercise an absolute despotism at the Foreign Office, and deals with all our vast and complicated questions of diplomacy according to his own views and opinions, without the slightest control, and scarcely any interference on the part of his colleagues. Whether the policy which he has adopted upon the Eastern question be the soundest and most judicious, events must determine; but I never was more amazed than at reading his letters, so dashing, bold, and confident in their tone. Considering the immensity of the stake for which he is playing, that he *may* be about to plunge all Europe into a war, and that if war does ensue it will be entirely his doing, it is utterly astonishing he should not be more seriously affected than he appears to be with the gravity of the circumstances, and should not look with more anxiety (if not apprehension) to the possible results; but he talks in the most off-hand way of the clamour that broke out at Paris, of his entire conviction that the French Cabinet have no thoughts of going to war, and that if they were to do so, their fleets would be instantly swept from the sea, and their armies everywhere defeated. Everything may possibly turn out according to his expectations. He is a man blessed with extraordinary good fortune, and his motto seems to be that of Danton, "De l'audace, encore de l'audace, et toujours de l'audace." But there is a flippancy in his tone, an undoubting self-sufficiency, and a levity in discussing interests of such tremendous magnitude,

[1] A Treaty had just been signed between England, Russia, Austria and Prussia, to compel the Pasha of Egypt to relinquish Syria, etc. France declined to concur in this policy, and the Treaty was signed without her, with the result that Europe was brought—as so often before and since—"to the brink of war."

which satisfies me that he is a very dangerous man to be entrusted with the uncontrolled management of our foreign relations. But our Cabinet is a complete republic, and Melbourne, their ostensible head, has no overruling authority, and is too indolent and too averse to energetic measures to think of having any, or to desire it. Any man of resolution and obstinacy does what he will with Melbourne.

September 13th.—All last week at Doncaster; nothing new, but a considerable rise in the funds, indicating a reviving confidence in peace. Have seen nobody since I came back.

September 22nd.—Came from Gorhambury yesterday. Got a letter from the Duke of Bedford, in which he says, "John has been here for the last week and has spoken very freely and openly to me on the state of our foreign relations. Matters are very serious, and may produce events both at home and abroad which neither you nor I can calculate upon. John is very uneasy and talks of going to town. You are aware that he came up from Scotland unexpectedly. Between ourselves, I think he is disposed to make a stand, and to act, if occasion requires it, a great part—whether for good or evil, God alone knows. Nobody, not even his colleagues, except Melbourne, knows what is passing." In a postscript he said that Lord John had urged Melbourne to summon a Cabinet, and, accordingly, one is summoned to meet next Monday. This is mysterious, but it can only mean one thing. Lord John, already alarmed by Lord Spencer's letter, and dreading the possibility of a war, is resolved to oppose Palmerston's headlong policy, and, if it be necessary, to risk a rupture in the Cabinet, and take upon himself the administration of foreign affairs. The Foreign Office was originally that which he wished to have, and when Melbourne returned to office, they proposed to Palmerston to take either the Home or Colonial, but he would not hear of anything but the Foreign Department.

September 26th.—On Wednesday I went to Woburn, and, as soon as I arrived, the Duke carried me off to his room and told me everything that had taken place, and the exact present posture of affairs. John Russell has for some time past been impressed with the necessity of bringing the Eastern question to a settlement, to avert all possibility of a war with France, and he has repeatedly urged Melbourne in the strongest terms to do something to prevent the danger into which the policy of the Treaty is hurrying us. Between the urgent remonstrances of Lord John and the indignant complaints of Palmerston, Melbourne has been at his wits' end. All these sources of solicitude, pressure from without, and doubt and hesitation within, have raised that perplexity in his mind which has robbed him (as he told Lord John) of appetite and sleep.[1]

September 28th.—Lord John and Palmerston had a long conversation, amicable enough in tone, but unsatisfactory in result. However, Lord John did not appear to be shaken in his determination, but rather inclined to an opinion that Palmerston would himself be disposed to give way. Any such expectation ought to have been dissipated by a letter which Lord John received meanwhile from Palmerston, in which he talked with his usual confidence and levity of "the certainty of success," the "hopeless condition of the Pasha," and the facility with which the Treaty would be carried into effect.

September 29th, Wednesday.—The Cabinet met on Monday evening and sat till seven o'clock. The account of the proceedings which has reached me is to the last degree amusing, but at the same time *pitoyable*. It must have been *à payer les places* to see. They met, and as if all were conscious of something unpleasant in prospect, and all shy, there was for some time a dead silence. At length Melbourne, trying to shuffle off the discussion, but

[1] But at the Cabinet, as will appear a few days afterwards, his sleep returned.

aware that he must say something, began: "We must consider about the time to which Parliament should be prorogued." Upon this Lord John took it up and said, "I presume we must consider whether Parliament should be called together or not, because, as matters are now going on, it seems to me that we may at any moment find ourselves at war, and it is high time to consider the very serious state of affairs. I should like," he added, turning to Melbourne, "to know what is your opinion upon the subject." Nothing, however, could be got from Melbourne, and there was another long pause, which was not broken till somebody asked Palmerston, "What are your last accounts?" On this Palmerston pulled out of his pocket a whole parcel of letters and reports from Ponsonby, Hodges, and others, and began reading them through, in the middle of which operation someone happened to look up, and perceived Melbourne fast asleep in his armchair. At length Palmerston got through his papers, when there was another pause; and at last Lord John, finding that Melbourne would not take the lead or say a word, went at once into the whole subject. He stated both sides of the case with great precision, and in an admirable, though very artful speech, a statement which, if elaborated into a Parliamentary speech and completed as it would be in the House of Commons, was calculated to produce the greatest effect. He delivered this, speaking for about a quarter of an hour, and then threw himself back in his chair, waiting for what anybody else would say. After some little talk, Palmerston delivered his sentiments the other way, made a violent philippic against France, talked of her weakness and want of preparation, of the union of all the Powers of Europe against her, said that Prussia had 200,000 men on the Rhine, and (as Lord Holland said) exhibited all the violence of '93. There then ensued a good deal of talk (in which, however, the Prime Minister took no part), Lord Minto espousing Palmerston's side and saying (which was true

enough), that though Lord Holland and Clarendon, who had all along opposed the Treaty, might very consistently take this course, he did not see how any of those could do so who had originally supported and approved of it; to which Lord John quietly and briefly said, "The events at Alexandria have made all the difference." The result was an agreement, that it would be disrespectful to Lord Lansdowne, considering his position, to come to any resolution in his absence; and as he could not arrive before this day, that the discussion should be adjourned till Thursday (to-morrow) by which time he and Morpeth would be here. They were all to dine with Palmerston, and a queer dinner it must have been.

October 1st.—No progress made, everything *in statu quo*. The dinner at Palmerston's on Monday after the Cabinet, went off well enough. In the evening Clarendon had a long conversation with Lady Palmerston, who repeated to him everything she had said to me, and seemed confident enough that Palmerston would carry his point at last. Melbourne, of course, hopped off to Windsor the moment the Cabinet was over, and instead of remaining here, trying to conciliate people and arrange matters, he left everything to shift for itself.

October 7th.—Dined at Holland House on Sunday. Palmerstons, John Russell, and Morpeth, all very merry, with sundry jokes about Beyrout, and what not. In fact, Lord John evidently has completely knocked under; he is unprepared to do anything more, and so ready now to go on that he had himself proposed to Palmerston that Stopford should be ordered to attack Acre. Of course, Palmerston desired no better; and it seems to have been agreed that conditional orders shall be sent to him—that is, he is to attack if he is strong enough, and the season is not too far advanced.

I dined again to-day at Holland House, and in the evening Guizot came. He told me that nothing could be more unsatisfactory than his interview with Palmerston;

very civil to himself personally, as he always was, but "de Ministre à Ministre" as bad as possible. Guizot repeated how much he is alarmed, and talked of the probability of war. It is now quite clear that Palmerston has completely gained his point. The peace party in the Cabinet are silenced, their efforts paralysed. In fact, Palmerston has triumphed, and Lord John succumbed. The Cabinet are again dispersed. Palmerston reigns without let or hindrance at the Foreign Office.

October 9th.—Everything looking black these last two days, funds falling, and general alarm. Lord Granville has written to Palmerston both publicly and privately; in the former enforcing the necessity of some speedy arrangement, if any there is to be; in the latter remonstrating upon his own situation *vis-à-vis* of the Government. Lord John has again screwed his courage up to summon the Cabinet, with the determination of making another attempt at accommodation with France. He proposed this to Melbourne, who said "it was too late." This is what he always does: entreats people to *wait* when they first want to move, and then when they have waited, and will wait no longer, he says, "it is too late."

Downham, October 23rd.—This morning I learnt (by reading it in the *Globe*) the sudden death of Lord Holland, after a few hours' illness, whom I left not a fortnight ago in his usual health, and likely to live many years.[1] There did not, probably, exist an individual whose loss will be more sincerely lamented and severely felt than his. Never was popularity so great and so general, and his death will produce a social revolution, utterly extinguishing not only the most brilliant, but the only great house of reception and constant society in England. His marvellous social qualities, imperturbable temper, unflagging vivacity and spirit, his inexhaustible fund of anecdote, extensive

[1] Lord Holland said, just before he died, to the page, "Edgar, these Syrian affairs will be too much for me. Mehemet Ali will kill me."—Author's note.

information, sprightly wit, with universal toleration and urbanity, inspired all who approached him with the keenest taste for his company, and those who lived with him in intimacy with the warmest regard for his person. It is impossible to overrate the privation, the blank, which it will make to the old friends and associates, political and personal, to whom Holland House has always been open like a home, and there cannot be a sadder sight than to see the curtain suddenly fall upon a scene so brilliant and apparently prosperous, and the light which for nearly half a century has adorned and cheered the world, thus suddenly and for ever extinguished.

Downham, October 24th.—I have a letter from Clarendon this morning from Windsor, overwhelmed with the news of Lord Holland's death (which he had just received) " when his mind was as vigorous and his perceptions as clear as ever, and when his advice, and the weight of his experience, were more necessary to his country than at any period of his life. To myself I feel that the loss is irreparable. He was the only one in the Cabinet with whom I had any real sympathy, and upon the great question now in dispute I feel almost powerless, for, with the anility of Melbourne, the vacillation of John, and the indifference of all the rest, Palmerston is now more completely master of the ground than ever."

November 15th.—Two days ago, Lord John Russell called on me. We had some talk, but nothing very conclusive. He said the operations in Syria could not go on much longer, and we are threatened with the greatest of all evils, the hanging over of the question for another year. This he thought the worst thing of all.

December 4th.—In the course of the last three weeks, and since I last wrote, a mighty change has taken place; we have had the capture of St. Jean d'Acre and the debate in the French Chambers.[1] Palmerston is triumphant;

[1] The bombardment of St. Jean d'Acre by the Allied fleet took place on November 3rd, whilst these diplomatic troubles were going on in London and Paris. The French Chambers opened on November 6th.

everything has turned out well for him. He is justified by the success of his operations and by the revelations in the speeches of Tiers and Rémusat. Palmerston has taken his success without any appearance of triumph or a desire to boast over those who doubted or opposed him; whatever may be said or thought of his policy, it is impossible not to do justice to the vigour of his execution. Mr. Pitt (Chatham) could not have manifested more decision and resource. He would not hear of delays and difficulties, sent out peremptory orders to attack Acre, and he provided in his instructions with great care and foresight for every contingency. There can be no doubt that it was the capture of Acre which decided the campaign; and the success is much more attributable to Palmerston than to our naval and military commanders, and probably solely to him.

December 29th.—Went on Thursday last to the Grange, and returned yesterday. Just before I went, the Duke of Bedford called on me; he was just come from Woburn, where he had had a great party—Melbourne, like a boy escaped from school, in roaring spirits. They anticipate an easy session, and all Melbourne's alarm and despondency are quickly succeeded by joy at having got out of a scrape, and confidence that all difficulties are surmounted and all opposition will be silenced. But it now comes out that of all who were opposed to Palmerston's policy, not one—not even Lord Holland—was *in his heart* so averse to, and so afraid of it, as Melbourne himself; and, nevertheless, he would say nothing and do nothing to impede or alter it. Palmerston is now doing his best to flatter Lord John out of any remains of sourness or soreness that their recent disputes may have left in his mind; and (passing over all that subsequently occurred) he writes to him to invite him to Broadlands, and says that while their recent successes have far exceeded the most sanguine expectations, he never shall forget how much of them is owing to the powerful support which he (Lord John) gave to him (Palmerston) in the *Treaty*.

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January 9th.—The other day at Windsor, when Clarendon was sitting talking with Melbourne, the latter in his lounging way, as if thinking aloud, said, "In all my experience, I never remember such a state of things as the present; I never remember, in the course of my political life, anything at all like it; it can't last—it's impossible this Government can go on; Palmerston in communication with the Tories—Palmerston and Ashley——" and then he stopped. Clarendon said, "What! you think Palmerston and the Tories will come together?" To which Melbourne nodded assent. "And which," Clarendon persevered, "will come to the other: will Palmerston go to Ashley, or will Ashley come to Palmerston?" To which Melbourne chuckled and grunted, laughed and rubbed his hands, and only said, "Oh, I don't know." These are the sentiments of the Prime Minister about his own Government—a strange state of things: while Palmerston is in confidential communication with the Tories, or some of them, for the purpose of obtaining their support to his policy, half of his own colleagues, though committed, being adverse to it, and regarded by him as his worst adversaries. His position, however, is now a very remarkable one. Belonging to a Government almost every member of which dislikes or distrusts him, he has acquired, by recent events, a great reputation, and is looked upon generally as a bold, able, and successful statesman. All that has recently occurred—our treaties and our warlike operations—are not looked upon as the work of the Government, but as that of Palmerston alone—Palmerston, in some degree, as contra-distinguished from the Government. All this confers upon him a vast importance, and enables him, neither unreasonably nor improbably, to aspire to head and direct

any Government that may hereafter be formed by a dissolution and fresh combination of parties.

January 21st.—I dined with Lady Holland yesterday. Everything there is exactly the same as it used to be, excepting only the person of Lord Holland, who seems to be pretty well forgotten.[1] The same talk went merrily round, the laugh rang loudly and frequently, and, but for the black and the mob-cap of the lady, one might have fancied he had never lived or had died half a century ago. Such are, however, affections and friendships, and such is the world. Macaulay dined there, and I never was more struck than upon this occasion by the inexhaustible variety and extent of his information. He is not so *agreeable* as such powers and resources ought to make any man, because the vessel out of which it is all poured forth is so ungraceful and uncouth; his voice unmusical and monotonous, his face not merely inexpressive but positively heavy and dull, no fire in his eye, no intelligence playing round his mouth, nothing which bespeaks the genius and learning stored within and which burst out with such extraordinary force. It is impossible to mention any book in any language with which he is not familiar; to touch upon any subject, whether relating to persons or things, on which he does not know everything that is to be known. And if he could tread less heavily on the ground, if he could touch the subjects he handles with a lighter hand, if he knew when to stop as well as he knows what to say, his talk would be as attractive as it is wonderful. What Henry Taylor said of him is epigrammatic and true, " that his memory has swamped his mind "; and though I do not think, as some people say, that his own opinions are completely suppressed by the load of his learning so that you know nothing of his mind, it appears to me true that there is less of originality in him, less exhibition of his own character, than there probably would be if he was less

[1] He had been dead, it will be observed, just three months.

abundantly stored with the riches of the minds of others. Before dinner some mention was made of the portraits of the Speakers in the Speaker's House, and I asked how far they went back. Macaulay said he was not sure, but certainly as far as Sir Thomas More. "Sir Thomas More," said Lady Holland, "I did not know he had been Speaker." "Oh, yes," said Macaulay, "don't you remember when Cardinal Wolsey came down to the House of Commons and More was in the chair?" and then he told the whole of that well-known transaction, and all More had said. At dinner, amongst a variety of persons and subjects, principally ecclesiastical, which were discussed—for Melbourne loves all sorts of theological talk—we got upon India and Indian men of eminence, proceeding from Gleig's "Life of Warren Hastings," which Macaulay said was the worst book that ever was written; and then the name of Sir Thomas Munro came uppermost. Lady Holland did not know why Sir Thomas Munro was so distinguished; when Macaulay explained all that he had ever said, done, written, or thought, and vindicated his claim to the title of a great man, till Lady Holland got bored with Sir Thomas, told Macaulay she had had enough of him, and would have no more. This would have dashed and silenced an ordinary talker, but to Macaulay it was no more than replacing a book on its shelf, and he was as ready as ever to open on any other topic. When we went upstairs we got upon the Fathers of the Church. Allen asked Macaulay if he had read much of the Fathers. He said, not a great deal. He had read Chrysostom when he was in India; that is, he had turned over the leaves and for a few months had read him for two or three hours every morning before breakfast; and he had read some of Athanasius. "I remember a sermon," he said, "of Chrysostom's in praise of the Bishop of Antioch"; and then he proceeded to give us the substance of this sermon till Lady Holland got tired of the Fathers, again put her extinguisher on Chrysostom as

she had done on Munro, and with a sort of derision, and as if to have the pleasure of puzzling Macaulay, she turned to him and said, " Pray, Macaulay, what was the origin of a *doll*? when were dolls first mentioned in history? " Macaulay was, however, just as much up to the dolls as he was to the Fathers, and instantly replied that the Roman children had their dolls, which they offered up to Venus when they grew older; and quoted Persius for

" Veneri donatæ a virgine puppæ," [1]

and I have not the least doubt, if he had been allowed to proceed, he would have told us who was the Chenevix of ancient Rome, and the name of the first baby that ever handled a doll.

The conversation then ran upon Milman's " History of Christianity," which Melbourne praised, the religious opinions of Locke, of Milman himself, the opinion of the world thereupon, and so on to Strauss's book and his mythical system, and what he meant by mythical. Macaulay began illustrating and explaining the meaning of a *myth* by examples from remote antiquity, when I observed that in order to explain the meaning of " mythical " it was not necessary to go so far back; that, for instance, we might take the case of Wm. Huntington, S.S. : [2] that the account of his life was historical, but the story of his praying to God for a new pair of leather breeches and finding them under a hedge was mythical. Now, I had just a general superficial recollection of this story in Huntington's " Life," but my farthing rushlight was instantly extinguished by the blaze of Macaulay's all-grasping and all-retaining memory, for he at once came

[1] " Dolls offered by the maiden to Venus."

[2] A popular Methodist preacher and writer of religious tracts, who adopted the letters S.S. to indicate the fact that he was a Sinner Saved. His best known tract was entitled " The Naked Bow," or " A Visible Display of the Judgments of God on the Enemies of Truth." He died in 1813 at the age of sixty-eight, after an extraordinary career.

in with the whole minute account of this transaction: how Huntington had prayed, what he had found, and where, and all he had said to the tailor by whom this miraculous nether garment was made.

February 1st.—The Sheriff's dinner at the Lord President's on Saturday.[1] It was amusing to see how everything is blown over, and how success and the necessity of making common cause has reconciled all jarring sentiments; and it was amusing to hear Melbourne in one House and John Russell in the other vigorously defending and praising Palmerston's policy. It must be owned that Palmerston has conducted himself well under the circumstances, without any air of triumph or boasting either over his colleagues or his opponents or the French.

February 4th.—Went the night before last to Exeter Hall, to hear Mr. Hullah[2] give a lecture on the teaching of vocal music in the Poor Law schools (and elsewhere). Very interesting, well done, and the illustration of his plan by the boys of Dr. Kay's school and other (adult) pupils of Hullah's was excellent. These plans, which are founded in benevolence and a sincere desire for the diffusion of good among the people, merit every encouragement, and will in the end get it, for there is, in the midst of much indifference and prejudice, a growing disposition to ameliorate the condition of the masses, both morally and physically.

February 9th.—The Duke of Wellington had an attack the other night in the House of Lords, and was taken home speechless, but not senseless. It was severe, but short, and after the stomach was relieved, he rapidly recovered, and in a day or two *pronounced* himself as well as ever. Of course the alarm was very great. He is very eager about politics, and the Tory language is that of exceeding gloom about the general aspect of affairs, while their own affairs, as far as elections are concerned, flourish.

[1] A dinner for settling the list of Sheriffs for the following year.
[2] The inventor of a new system of musical instruction.

March 14th.—The other night Peel, who has been a good deal nettled by the attacks on him in a series of letters, signed "Catholicus," in the *Times,* made a very striking speech upon the education and recreation of the people, which was enthusiastically cheered by the Whigs, but received in silence by the Tories. He made a sort of reply in this speech to the charges of irreligion insinuated in these letters, and took the opportunity of expressing those liberal sentiments which mark his own identification with the progress of society, and which render him, from their liberality and wisdom, the object of such suspicion, fear, and dislike with the Tory democracy who reluctantly own him for their leader.

May 2nd.—In the world of politics we have had an interval of repose till after the recess, when Government sustained two defeats on the Irish Registration Bill,[1] and Walter came in for Nottingham on an Anti-Poor-Law cry, and by the union of Chartists and Tories to defeat the Whig candidate. After the first division, Clarendon wrote to me as follows: "The defeat last night was a signal one. We have had a Cabinet about it, and I went there fully expecting that resignation would be the order of the day—*the word never crossed the lips of anyone!* Various expedients were suggested, but, except by me, the thought of going out was not entertained."

May 3rd.—Great agitation yesterday at the clubs, and excessive interest and curiosity about coming events, on which hang the existence of the Government. The Tories are talking of a vote of want of confidence, and wish to follow up their successes by this decisive blow. There is the greatest difference of opinion among the Whigs as to the necessity of resigning, and, above all, as to a dissolution. Nobody thinks Ministers will carry their Budget, and that will probably be their *coup de grâce.*[2]

[1] A Government Bill which at last had to be withdrawn.

[2] It was; and four months later—for the first time since 1830—the Tories were not only in office but in power.

CHAPTER V

THE CORN LAW CRISIS

(1841-46)

1841

May 7th.—All the world thinks and talks of nothing but the division next week and its consequences. The Whig masses are clamorous for a dissolution, and are every day growing more so, endeavouring to make out that the gain is sure; some for one purpose and some for another are stimulating the Government to make this desperate plunge. Lord Melbourne, however, is exceedingly averse to it. In the Cabinet, Duncannon, Normanby, and Palmerston are all strongly and unhesitatingly for it. Clarendon, who is against a dissolution, set before Melbourne, the other day, all the reasons *for* such a measure, in order to elicit his opinion, and see if those reasons shook his previous convictions; but Melbourne said that he could not find anything in them to make him change his mind, and he thought the Crown ought never to make an appeal to public opinion unless there were solid grounds for believing that it would be responded to by the public voice. The Queen, though very unhappy, acquiesces in this view of the matter. From what Lady Palmerston told me last night, her Majesty is prepared, in the last necessity, to resign herself to her fate.

May 8th.—Mr. Barnes died yesterday morning, suddenly, after having suffered an operation. His death is an incalculable loss to the *Times,* of which he was the

principal editor and director; and his talents, good sense, and numerous connexions gave him a preponderating influence in the affairs of the paper. The vast power exercised by the *Times* renders this a most important event, and it will be curious to see in what hands the regulating and directing power will hereafter be placed.[1]

May 11th.—The question of dissolution is still contested, and the Whigs of Brooks's and the young and hot-headed are making such a clatter, and talking with so much violence and confidence, that they have produced a strong impression that the measure is intended. I rode with the Duke of Wellington yesterday, and had a little, but very little, talk with him about the present crisis. He does not talk as he used to do, and he struck me as miserably changed. His notion was that the Government would neither resign nor dissolve, but endeavour to go on as they have heretofore done.

May 19th.—They divided yesterday morning at three o'clock; division pretty much what was expected.[2] A very fine speech, three hours long, from Peel, which John Russell said he thought remarkably able and ingenious, but not statesmanlike. He has, however, always a prejudice against his great antagonist, and a bad opinion of him. Palmerston answered him in a speech of smart, daring, dashing commonplaces, not bad, but very inferior to Peel. Yesterday morning the Cabinet met, and they resolved not to resign, but to make an attempt at dissolution. Thus Melbourne's weak vacillating mind has been over-persuaded, and he consents to what he so highly disapproves.

May 25th.—After the great division the Whigs were all in high spirits at thinking they had so quietly carried their point of dissolution, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer

[1] The hands were those of John Delane, who was then twenty-three, and held the post for thirty-six years—most famous of all the editors of the *Times*.

[2] A motion against the reduction of the duty on foreign sugars, which was carried against the Government by a majority of 36.

immediately introduced the Sugar Duties without comment and in the regular way. Nothing was said, but all the Tories were desirous of doing something, though the greatest doubt prevailed among them as to the steps it would be proper and feasible to take. They were content, however, to leave the matter in the hands of their leaders, and yesterday morning Peel convened a meeting at his house, made them a speech, in which he told them all the objections there were to meddling with the supplies, and proposed the resolution of which he gave notice last night, which was hailed with general satisfaction.[1]

June 6th.—The division took place on Friday night, and there was a majority of one against the Government. For the last day or two it was a complete toss-up which side won, and it evidently depended on the few uncertain men who might or might not chose to vote. As it was, it all turned on an accident. John Russell wrote to Sir Gilbert Heathcote (who never votes), and begged him to come up on Thursday, and to vote. Sir Gilbert did come, but, as there was no division that night, he went home again, and his vote was lost. They left no stone unturned to procure a majority, and brought down a lord who is in a state of drivelling idiotcy, and quite incapable of comprehending what he was about. This poor wretch was brought in a chair; they got him into the House, and then wheeled him past the tellers. Charles Howard, Melbourne's private secretary, told me he thought it a monstrous and indecent proceeding.

June 12th.—All the past week at a place called Harewood Lodge with the Beauforts for Ascot races. Dined at the Castle on Thursday; one hundred people in St. George's Hall; very magnificent, blazing with gold plate and light, and very tiresome. In the evening Mdlle. Rachel came to recite, which she did *à trois reprises* on a sort of stage made in the embrasure of the window, from " Bajazet," " Marie Stuart," and " Andromaque." It is so much less

[1] A resolution of " no confidence."

effective than her acting (besides my unfortunate inability to follow and comprehend French declamation) that it was fatiguing, but it served to occupy the evening, which is always the great difficulty in Royal society. The Queen was pretty well received on the course, and her party consisted in great measure of Tory guests.

June 18th.—Everybody occupied with the approaching elections, but no excitement in the country, no enthusiasm for any party or men, no feeling for any measures, but as far as one can judge (appearances being always fallacious in electioneering matters) the current steadily running in the Conservative interest.

The Queen went to Nuneham last week for Prince Albert's visit to Oxford, when he was made a Doctor. Her name was very well received, and so was the Prince himself in the theatre; but her Ministers, individually and collectively, were hissed and hooted with all the vehemence of Oxonian Toryism. Her Majesty said she thought it very disrespectful to the Prince to hiss her Ministers in his presence; but she must learn to bear with such manifestations of sentiment, and not fancy that these Academici will refrain from expressing their political opinions in any presence, even in her own. They will think it quite sufficient to be civil and respectful to her name and her Consort's person, and will treat her obnoxious Ministers just as they think fit.

June 23rd.—Parliament was prorogued yesterday with a very short Speech. Nothing new about the elections, but unabated confidence on both sides, though the Whigs cannot expect to counterbalance the loss of almost all the counties.

Prince Albert would not go to the Duke's Waterloo dinner. The Duke invited him when they met at Oxford, and the Prince said he would send an answer. He sent an excuse, which was a mistake, for the invitation was a great compliment, and this is a sort of national commemoration at which he might have felt a pride at being present.

Chester, June 24th.—Parliament having been dissolved yesterday, all the world are off to their elections, and I resolved to start upon an excursion to North Wales, which I have long been desirous of seeing, and which I can now do with great facility and convenience in consequence of Lord Anglesey's having established himself for a short time at Plas Newydd; so there I am bound. I was induced to make this expedition partly by my wish to see the scenery of North Wales and the Menai Bridge, and partly from a desire to stimulate my dull and jaded mind by the exertion and the object. I think of all the tastes and interests I have ever had, of all sources of pleasure, that which adheres to me the most, which is still the least impaired and dulled, is my pleasure in fine scenery and grand objects whether of nature or art, and it is to rouse me to the contemplation of better things and give if possible a wholesome stimulus to my thoughts that I am making this experiment.

July 11th.—I find London rather empty and tolerably calm. The elections are sufficiently over to exhibit a pretty certain result, and the termination of the great Yorkshire contest by the signal victory of the Tories—a defeat, the magnitude of which there is no possibility of palliating, or finding any excuse for—seems to have had the effect of closing the contest. The Whigs give the whole thing up as irretrievably lost; and though some of them with whom I have conversed still maintain that they did right to dissolve, they do not affect to deny that the result has disappointed all their hopes and calculations, and been disastrous beyond their worst fears. They now give Peel a majority of sixty or seventy. They richly deserve the fate that has overtaken them, for their conduct has been weak and disgraceful, and as no Ministry ever enjoyed less consideration while they held power, so none will ever have been more ignominiously driven from it. They have done their utmost to make the Queen the ostensible head of their party, to identify her with them

and their measures, and they have caused the Crown to be placed in that humiliating condition which Melbourne so justly deprecated when the question was first mooted.

August 4th.—It is nearly a month ago that I wrote the above, and in the meantime the elections progressed in favour of the Tories, and ended by giving them a majority of above eighty. Nothing was left for the Whigs but to comfort themselves with reflections upon the united state of their minority, and hopes of the disunion that would prevail among the Tories; and upon these considerations, and upon the distresses and embarrassment of the country, which they trust and believe will make Peel's Government very difficult, they build their sanguine expectations of being speedily restored to office.

August 12th.—The day before yesterday I met Dr. Wiseman at dinner, a smooth, oily, and agreeable Priest. He is now Head of the College at Oscott, near Birmingham, and a Bishop (*in partibus*), and accordingly he came in full episcopal costume, purple stockings, tunic and gold chain. He talked religion, Catholicism, Protestantism, and Puseyism, almost the whole time. He told us of the great increase of his religion in this country, principally in the manufacturing, and very little in the agricultural districts. I asked him to what cause he attributed it, if to the efforts of missionaries, or the influence of writings, and he replied that the principal instrument of conversion was the Protestant Association, its violence and scurrility; that they always hailed with satisfaction the advent of its itinerant preachers, as they had never failed to make many converts in the districts through which they had passed; he talked much of Pusey and Newman, and Hurrell Froude, whom Wiseman had known at Rome. He seems to be very intimate with Dr. Pusey, and gave us to understand not only that their opinions are very nearly the same, but that the great body of that persuasion, Pusey himself included, are very nearly ripe and ready for reunion with Rome, and he assured us

that neither the Pope's supremacy nor Transubstantiation would be obstacles in their way. He invited me to visit him at Oscott, which I promised, and which I intend to do.

Yesterday I went to Windsor for a Council, and there I found the Duke of Bedford. After the Council I went into his room to have a talk. He gave me an account of the Queen's visit to Woburn, which went off exceedingly well in all ways. She was received everywhere with the greatest enthusiasm, and an extraordinary curiosity to see her was manifested by the people, which proves that the Sovereign as such is revered by the people.

August 28th.—The House divided last night, and gave the Opposition a majority of ninety-one, almost all the Conservatives attending, and some of the others being absent. Peel seems to have spoken out, and to have announced to friend and foe that he will resolutely follow his own course. If he adheres to this and takes a bold flight, he may be a great man.

September 1st.—It is impossible for Peel to have begun more auspiciously than he has done. I expected that he would act with vigour and decision, and he has not disappointed my expectations. His whole conduct for some time past evinced his determination. Those liberal views, which terrified or exasperated High Tories, High Churchmen, and bigots of various persuasions; those expressed or supposed opinions and intentions which elicited the invectives of the "British Critic," or the impertinences of "Catholicus," were to me a satisfactory earnest that, whenever he might arrive at the height of power, he was resolved to stretch his wings out and fly in the right direction. He must be too sagacious a man not to see what are the only principles on which this country can or ought to be governed, and that, inasmuch as he is wiser, better informed, and more advanced in practical knowledge than the mass of his supporters, it is absolutely necessary for him immediately to assume that

predominance over them, and to determine their political allegiance to him, without establishing which his Government would be one of incessant shifts and expedients, insincere, ineffective, and in the end abortive. I never doubted that, if he had the boldness and the wisdom to take a high line, and assume a high tone at the outset, they would all, *bon gré, mal gré*, succumb to him, and follow and support him on his own terms. He has now a grand career open to him, and the means of rendering himself truly great.

September 4th.—Went yesterday to Claremont for the Council, at which the new Ministers were appointed—a day of severe trial for the Queen, who conducted herself in a manner which excited my greatest admiration and was really touching to see. All the members of the old Government who had Seals or Wands to surrender were there (not Melbourne), and in one room; the new Cabinet and new Privy Councillors were assembled in another, all in full dress. The Household were in the Hall. The Queen saw the people one after another, having already given audience to Peel. After this was over she sent for me to inform her in what way the Seals were to be transferred to the new men. I found her with the Prince, and the table covered with bags and boxes. She desired I would tell her what was to be done, and if she must receive them in the Closet, or give them their Seals in Council. I told her the latter was the usual form, and it was of course that which she preferred. Having explained the whole course of the proceeding to her, she begged I would take the Seals away, which I accordingly did, and had them put upon the Council table. She looked very much flushed, and her heart was evidently brim full, but she was composed, and throughout the whole of the proceedings, when her emotion might very well have overpowered her, she preserved complete self-possession, composure, and dignity. This struck me as a great effort of self-control, and remarkable in so young a woman.

Taking leave is always a melancholy ceremony, and to take leave of those who have been about her for four years, whom she likes, and who she thinks are attached to her, together with all the reminiscences and reflections which the occasion was calculated to excite, might well have elicited uncontrollable emotions. But though her feelings were quite evident, she succeeded in mastering them, and she sat at the Council Board with a complete presence of mind, and when she declared the President and Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland her voice did not falter. Though no courtier, I did feel a strong mixture of pity and admiration at such a display of firmness.

In the evening I dined at Stafford House and met Melbourne. After dinner he took me aside and said, "Have you any means of speaking to *these chaps*?" I said, "Yes, I can say anything to them." "Well," he said, "I think there are one or two things Peel ought to be told, and I wish you would tell him. Don't let him suffer any appointment he is going to make to be talked about, and don't let her hear it through anybody but himself; and whenever he does anything, or has anything to propose, let him explain to her clearly his reasons. The Queen is not conceited; she is aware there are many things she cannot understand, and she likes to have them explained to her elementarily, not at length and in detail, but shortly and clearly; neither does she like long audiences, and I never stayed with her a long time. These things he should attend to, and they will make matters go on more smoothly." This morning I called on Peel and told him word for word what Melbourne had said to me. He said, "It was very kind of Lord Melbourne and I am much obliged to him; but do you mean that this refers to anything that has already occurred?" I said, "Not at all, but to the future." I then repeated to him pretty much of the conversation I had had with Melbourne, and added that I had told him I was sure from what I had heard from others (not from

Peel himself), that so far from taking umbrage at any continuance of the social intercourse between him and the Queen, he was perfectly content it should continue. He said that "it was ridiculous to suppose he could have any jealousy of the kind, that he had full reliance on the Queen's fairness towards him, and besides he knew very well how useless it would be to interfere, if there were any disposition to act unfairly towards him, as he was sure there would not be. Nothing he could do could prove effectual to prevent any mischief, and therefore implicit confidence was the wisest course. People told him that Mr. M—— was a person to be guarded against, but he treated all such intimations with the greatest contempt. The idea of a Prime Minister having anything to fear from Mr. M——, or anybody in his situation, was preposterous."

He said a great deal to me of his own indifference to office, of the enormous sacrifices which it entailed upon him; and as to power, that he possessed enough of power out of office to satisfy him, if power was his object.

While he was talking to me, I felt some surprise—some at his tone about office and power, some at what he said about M——, and all that. I thought to myself, "You are a very clever man; you are not a bad man; but you are not great." He may become as great a Minister as abilities can make any man; but to achieve real greatness, elevation of mind must be intermingled with intellectual capacity, and this I doubt his having. There is a something which will confine his genius to the earth instead of letting it soar on high. I dare say he can be just, liberal, generous and wise, but he has been so long habituated to expedients, to partial dissimulation, to indirect courses, and has such a limited knowledge of the world and human nature, and so little disposition or desire for reciprocal confidence with other men, that I doubt his mind ever expanding into a true liberality and generosity of feeling. However, he has never before been in posses-

sion of real and great power, his course has been impeded and embarrassed by all sorts of obstructions and difficulties. It remains to be seen how he will act in his new capacity, and whether he will assert his independence to its fullest extent; above all, whether he will elevate his moral being to "the height of his great argument."

September 6th.—Yesterday I called on Melbourne and told him what had passed between Peel and myself. We had a great deal of talk about things and people connected with the Court, about the appointments and the exclusions which were producing so much heartburning. The woman the Queen would prefer for her Mistress of the Robes is Lady Abercorn. She said Peel was so shy, that it made her shy, and this renders their intercourse difficult and embarrassing, but Melbourne thinks this may wear off in time. I said it might be eased by his cultivating the Prince, with whom he could discuss art, literature, and the tastes they had in common. After a good deal of loose talk, we parted, he saying that if anything else occurred to him he thought desirable to communicate, he would send to me. So here am I strangely enough established as the medium of communication between the present and the past Prime Ministers, and have got the office of smoothing away the asperities of royal and official intercourse.

September 7th.—I fell in with the Duke of Wellington yesterday coming from the Cabinet, and walked home with him. He seemed very well, but totters in his walk. The great difference in him is his irritability, and the asperity with which he speaks of people. Everybody looks at him, all take off their hats to him, and one woman came up and spoke to him. He did not seem to hear what she was saying, but assuming as a matter of course that she wanted something, he said, "Do me the favour, Ma'am, to write to me," and then moved on as quickly as he could. Not that by her writing she would get much, for he has answers lithographed, to be sent to his

numerous applicants, which is rather comical because characteristic.

September 17th.—A Council at Windsor on Wednesday, the first since the change. It went off very well, all the new Ministers being satisfied with their reception. The Queen was very gracious and good-humoured. At dinner she had the Duke next to her (his deaf ear unluckily) and talked to him a good deal. After dinner she spoke to Aberdeen and then to Peel, much as she used to her old Ministers. I saw no difference in her manner. She talked for some time to Peel, who could not help putting himself into his accustomed attitude of a dancing master giving a lesson. She would like him better if he would keep his legs still. When we went into the drawing-room Melbourne's chair was gone, and she had already given orders to the Lord-in-waiting to put all the Ministers down to whist, so that there was no possibility of any conversation, and she sat all the evening at her round table with Lady De la Warr on one side and Lady Portman on the other, perhaps well enough for a beginning, but too stupid if intended to last. There was no general conversation. The natural thing would have been to get the Duke of Wellington to narrate some of the events of his life, which are to the last degree interesting, but this never seems to have crossed her mind.

September 29th.—Mellish[1] gave me an account, last night, of Palmerston's last doings at the Foreign Office. He created five new paid attachés without the smallest necessity, and all within a few days of his retirement. This was done to provide for a Howard, an Elliot, and a Duff, and a son of Sir Augustus Foster, whose provision was made part of the conditions of another job, the retirement of Sir Augustus to make way for Abercromby, Lord Minto's son-in-law—all foul jobbing at the public expense, and to all this useless waste the austere and immaculate Francis Baring, Chancellor of the Exchequer,

[1] One of the Senior Clerks in the Foreign Office.

the Cerberus who growls at every claimant on the Treasury, no matter how just his claims may be, gave his consent, complacent to his daring and unscrupulous colleague. Mellish told me another anecdote of Palmerston, that eleven thousand pounds (I put it in letters, because in figures some error might have been suspected) had been spent in *one year*, at the Foreign Office, in chaises and four conveying messengers to overtake the mail with his private letters, which never were ready in time. Nothing ever equalled the detestation in which he is regarded at that Office; still, they do justice to his ability and to his indefatigable industry, and they say that any change of Government which would take place must include him in the new arrangement.

November 11th.—The Queen was delivered of a son at forty-eight minutes after ten on Tuesday morning, the 9th. From some crotchet of Prince Albert's, they put off sending intelligence of her Majesty being in labour till so late that several of the Dignitaries, whose duty it was to assist at the birth, arrived after the event had occurred, particularly the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord President of the Council. At two o'clock a Council was held, and the usual thanksgiving ordered. Last year the Prince took the chair, which was all wrong; and this time I placed him at the top of the table on the left, the Archbishop next him. None of the Royal Dukes were summoned. "God save the Queen" was sung with great enthusiasm at all the theatres, and great joy manifested generally.

I find that, during the Queen's confinement, all the boxes and business are transmitted as usual to the Palace, and the former opened and returned by the Prince. He established this practice last year. At first orders were given to the Foreign Office to send no more boxes to the Palace; but two days after, fresh orders were received to send the boxes as usual, and to furnish the Prince with the necessary keys.

November 24th.—If I do not vary the nature and enlarge the scope of this Journal, I shall very soon be completely aground and have nothing whatever to put down, for I am placed in very different circumstances with the present and the late Government. I have no intimacy or social habits with any of these people, and the consequence is that I know little or nothing of what is going on. I have, for a long time past, accustomed myself to what is, I believe, a very foolish, unprofitable way of writing. I have almost entirely given up entering anything except such scraps of political information as I have picked up by one means or another, and consequently have grown very idle, and my entries have often had long intervals between them. Somebody remarked the other day what innumerable things were lost for want of some curious observer and chronicler, who would be at the trouble of recording and hoarding them in something less voluminous, and therefore more accessible, than the columns of a newspaper. I was struck with the truth of this, and thought how many anecdotes, verses, *jeux d'esprit,* and miscellanies of various kinds I might have rescued from oblivion, but had never thought of doing so, because they had appeared in newspapers. Partly, therefore, because it may be more or less interesting and amusing, and partly because I think I shall have no political facts or circumstances to record, I have resolved to fill my pages with more general matter, although, such is the inveterate force of habit, I am anything but sure that I shall adhere to my resolution.

The Duke of Wellington is remarkably well. I saw him yesterday for the first time since the Council at Windsor, and he said he never was better. But he is altered in character strangely. He has now a morbid aversion to seeing people, which nearly amounts to madness. Nobody can get access to him, not even his nearest relations. When anybody applies for an interview, he flies into a passion, and the answers which he dictates

to letters asking for audiences, or asking for anything, are so brutally uncivil and harsh that my brother Algy constantly modifies or alters them. The Duke fancies he is so engaged that he cannot spare time to see anybody. This peculiarity is the more remarkable, because formerly his weakness was a love of being consulted by everybody, and mixed up with everything. Nobody was ever in a difficulty without applying to him; innumerable were the quarrels, *tracasseries*, scandals, intrigues, and scrapes which he had to arrange and compose.

November 27th.—On Thursday I dined with Milman,[1] to meet Macaulay, Sydney Smith, and Babbage. Pretty equal partition of talk between Sydney and Macaulay. The latter has been employing his busy mind in gathering all the ballads he can pick up, buying strings of them in the streets, and he gave us an amusing account of the character of this species of literature, repeating lines and stanzas without end. The ballad writers, who may be supposed to represent the opinions and feelings of the masses for whose delectation they compose, do not, according to Macaulay, exhibit very high moral sentiments, as they evince a great partiality for criminals, and are the strenuous opposers of humanity to animals. We dined at the Prebendal House, once Ashburnham House, very handsome, and with one of the most elegant staircases I ever saw anywhere, the work of Inigo Jones.

November 30th.—A correspondence has just appeared in the papers between the Duke of Wellington and the Paisley deputation, which is exceedingly painful to read, calculated to be very injurious to the Government, whom their enemies are always accusing of indifference to the public distress, and which, in my opinion, exhibits a state of mind in the Duke closely bordering on insanity. This deputation is come up to represent the distress prevailing at Paisley, and they ask for an interview to lay the case before the Duke. He refuses to see them, and writes a

[1] Prebendary of Westminster Abbey; afterwards Dean of St. Paul's.

letter much in the style of his printed circulars, alleging that he has no time, and that he holds no office, and has no influence. They remonstrate temperately and respectfully, still press for the interview, and then he makes no reply whatever. All this is lamentable; it is a complete delusion he is under; he has nothing to do, and he has boundless influence.

December 3rd.—I dined again with Bingham Baring yesterday, and met Lord Fitzgerald,[1] with whom I had a long talk, the first time I have seen him since he came into office. We discussed the Duke of Wellington's Paisley correspondence, and he fully confirmed my impression of the vexation it would cause the Government. It is clear enough that they would be very glad to be without him; and after talking of the unhappy and increasing infirmity of his temper, he expressed his apprehension of the probable consequences in the House of Lords, and that the Government may be seriously compromised by some imprudent or intemperate expressions of the Duke; that, last year, nothing but the extreme forbearance of Brougham, and his good-nature, had prevented some disagreeable results of this kind; and it was now the more serious, when the Duke was to be the organ of the Government,[2] and from his habits and his deafness it would be impossible for anybody to check or restrain him, Lyndhurst placed afar off on the woolsack, and the Duke sitting with his head buried in his chest, and neither consulting with, nor attending to, anyone.

Woburn Abbey, December 15th.—Came here last Thursday. A foolish party of idle people; no serious man but Lord Spencer, who came the day before yesterday.

I have been employed in reading the Duchess of Marlborough's correspondence with her two granddaughters, successively Duchess of Bedford, and most

[1] Vesey Fitzgerald, the Conservative M.P. who had become a Peer, and was now President of the Board of Control.

[2] He was in the Cabinet, though without any department or salary, and led the House of Lords.

amusing it is. I have urged the Duke to publish it, and if Lord John, who is going to publish a volume or more of Bedford papers, does not choose to take the Duchess of Marlborough's letters in hand, to let me arrange them for the press, which he has promised to do. I hardly ever read any letters more expressive of character, and more natural than these, and they abound in shrewd observation and knowledge of human nature, besides a very good sprinkling of anecdotes, some very entertaining. I took Lord Spencer down with me to the librarian's room to look at them, when he told me two anecdotes of John Spencer,[1] her grandson; to whom, after quarrelling with him violently, as she did with everybody else, she left all the property at her disposal. The first was about the cause of their quarrel. She gave a great dinner on her birthday to all her family, and she said that, " there she was, like a great tree, herself the root, and all her branches flourishing round her "; when John Spencer said to his neighbour that " the branches would flourish more when the root was under ground." This produced great hilarity, which attracted the notice of old Sarah, who insisted on knowing the cause, when John Spencer himself told her his own *bon mot*, at which—and no wonder—she took great offence. She afterwards forgave him, and desired him to marry. He expressed his readiness to marry anybody she pleased, and at last sent him a list, alphabetically arranged, of suitable matches. He said he might as well take the first on the list, which happened to be letter C, a Carteret, daughter of Lord Granville, and her he accordingly married.

Bowood,[2] *December 20th.*—I found a very different party here from what I left at Woburn. There nothing but idle, ignorant, ordinary people, among whom there was not an attempt at anything like society or talk; here, though not many, almost all distinguished more or less—

[1] Father of the first Lord Spencer.
[2] Lord Lansdowne's house in Wiltshire.

Moore, Rogers, Macaulay, R. Westmacott, Butler and Mrs. Butler, Doctor Fowler and his wife, Lady H. Baring, Miss Fox. Mrs. Butler read the three last acts of "Much Ado about Nothing," having read the first two the night before. Her reading is admirable, voice beautiful, great variety, and equally happy in the humorous and pathetic parts.

December 23rd.—Three days passed very agreeably. Charles Austin came yesterday, Dundas and John Russell to-day. Last night Mrs. Butler read the first three acts of the "Hunchback," which she was to have finished to-night, but she ran restive, pretended that some of the party did not like it, and no persuasion could induce her to go on. Another night, Moore sang some of his own Melodies, and Macaulay has been always talking. Never certainly was anything heard like him. It is inexhaustible, always amusing and instructive, about everybody and everything. I had at one time a notion of trying to remember and record some of the conversation that has been going on, and some of the anecdotes that have been told, but I find it is in vain to attempt it. The drollest thing is to see the effect upon Rogers, who is nearly extinguished, and can neither make himself heard, nor find an interval to get in a word. He is exceedingly provoked, though he can't help admiring, and he will revive to-morrow when Macaulay goes. It certainly must be rather oppressive after a certain time, and would be intolerable, if it was not altogether free from conceit, vanity, and arrogance, unassuming, and the real genuine gushing out of overflowing stores of knowledge treasured up in his mind. We walked together for a long time the day before yesterday, when he talked of the History he is writing. I asked him if he was still collecting materials, or had begun to write. He said he was writing while collecting, going on upon the fund of his already acquired knowledge, and he added, that it was very mortifying to find how much there was of which he was wholly

ignorant. I said what surprised me most was, his having had time to read certain books over and over again; *e.g.*, he said he had read "Don Quixote" in Spanish, five or six times; and I am afraid to say how often he told me he had read "Clarissa." However, it would be vain, nor is it worth while, to attempt to recollect and record all his various talk. It is not true, as some say, that there is nothing original in it, but certainly by far the greater part is the mere outpouring of memory. Subjects are tapped, and the current flows without stopping. Wonderful as it is, it is certainly oppressive after a time, and his departure is rather a relief than otherwise. Dundas, who is very agreeable, and very well informed, said to-day that he was a bore; but *that* he is not, because what comes from him is always good, and it comes naturally, and without any assumption of superiority.

December 26th.—Macaulay went away the day before Christmas Day, and it was wonderful how quiet the house seemed after he was gone, and it was not less agreeable. Rogers was all alive again, Austin and Dundas talked much more than they would have done, and Lord Lansdowne too, and on the whole we were as well without him. It does not do for more than two or three days; but I never passed a week with so much good talk, almost all literary and miscellaneous, very little political, no scandal and gossip.

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January 2nd.—On Monday last I left Bowood, Rogers and I together, and went to Badminton, where I found a party and habits as diametrically opposite as possible from that which we left behind. The stable and the kennel formed the principal topic of interest. On Saturday came to town.

January 24th.—The King of Prussia landed on Saturday at Greenwich,[1] and was met by the Duke of Wellington in Prussian field-marshal uniform, with the Black Eagle. The King instantly seized both his hands and said, "My dear Duke, I am rejoiced to see you. This is indeed a great day."

Met Sutton Sharpe the other night, who told me some amusing stories of Lord Ellenborough and his treatment of counsel. A man was opening his speech, and said, "My Lord, my unfortunate client," and then repeated the words again. "Go on, sir," said Lord Ellenborough, "the Court is with you so far." Another man said, "And now, if your Lordship pleases, I will proceed so and so." "Sir, we sit here not to court, but to endure arguments."

February 1st.—For the last week the King of Prussia and his activity have occupied the world. He has made a very favourable impression here. In person he is common-looking, not remarkable in any way; his manners are particularly frank, cordial, and good-humoured; he is very curious, and takes a lively interest in all he sees, and has, by all accounts, been struck with great admiration at the conduct and bearing of the people, as well as the grandeur and magnificence he has found both at Court and elsewhere.

But an interest greater than any which the King of Prussia could make was produced by the intelligence of the Duke of Buckingham's resignation.[2] All that is now known is that he has not resigned angrily, and that he promises his general support and continued goodwill. For a long time speculation has been rife as to the intentions of Peel, and the Government secret has been so well kept that not a single person seems to have been apprised of

[1] He had come over to be present as godfather at the christening of the Prince of Wales.

[2] The first sign of the impending disruption of the Tory party, though the Duke himself returned to his allegiance and was in fact a member of the Government which carried repeal.

them; indeed, the matter was not, in all probability, definitively settled before yesterday.

February 5th.—Parliament met on Thursday: a great crowd, and the Queen well enough received. The King of Prussia went down in state, and sat in the House of Lords on a chair near the woolsack. On Friday he went away, having made a short but uncommonly active visit, mightily pleased with his reception by Queen and all classes of people, from highest to lowest; splendid entertainments from the rich, and hearty acclamations from the poor. All the world has been struck with his intelligence, activity, affability, and *appetite,* for since Louis XIV I have never heard of a monarch who eats so copiously and frequently. They say that nothing has struck the King so much as the behaviour of the people, their loyalty, orderly, peaceable demeanour, and he is naturally gratified at the heartiness and cordiality of his own reception. Some think that what he has witnessed will incline him to grant a free constitution to his own subjects; but as he can't create the foundations on which our constitutional system rests, and the various and complicated safeguards which are intertwined with it, he will hardly be induced to jump to any such conclusion. He made magnificent presents at parting to all the officers of the Royal Household: snuff-boxes of 500 guineas apiece to the Lord Chamberlain, Master of Horse, and Lord Steward; boxes and watches to others, and he left 1,500*l.* with Charles Murray to be distributed among the three classes of servants at the Palace.

February 11th.—On Wednesday night Peel produced his modification of the Corn Law[1] in an elaborate speech (which bored everybody very much) of nearly three hours long. The expectation, raised by the Duke of Buckingham's resignation, had been already brought down by a few words which Peel said on Tuesday, when he was taunted with adopting all the late Government's measures.

[1] A proposal to establish a sliding scale of corn duties, descending from 20*s.* to 1*s.* as the price rose.

His plan was received with coldness and indifference by his own people, and derision by the Opposition, and they all cried out that it was altogether useless, and would in reality effect no change at all. Wharncliffe owned to me that it was a mountain producing a mouse, and that he thought it must end in a fixed duty, but that it would have been absolutely impossible for Peel to do anything more now, and that time must be given to bring round the minds of the landed interest to acquiesce in further measures.

Last night I met Melbourne at dinner, whom I had never seen since our conversations at Stafford House and at his own home. I asked him what he knew of the state of matters between the Queen and her Ministers. He said he believed they were going on very well, that he knew nothing to the contrary. They seemed to pay great court to the Prince, whom the Queen delights to honour and to elevate, and that he would probably acquire greater influence every day.

February 12th.—The Corn Law question seems already beginning to settle down into an admission that this is only the advance of a stage, and that we are and must be progressing to final repeal.[1] Such is Lowther's opinion: a Tory, an interested party, but a shrewd and cool observer.

February 16th.—John Russell made a very good speech on Monday night, and so did Gladstone. The Government declare that their plan is well received in the country, and the Opposition assert that it has excited great indignation. The landed interest are certainly satisfied.

February 19th.—The Corn Law debate closed very successfully for the Government; a greater majority than anybody expected, and an excellent speech from Peel, putting the whole question in the best possible form, taking the right tone, and giving the right reasons for doing what he has done, and as he has done it. Palmerston made a good slashing speech, and Roebuck a

[1] An anticipation fulfilled four years later: in June, 1846.

very clever one. The question is now considered by everybody to be settled for a few years; but how many, and when another change will take place, depends on a thousand contingencies, idle to argue upon.

March 5th.—Nothing written for many days, principally because I had nothing particular to say. If I wrote a Journal, and chose to insert all the trash of diurnal occurrences, the squabbles of the Jockey Club, and things which had better be forgotten, because they ought not to happen, I might fill books full in no time, but I can't and won't do this. There have been no political events. The Government goes on quietly and safely enough, with no storm in the horizon at all threatening their political existence.

March 13th.—On Friday night in the midst of the most intense and general interest and curiosity, heightened by the closeness and fidelity with which the Government measures had been kept secret, Peel brought forward his financial plans in a speech of three hours and forty minutes, acknowledged by everybody to have been a masterpiece of financial statement. The success was complete; he took the House by storm; and his opponents, though of course differing and objecting on particular points, did him ample justice. A few people expected an income-tax, but the majority did not. Hitherto the Opposition have been talking very big about opposing all taxes, but they have quite altered their tone. It is really remarkable to see the attitude Peel has taken in this Parliament, his complete mastery over both his friends and his foes. His own party, *nolentes aut volentes,* have surrendered at discretion, and he has got them as well disciplined and as obedient as the crew of a man-of-war. There can be no doubt that he is now a very great man, and it depends on himself to establish a lasting reputation. Wharncliffe told me that the principle of their measure, the imposition of an income-tax, was settled six weeks after they came into office, which makes the wonder greater that nothing of it got out.

March 14th.—The manner in which Peel's measure was received was creditable to the Opposition; but they are beginning to recover from their quiescent state, to ask one another what they think of it, to suggest objections, and to speculate on its unpopularity. There is, however, a general disposition to accept the measure, and to acknowledge that Peel is entitled to a fair trial of what must be considered a great political and financial experiment. All men now admit Peel's power, and his superior fitness as a Minister. He has taken a very high line, and acted his part with great dignity as well as dexterity; he is also singularly favoured by fortune, for the misfortunes which are now befalling us, the disastrous events in India, are useful to his political power. It will be necessary for him to make some changes. Gladstone has already displayed a capacity which makes his admission into the Cabinet indispensable, and he must find some means of getting rid of Knatchbull. The very look of the man, which is that of a twaddler approaching to the ridiculous, is enough to make his exclusion an object, and as he is entirely useless and has fallen into universal contempt in the House of Commons, the sooner some decent retreat is found for him, the better for himself as well as for the Government.

March 19th.—This day Lord Hertford[1] is buried at Ragley, a man whose death excited much greater interest than anything he ever did in his life, because the world was curious to learn the amount of his wealth, and how he had disposed of it. A pompous funeral left Dorchester House three days ago, followed by innumerable carriages

[1] Francis, third Marquis of Hertford, who appears in "Vanity Fair" as Marquis of Steyne and in "Coningsby" as Lord Monmouth, was the owner of Dorchester House, Manchester House—now known as Hertford House, and a house in Regent's Park, now St. Dunstan's, and was reputed to be as rich as he was wicked. He began the famous collection of pictures, etc., which was continued and greatly increased by his son, the fourth Marquis, and bequeathed by him to his natural son, Richard Wallace, who lived for some years at Hertford House. Finally, the greater part of the collection was bequeathed by his widow, Lady Wallace, to the nation.

of private individuals,[1] pretending to show a respect which not one of them felt for the deceased; on the contrary, no man ever lived more despised or died less regretted. His life and his death were equally disgusting and revolting to every good and moral feeling. As Lord Yarmouth he was known as a sharp, cunning, luxurious, avaricious man of the world, with some talent, the favourite of George IV (the worst of kings) when Lady Hertford, his mother, was that Prince's mistress. He was celebrated for his success at play, by which he supplied himself with the large sums of money required for his pleasures, and which his father had no inclination to give him, and the son had none to ask for. He won largely, not by any cheating or unfairness, but by coolness, calculation, always backing the best players, and getting the odds on his side. He was a *bon vivant,* and when young and gay his parties were agreeable, and he contributed his share to their hilarity. But after he became Lord Hertford and the possessor of an enormous property he was puffed up with vulgar pride, very unlike the real scion of a noble race, he loved nothing but dull pomp and ceremony, and could only endure people who paid him court and homage. After a great deal of coarse and vulgar gallantry, generally purchased at a high rate, he formed a connexion with Lady Strachan, which thenceforward determined all the habits of his life. She was a very infamous and shameless woman, and his love after some years was changed to hatred; and she, after getting very large sums out of him, married a Sicilian. But her children, three daughters, he in a manner adopted; though eventually all his partiality centred upon one, Charlotte by name, who married Count Zichy-Ferraris, a Hungarian nobleman. She continued to

[1] The Duke of Bedford wrote to me: "I see Peel's carriage followed Lord Hertford's remains out of London! What is the use of character and conduct in this world, if after such a life, death and will as Lord Hertford's, such a mark of respect is paid to his memory by the First Minister of this great country, and this not 'the loose and profligate Lord Melbourne,' but the good and honest and particular Sir Robert Peel?" —Author's note.

live with Hertford on and off, here and abroad, until his habits became in his last years so ostentatiously crapulous that her residence in his house, in England at least, ceased to be compatible with common decency. She was, however, here till within a week or ten days of his death, and her departure appears curiously enough to have led to the circumstances which immediately occasioned it. There has been, as far as I know, no example of undisguised debauchery exhibited to the world like that of Lord Hertford, and his age and infirmities rendered it at once the more remarkable and the more shocking. Between sixty and seventy years old, broken with various infirmities, and almost unintelligible from a paralysis of the tongue, he has been in the habit of travelling about with a company of prostitutes, who formed his principal society, and by whom he was surrounded up to the moment of his death, generally picking them up from the dregs of that class, and changing them according to his fancy and caprice. Here he was to be seen driving about the town, and lifted by two footmen from his carriage into the brothel, and he never seems to have thought it necessary to throw the slightest veil over the habits he pursued. For some months or weeks past he lived at Dorchester House, and the Zichys with him; but every day at a certain hour his women, who were quartered elsewhere, arrived, passed the greater part of the day, and one or other of them all the night in his room. He found the presence of the Countess Zichy troublesome and embarrassing to his pleasures, and he made her comprehend that her absence would not be disagreeable to him, and accordingly she went away. He had then been ill in bed for many days, but as soon as she was gone, as if to celebrate his liberation by a jubilee, he got up and posted with his seraglio down to Richmond. No room was ready, no fire lit, nevertheless he chose to dine there amidst damp and cold, drank a quantity of champagne, came back chilled and exhausted, took to his bed, grew gradually worse, and in ten days he died. And

what a life, terminating in what a death! without a serious thought or a kindly feeling, lavishing sums incalculable on the worthless objects of his pleasures or caprices, never doing a generous or a charitable action, caring and cared for by no human being, the very objects of his bounty only regarding him for what they could get out of him; faculties, far beyond mediocrity, wasted and degraded, immersed in pride without dignity, in avarice and sensuality; all his relations estranged from him, and surrounded to the last by a venal harem, who pandered to the disgusting exigencies *lassatæ sed nondum satiatæ libidinis*.[1]

March 23rd.—Dined on Sunday at Lady Holland's, with Melbourne and a number of Whigs. Much talk about Peel and his measures, and what would be the conclusion. Melbourne, to do him justice, is destitute of humbug, does not see things through the medium of his wishes or prejudices, but thinks impartially, and says what he thinks. He said Peel would carry all his points, and that there would be no serious opposition in the country, for if any public meetings were called, the Chartists would be sure to outvote any resolution against the income-tax. Then he thought the regular war which the Opposition had declared was very useful to him, as it was the very thing which would keep his own party together, silence their objections, and make them come down and vote steadily with him.

June 5th.—I have not written one line since March 23rd —a longer interval, I think, than has ever passed since I first began to journalise. The principal reason for this cessation has been that my mind has been disquieted and unsettled. The racing and racehorses, and all things appertaining thereto, the betting, buying, selling, the quarrels and squabbles, the personal differences and estrangements, the excitement and agitation produced by these things, have had the effect on my mind of withdrawing my attention from public affairs, from literature,

[1] "Of tired but still unsatisfied lust."—From Tautus' description of the Emperor Tiberius.

from society, from all that is worth attending to and caring for, from everything that is a legitimate object of interest, and wasting my thoughts, faculties, and feelings on all that is most vile, most worthless, and most morally and mentally injurious. This is the confession that I am obliged to make, for this is the true cause why I have left unnoticed and unrecorded every event or circumstance that has occurred for many weeks past. It is also, in some degree, owing to the circumstance of my knowing very little of what is going on. While the late Ministry were in office, my intimacy with so many of them or their near connexions put me in the way of information; but I have no intimacy with any of these people, and consequently I know nothing but what everybody else knows.

The distress in the country does not diminish, but its miseries are neither seen nor felt amidst the "fumum et opes, strepitumque Romæ";[1] and as nobody thinks that the "sanguine cloud" has "quenched the orb of day," that it arises from any other than temporary and accidental causes, the world waits patiently for some beneficial change.

Last week the Queen was shot at, very much in the same manner and on the same spot as two years ago. She was aware that the attempt had been meditated the day before, and that the perpetrator was at large, still she would go out, and without any additional precautions. This was very brave, but imprudent. It would have been better to stay at home, or go to Claremont, and let the police look for the man, or to have taken some precautionary measures. It is certainly very extraordinary, for there is no semblance of insanity in the assassin, and no apparent motive or reason for the crime. This young

[1] "The smoke and wealth and noise of the city." The distress of 1816 and 1833 was "as nothing compared to the protracted wretchedness which began in 1837 and continued to 1842." During all those years the number of paupers was steadily growing, till in 1842 it amounted to 1,429,000, or one person in eleven of the population.—See Walpole's "History of England," IV, 358.

Queen, who is an object of interest, and has made no enemies, has twice had attempts made on her life within two years. George III, a very popular king, was exposed to similar attempts, but in his case the perpetrators were really insane; while George IV, a man neither beloved nor respected, and at different times very odious and unpopular, was never attacked by anyone.

Last night I went to Hullah's choral meeting, at Exeter Hall, where the Queen Dowager appeared. It was fine to see, and fine and curious to hear; but the finest thing was when the Duke of Wellington came in, almost at the end. The piece they were singing stopped at once; the whole audience rose, and a burst of acclamation and waving of handkerchiefs saluted the great old man, who is now the idol of the people. It was grand and affecting, and seemed to move everybody but himself.

September 1st.—During the whole of the past Session, besides having been occupied with other things than politics, I have had no communication with politicians, and have seen nothing of public affairs. My knowledge, therefore, is no greater than that of any casual observer, and all I could have done was to note and record the various floating opinions which have come across me in my intercourse with society.

Peel began the Session with his great financial measures, which were received, on their first appearance, with considerable applause by the Opposition, and with a sulky acquiescence on the part of the Tories. The former, however, soon began to change their note and to pick holes, but probably this rather was of service to him than otherwise, for the semblance of an Opposition—and it was no more—kept together the masses of the Government party, and the tone of superiority and even supremacy which he assumed from the beginning has imposed upon both friend and foe, and enabled him to get through a very laborious and troublesome session without any serious difficulty.

Parliament was no sooner up, than the riots broke out,[1] sufficiently alarming but for the railroads, which enabled the Government to pour troops into the disturbed districts, and extinguish the conflagration at once. The immediate danger is over, but those who are best informed look with great anxiety and apprehension to the future, and only consider what has recently happened as the beginning of a series of disorders.

Broadlands,[2] *September 17th.*—I came here on the 14th, to meet Rogers and Baron Rolfe. Palmerston complains that our Foreign affairs are all mismanaged from first to last, and that *we give up everything;* universal concession the rule of action, and that there can be no difficulty in settling questions if we yield all that is in dispute. He is particularly dissatisfied with the Boundary Treaty, in which he says we have been overreached by the Americans; that Lord Ashburton[3] was a very unfit man to send there, having an American bias, besides a want of firmness in his character. He thinks the territorial concessions we have made very objectionable and quite unnecessary, and that we had already *proved* our right to the disputed land. It is evident that he means to fall foul of this arrangement upon the first suitable occasion. Lady Palmerston talked to me for a long time about the old disputes on the Syrian question, and lauded his wonderful equanimity and good humour during those stormy and difficult times. She said Lord Holland's death was in great measure attributable to the vexation and excitement he underwent, and the recollection of the opposition Palmerston met with still rankles deeply in her mind.

[1] On August 4th serious riots broke out at Staleybridge and Manchester in consequence of a threatened reduction of wages. "The poor lived under conditions which would have made life even with high wages horrible, and with low wages intolerable." It was estimated that one-tenth of the population of Manchester and one-seventh of that of Liverpool lived in cellars.—Walpole.

[2] Palmerston's country house.

[3] One of Peel's first acts was to send Lord Ashburton on a special mission to America to settle various long standing disputes, including one on the boundary of Maine.

September 24th.—The *Morning Chronicle* opened a fire upon the American Treaty in the beginning of last week, which has been well sustained in a succession of articles of very unequal merit. To these the *Times* has responded, and in my opinion successfully. It was amusing to me to read in the columns of the *Chronicle* all that I had been hearing Palmerston say *totidem verbis;* his articles were merely a repetition of his talk, and that as exactly as if the latter had been taken down in shorthand. As far as I can judge, he will, however, fail to carry public opinion with him.

September 24th.—We had a Council at Windsor yesterday, where I met Peel for the first time since his return from Scotland. We now go to the Council and return to town after it, instead of being invited to remain there, which is a very great improvement. Peel described the Scotch tour as very nervous, inasmuch as they went through all the districts, but that loyalty and interest in seeing the Queen triumphed over every other feeling and consideration, and all went off as well as possible.[1]

Adolphus Fitzclarence told me nothing could be more agreeable and amiable than she was, and the Prince too, on board the yacht, conversing all the time with perfect ease and good humour, and on all subjects, taking great interest and very curious about everything in the ship, dining on deck in the midst of the sailors, making them dance, talking to the boatswain, and, in short, doing everything that was popular and ingratiating.

October 18th.—On Wednesday last I went to the Grove;[2] on Friday to Gorhambury[3] to meet the Bishop of London, who came there in the course of his visitation; yesterday back to London. It is always refreshing, in the midst of the cold hearts and indifferent tempers one sees

[1] The Queen and Prince Albert had just made their first visit to Scotland accompanied by Peel. They went by sea.

[2] The home of Lord Clarendon;

[3] The home of Lord Verulam; both in Hertfordshire.

in the world, to behold such a spectacle of intimate union and warm affection as the Grove presents. A mother, with a tribe of sons and daughters, and their respective husbands and wives, all knit together in the closest union and community of affections, feelings and interests—all, too, very intelligent people, lively, cheerful, and striving to contribute to each other's social enjoyment as well as to their material interests. I have always thought Clarendon the least selfish, most generous, and amiable man with whom I am acquainted.

Edward Villiers, who is just come from Germany, told me nothing could exceed the disgust excited all over that country by the publication of Lord Hertford's trial,[1] and that there was a universal impression there that the state of society in England and the character of its aristocracy were to the last degree profligate and unprincipled. We are mighty proud of our fine qualities, and plume ourselves on our morality; but it must be owned that a German public, which can know nothing of English society but from the specimens it sees of Englishmen, or what it reads in the press of English doings, may well entertain a less exalted idea of our perfections, and we need not wonder at the impressions which we think so unfair, and which are not in fact correct.

October 23rd.—To the Grove on Thursday; came back yesterday to dine with Mr. Grenville; passed the whole morning of Saturday at the British Museum, where I had not been for many years, but where I propose to go henceforward very often. The number of readers is now on an average three hundred a day; in the time of Gray, as may be seen by his letters, it was not half a dozen. I had never dined with Mr. Grenville before, though he has more than once asked me, and I was glad to go there. He is a man whom I have always looked at with respect and pleasure. It is a goodly sight to see him thus placidly

[1] Lord Hertford's will was disputed, and this led to some scandalous disclosures.

and slowly going down the hill of life, with all his faculties of mind and body, not unimpaired, but still fresh and strong. One would rejoice to procure a new lease for such a man. He may well look round him, as he sits in his unrivalled library and surrounded by his friends, serene and full of enjoyment, and say, like Mazarin, " Et il faut quitter tout cela! " but not reflections or anticipations seem to overcast the mild sunshine of his existence.

November 2nd.—Lord Wharncliffe and Kay Shuttleworth, who are both come from the north, have given me an account of the state of the country and of the people which is perfectly appalling. There is an immense and continually increasing population, deep distress and privation, no adequate demand for labour, no demand for anything, no confidence, but a universal alarm, disquietude, and discontent. Nobody can sell anything. Somebody said, speaking of some part of Yorkshire, " This is certainly the happiest country in the world, for *nobody wants anything.*" Kay says that nobody can conceive the state of demoralisation of the people, of the masses, and that the only thing which restrains them from acts of violence against property is a sort of instinctive consciousness that, bad as things are, their own existence depends upon the security of property *in the long run.* It is in these parts that the worst symptoms are apparent, but there are indications of the same kind more or less all over the country, and certainly I have never seen, in the course of my life, so serious a state of things as that which now stares us in the face; and this, after thirty years of uninterrupted peace, and the most ample scope afforded for the development of all our resources, when we have been altering, amending, and improving, wherever we could find anything to work upon, and being, according to our own ideas, not only the most free and powerful, but the most moral and the wisest people in the world. One remarkable feature in the present condition of affairs is that nobody can account for it, and nobody

pretends to be able to point out any remedy; for those who clamour for the repeal of the Corn Laws, at least those who know anything of the matter, do not really believe that repeal would supply a cure for our distempers.[1]

November 18th.—Called on Mr. Grenville yesterday morning. He told me he was eighty-eight, and had never been ill in all his life; had colds, but never been ill enough to keep his bed a whole day since he was born. His memory, he said, failed as to dates and names. He told me a curious anecdote of Wolfe. In Pitt's (Lord Chatham's) administration, when Wolfe was going out to take the command of the army in America, at that time a post of the greatest importance, Mr. Pitt had him to dinner with no other person present but Lord Temple (Mr. Grenville's uncle). After dinner Wolfe got greatly excited, drew his sword, flourished it about, and boasted of the great things he would do with it in a wonderfully braggart style. Lord Temple and Mr. Pitt were horror-struck, and when the General was gone, they lifted up their hands and eyes, and said what an awful thing it was to think that they were about to trust interests so vital to the discretion of a man who could talk and bluster in such a way. Mr. Grenville said he had never liked to repeat this anecdote, and had never done so till very lately, for he had been reluctant to say anything which might, by possibility, throw a slur on the reputation of Wolfe. But I told him it was too curious to be suppressed; curious as a peculiar trait of character, and that the heights of Abraham had secured the fame of Wolfe beyond the possibility of being injured by anything that could now be said.

November 22nd.—Dined yesterday with Lady Holland, John Russell, Charles Austin, and Lady Charlotte Lindsay. Lord John told us some things about the Reform Bill, interesting enough. The first he heard of it was by a letter from Althorp, who told him Lord Grey and he wished him (Lord John) to bring in the Bill although he

[1] As a fact no political remedy was ever so immediately efficacious.

was not in the Cabinet. He wrote back that he could not agree to bring in the Bill without having a share in its concoction, which they agreed he was entitled to. He came to town and Lord Grey begged him to put himself in communication with Durham. He went to Durham and had a long conversation with him, and they agreed that a Committee should be formed which should meet constantly and settle the terms of the Bill. The first person suggested was the Duke of Richmond, but Lord John objected to him, and then they settled to have Graham and Duncannon. They used to meet at Durham's every day and discuss the details of the Bill. Among these was the question of Ballot, Graham and Durham being strongly for it, John Russell against, and Duncannon neuter. The point was, however, referred to the Cabinet, and immediately negatived. Lord John said that the only chance they had of carrying such a Bill was the preservation of impenetrable secrecy. If once the plan got out, their own friends would be alarmed, and their success infallibly compromised. Accordingly they contrived to keep their plan secret till the last moment. So little did their opponents expect anything of the kind, that Peel, in a speech about a fortnight before, taunted them in these terms: "You came into power avowedly to promote peace, retrenchment, and reform. Your peace is in the greatest danger of being broken; your estimates are not less than ours were; and as to your reform, I predict that it will be some miserable measure, with all the appearance of a change in the Constitution, without the reality of any improvement." When the measure came out, many of the friends of Government were exceedingly frightened, and thought it would not fail to be their ruin. Allen said that there had always existed a strong opinion that Peel might have crushed it at first, if he had refused leave to bring in the Bill, but Lord John denied that this was feasible. Lord Grey was so determined to make Peers, if the second reading was not carried, that Lord

John had himself given notice to some of his Tory friends, that if they wished to prevent this evil, they had better vote for it. I told Lord John he ought to write a history of the Reform Bill, which would be a very curious narrative.

November 30*th*.—The fifth volume of Madame d'Arblay's journal or memoirs is just come out. I have read the first three volumes, and then could read no more, it was so tiresome; but I returned to the fifth because I found everybody was amused by it. It is certainly readable, for there are scattered through it notices of people and things sufficiently interesting, but they are overlaid by an enormous quantity of trash and twaddle, and there is a continuous stream of mawkish sentimentality, loyalty, devotion, sensibility, and a display of feelings and virtues which are very provoking. The cleverest part of it is the remarkable memory with which she narrates long conversations and minute details of facts and circumstances. It is true she generally makes her people converse in a very ordinary commonplace style, and she hardly ever tells any anecdote or any event of importance or of remarkable interest. Nevertheless her rambling records are read with pleasure, for there is and ever will be an insatiable thirst for familiar details of the great world and the people who have figured in it. Anecdotes of kings, princes, ministers, or any *celebrities* are always acceptable. I have often thought that my journal would have been much more entertaining if I had scribbled down all I heard and saw in society, all I could remember of passing conversations, jokes, stories, and such like, instead of recording and commenting on public events, as I have often, though irregularly, done. To have done this, however, and done it well, required a better memory and more diligence than I possess, to be more *Boswellian* than I am. I believe, however, there is and can be no general rule for journalising. Everybody who addicts him or herself to this practice must follow the dictates of his taste and fancy or caprice. It is a matter in which character

operates and shows itself, for people are open and confidential or reserved with their blank page, in the same way as with their living friends. Some, indeed, will pour forth upon paper, and for the edification or amusement of posterity, what they never would have revealed to living ear; but the majority of those who indulge in this occupation probably only tell what they desire to have known. Few write for themselves only as a sort of moral exercise, or for the refreshment of their own memories, or because they feel a longing to give utterance to, and record the feelings and thoughts that are rising and working and fighting in their minds. It is curious that so many great men, as well as so many small ones, have written journals, and an essay on the subject would be interesting enough if well done. Johnson, Walter Scott, Wilberforce, Windham, Byron, Heber, Gibbon, all kept journals, and many others, no doubt, whom I don't recollect at this moment. I omit Pepys and Evelyn, as men of a different sort.

1843

January 16th.—Politically the past year has gone off with a tolerably equal mixture of good and evil, difficult foreign questions, and awkward *quasi* wars have been settled and concluded. Great discontent and great distress have prevailed at home, and we have the uncomfortable spectacle of this distress neither diminished nor diminishing, and of its most lamentable and alarming manifestation in the shape of our unproductive revenue. As to the Ministry, if ever they had any popularity, they have none now left, but their power as a Government, and their means of retaining office, don't seem to be at all diminished. People are aware we must have a Government, and though they feel no great affection for Sir Robert Peel and Co., they cannot look round and descry anybody else whom they would prefer to him, and on the

whole I believe there is a pretty general opinion that he is more capable of managing public affairs than any other man. The popularity which the Tory Government has lost has not by any means been transferred to the account of the Whig Opposition, who seem to be in a very prostrate and paralytic state as far as their prospects of recovering power are concerned. The public has not returned to them, and the Queen, their great supporter, has certainly fallen away from them. She has found, after a year's experience, that she can go on very happily and comfortably with the objects of her former detestation. She never cared a farthing for any of the late Cabinet but Melbourne, and besides having apparently ceased to care very much about him, now that his recent attack has made his restoration to office impossible, she will have no motive whatever for desiring all the trouble and risk attending a change of Government, and I have no sort of doubt she would infinitely prefer that matters should remain as they are.

Without going into any of the events which have occurred in the course of this year, I cannot help noticing the state of public opinion and feeling which appears at its close. Questions which not long ago interested and agitated the world have been laid upon the shelf; the thoughts of mankind seem to be turned into other channels. It is curious to look at the sort of subjects which now nearly monopolise general interest and attention. First and foremost there is the Corn Law and the League;[1] the Corn Law, which Charles Villiers (I must do him the justice to say) long ago predicted to me would supersede every other topic of interest, and so it undoubtedly has. Then the condition of the people, moral and physical, is uppermost in everybody's mind, the state and management of workhouses and prisons, and

[1] The Anti-Corn Law League, founded in Manchester in 1839, had become by this time, the largest and most powerful organization of its kind that had ever existed.

the great question of education. The newspapers are full of letters and complaints on these subjects, and people think, talk, and care about them very much. And last, but not least, come the Church questions—the Church of Scotland, the Church of England, the Dissenters, the Puseyites. Great and increasing is the interest felt in all the multifarious grievances or pretensions put forth by any and all of the above denominations, and much are men's minds turned to religious subjects. One proof of this may be found in the avidity with which the most remarkable charges of several of the Bishops have been read, the prodigious number of copies of them which have been sold. Of these, the principal are the charges of the Bishops of London (Blomfield), Exeter (Phillpotts), and St. David's (Thirlwall), especially the second. This charge, which is very able, contains *inter alia* an attack upon Newman for Tract No. 90, and a most elaborate argument, very powerful, in reply to a judgment delivered by Brougham at the Privy Council in the case of Escott v. Mastyn on Lay Baptism.

January 19th.—I went to Apsley House yesterday to see my brother,[1] and while I was in his room the Duke came in. He was looking remarkably well, strong, hearty, and of a good colour. He was in very good spirits and humour, and began talking about everything, but particularly about Lieutenant Eyre's book, the recent Indian campaign, the blunders committed, and Ellenborough's strange behaviour. I told him that there was but one sentiment of indignation and ridicule at all Lord Ellenborough had been saying and doing. He lifted up his hands and eyes, and admitted that this was only to be expected. I told him that a friend of mine had seen a letter from Ellenborough in which he gave an account of the review he was going to have, when he meant to arrange his army in the form of a star, with the artillery at the point of each ray, and a throne for himself in the

[1] Algernon Greville, the Duke's Private Secretary.

centre. "And he ought to sit upon it in a strait waistcoat," said the Duke.

January 24th.—Went to the Grove on Friday, returned yesterday; Lord Auckland, Emily Eden, John and Lady John Russell, Charles Buller,[1] and Charles Villiers; pleasant enough. Charles Buller very clever, amusing, even witty; but the more I see of him the more I am struck with his besetting sin, that of turning everything into a joke, never being serious for five minutes out of the twenty-four hours, upon any subject; and to such a degree has he fallen into this dangerous habit, in spite too of the remonstrances and admonitions of his best friends, that when he is inclined to be serious, and to express opinions in earnest, nobody knows what he is at, nor whether he means what he says.

It was just as I was starting for the Grove that I heard of the assassination of Edward Drummond,[2] one of the most unaccountable crimes that ever was committed, for he was as good and inoffensive a man as ever lived, who could have had no enemy, and who was not conspicuous enough to have become the object of hatred or vengeance to any class of persons, being merely the officer of Sir Robert Peel, and never saying or doing anything but in his name, or as directed by him.

January 26th.—Poor Drummond died yesterday morning, and I never remember any event which excited more general sympathy and regret. He was informed the night before of his hopeless condition, which he heard with great composure, and he was sensible almost to the last. There never was a man who, according to every rule of probability, was safer from any chance of assassination.

January 29th.—The man who shot Drummond, it now appears, acknowledged that it was his intention to shoot Peel, and thought he had done so. He said so more than

[1] Acted as Secretary to Lord Durham in Canada, and was the main author of the famous Report.

[2] Private Secretary to Sir Robert Peel. He was shot in Whitehall by a man named Daniel Macnaghten, on January 20th.

once. Graham, whom I sat by at dinner yesterday, told me that he considered it a very doubtful case, very doubtful what view the jury would take of the question of his insanity. He has certainly been under a sort of delusion that the Tories have persecuted him, but in no other respect is he mad.

March 19th.—For a month past I have been laid up with a painful and tiresome fit of the gout, which has left me neither spirits nor energy to write, and I have had nothing to say of the slightest importance if I had been possessed of either. Nothing can have been more dull than the march of public affairs.

If it were not for Brougham, who keeps enlivening the world from time to time with his speeches and correspondence and quarrels with one person or another, the political dullness and stagnation would be complete. This singular being is in an incessant state of morbid activity, never silent, never quiet; the *âme damnée* of Lyndhurst, he grossly and incessantly flatters the Duke, and calls Peel his " right honourable friend "; he hates his " noble friends " and former colleagues with an intensity which bursts out on every occasion when he can contrive to vilify or assail them. His last appearance in public is in the shape of a correspondence with an Anti-Corn-Law Leaguer and Quaker of the name of Bright, which is long and not very intelligible either, but it is amusing inasmuch as it exhibits the slyness of the Quaker, who contrives to baffle his angry " friend " by a good deal of cunning, and rather disingenuous verbiage.

Brighton, April 5th.—The gout which tormented me a month ago continued, and is only now going off. I went to Winchester for two days, and have been here three; sent by the doctors. I have had all this time an invincible repugnance to writing anything in the way of journal, and I now take up my pen for little else than to enter the fact of having nothing of the slightest interest to say. I know nothing of politics, and believe there

is nothing to know. Palmerston delivered his anti-Ashburton philippic, a fortnight ago, in a speech of three hours and a half duration, which was universally allowed to be most able. It certainly raised his reputation as an orator, but his friends would have much preferred his having let it alone. The immediate consequence was, that Hume in one House, and Brougham in the other, gave notices of motions for votes of thanks to Lord Ashburton, much to the annoyance of everybody.

In the course of conversation with Arbuthnot the other day on various matters, he told me something about Lord Spencer's taking office in '30, which I thought rather curious. Lord Spencer told it him himself. When Lord Grey was sent for by King William to form an Administration, he went to Althorp and asked him what place he would have. Althorp said he would not have any. Lord Grey said, "If you won't take office with me, I will not undertake to form the Government, but will give it up." "If that's the case," said the other, "I must; but if I do take office, I will be Chancellor of the Exchequer and lead the House of Commons." "Lead the House of Commons?" said Lord Grey; "but you know you can't speak!" "I know that," he said, "but I know I can be of more use to you in that capacity than in any other, and I will either be that or nothing." He became the very best leader of the House of Commons that any party ever had. Peel said that he never failed on every question to say a few words entirely to the point, and no argument open to reply escaped him. The whole House liked him, his own party followed him with devoted attachment. This was a curious piece of confidence and self-reliance in a very modest man.

Good Friday, April 14th.—Came back from Brighton on Sunday evening. The same night John Allen died, after a week's illness, much regretted by all the friends of Holland House. He was seventy-two years old, and had lived for forty years at Holland House, more exclusively

devoted to literary pursuits and abdicating his independent existence more entirely than any man ever did. It is rather remarkable that no great work ever was produced by him; but perhaps his social habits, and still more the personal exigencies of Lady Holland, are sufficient to account for this. He was originally recommended to Lord Holland as a physician, being at that time a distinguished member of that remarkable literary circle at Edinburgh which contained Brougham, Horner, Jeffrey, and Sydney Smith, who revered Dugald Stewart as their master, and who originated the *Edinburgh Review*. Allen does not seem to have been considered for any length of time as belonging to Holland House in a medical capacity. He soon was established there permanently as a friend, and looked upon (as he was) as an immense literary acquisition. From that time he became an essential and remarkable ingredient of the great Holland House establishment, the like of which we shall never see again. Allen became one of the family, was in all their confidence, and indispensable to both Lord and Lady Holland. Lord Holland treated him with uniform consideration, affection, and amenity; she worried, bullied, flattered, and cajoled him by turns. He was a mixture of pride, humility, and independence; he was disinterested, warm-hearted, and choleric, very liberal in his political, still more in his religious opinions, in fact, a universal sceptic. He used for a long time in derision to be called "Lady Holland's Atheist," and in point of fact I do not know whether he believed in the existence of a First Cause, or whether, like Dupius, he regarded the world as *l'univers Dieu*. Though not, I think, feeling quite certain on the point, he was inclined to believe that the history of Jesus Christ was altogether fabulous or mythical, and that no such man had ever existed. He told me he could not get over the total silence of Josephus as to the existence and history of Christ. It was not, however, the custom at Holland House to discuss religious subjects, except

rarely and incidentally. Everybody knew that the House was sceptical, none of them ever thought of going to church, and they went on as if there was no such thing as religion. But there was no danger of the most devout person being shocked or offended by any unseemly controversy, by any mockery, or insult offered to their feelings and convictions. Amongst the innumerable friends and habitual guests of the House were many clergymen, very sincere and orthodox, and many persons of both sexes entertaining avowedly the strongest religious opinions, amongst them Miss Fox, Lord Holland's sister, and his daughter, Lady Lilford. Allen's learning and still more his general information were prodigious, and as he lived amongst books, the stock was continually increasing. He was the oracle of Holland House on all literary subjects, and in every discussion some reference was sure to be made to Allen for information, upon which he never was at fault. He was not accustomed to take much part in general conversation, but was always ready to converse with anybody who sought him, and when warmed up would often argue away with great vigour and animation, and sometimes with no little excitement. After Lord Holland's death, which he felt with an intensity of grief that showed the warmth of his affections, he devoted himself entirely to Lady Holland, and never left her for a moment. His loss is, therefore, to her quite irreparable. He was for twenty-two years Master of Dulwich College, but he never was allowed to live there, or to absent himself from Holland House, except for the few hours in each week when his attendance at Dulwich was indispensable.

May 7th.—Went to Newmarket for the benefit of my health, and to get rid of gout by change of air, and succeeded. Came back on Friday. I have serious thoughts of giving up this journal altogether, and yet I am reluctant to do so, for it has been for many years an occasional and sometimes a constant and brisk amusement

to me, but I feel that it is neither one thing nor another, and not worth the trouble of continuing. I have no inclination, like some diarists, to put down day by day all the trifles they see, hear, or do, a great mass of useless and uninteresting matter, into which some few things here and there creep that are just worth preserving, and I really am so ignorant of the events and history of the time, and so little in communication with public men of any party, that I can give no account of that under-current which escapes general observation, but which so often throws an eventual light upon contemporary history, and corrects many otherwise unavoidable errors. It is very true that what I call trifles are often read with curiosity and avidity a hundred years later, even though the writer may be a very commonplace, ordinary person like myself, and this may be the case although his manuscript should contain nothing very recondite or important. Still, though I am aware of this, I am reluctant to spoil a quantity of paper with mere trash, which, whatever accident may make it, or what value it may possibly acquire by age, is too trivial now to be set down without a feeling of mixed shame and disgust.

May 16th.—Went on Sunday to the Temple Church. Most beautiful to see, though perhaps too elaborately decorated. The service very well done, fine choir. Benson preached on justification by faith, not a good sermon, though a fine preacher. I listened attentively, but found it all waste of attention. He ended by a hit at the Puseyites (as he often rejoices to do), and an extract from one of the Homilies, which was the best part of his sermon. Brougham was there and brought Peel with him.

June 6th.—Nothing written for a long time, and for the old reason, the Derby and the race-course. George Bentinck backed a horse of his called Gaper (and not a good one) to win about 120,000*l.* On the morning of the race the people came to hedge with him, when he laid the odds against him to 7,000*l.*; 47,000

to 7,000, I believe, in all. He had three bets with Kelburne[1] of unexampled amount. He laid Kelburne 13,000 to 7,000 on Cotherstone (the winner) against the British Yeoman, and Kelburne laid him 16,000 to 2,000 against Gaper. The result I believe was, to these two noble lords, that George Bentinck won about 9,000*l.* and the other lost 6,000*l.* or 7,000*l.* I have never much inclination to record racing details, though these particulars may not be unamusing or uninteresting many years hence. George Bentinck may eschew racing,[2] and be found in his latter days addicted to some very different pursuit, and it may appear as strange to hear of his thousands lost and won, as it is to read of Wilberforce's gaming at the fashionable clubs, or to be told of the mild and respectable Tom Grenville heading the mob in the demolition of the Admiralty windows in the Keppel riots. Or times may change, and the value of money, or the usages and habits of the world. These sums may appear contemptibly small or alarmingly large. After all, when the letters and diaries with which the Press now teems make their appearance, we always read with more or less interest the familiar details of the vices and follies, the amusements and pursuits of our forefathers; even their winnings and losings are attractive; so that if I chose to tell more stories of the turf, somebody would be found to read them in times remote; but I always feel so ashamed of the occupation, and a sort of consciousness of degradation and of deterioration from it, that my mind abhors the idea of writing about it; in fact, I often wonder at my own sentiments or sensations, and my own conduct about the business and the diversion of racing. It gives me at least as much of pain as pleasure, and yet so strong is the habit, such a lingering, lurking pleasure do I find in it, such a frequent stimulus does it apply to my general indifference and apathy, that I cannot give it entirely up.

[1] Viscount Kelburne, afterwards fourth Earl of Glasgow.

[2] A remarkable forecast. A few years later he sold his whole stud and devoted himself entirely to politics.

The King of Hanover arrived on Friday, too late for the Royal christening, and all the world is asking why he did not arrive in time, or why they did not wait for him. The political world is all out of joint. Peel is become very unpopular. Ireland is in a flame. The whole country is full of distress, disquiet, and alarm. Religious feuds are rife. The Church and the Puseyites are at loggerheads here, and the Church and the Seceders in Scotland; and everybody says it is all very alarming, and God knows what will happen, and everybody goes on just the same, and nobody cares except those who can't get bread to eat. Somehow or other, it does seem very strange, that after thirty years of peace, a thing unprecedented, during which time all the elements of public prosperity have been in full activity and had ample scope, while we have been reforming and improving, and fancying that we have been getting wiser and better, we find ourselves to all appearance in as bad a condition, with as much difficulty for the present, and as much alarm for the future, as we have often been in.

June 14th.—Yesterday at Ascot. A melancholy sight indeed, torrents of rain, no company; the Court had announced its intention not to be present, which was a heavy discouragement, and the miserable weather put a finishing stroke to the prosperity of the meeting. The determination of the Queen and Prince not to go is attributed by some to their dislike of all racing, and by others to the presence of the King of Hanover, who would have obliged her, if she had had the usual party at Windsor, to invite him there. Probably there is a mixture of both reasons in the matter. The King of Hanover must be rather astonished to find himself received as he has been here. Although supposed to be extremely unpopular, he is feasted, invited, and visited by all manner of men. Everybody seems to think it necessary to treat him with dinners and balls, and he is become the lion of the season with this foolish, inconsistent world.

June 15th.—On Saturday I am going abroad, partly for health and partly in search of amusement, and to get away from the London season. Lord Wharncliffe said to me yesterday, "You are going away, and I shall not see you for some time. You leave us in a strange state, with many difficulties around us. Our friends are angry because we don't do more and come down to Parliament about Ireland, but we have *no case* to act upon. What can we do about O'Connell? He may go great lengths, and at some of these meetings may expose himself to a prosecution, but when would you find an Irish jury to convict him?" Add to these things the distress in this country, the Corn Law quarrels, and the religious dissensions both in Scotland and in England, and the cauldron is surely bubbling and fizzing as merrily as need be; yet we shall scramble through all these difficulties, as we have done so many before *pejora passi*.[1]

Liège, Monday, June 19th.—I set off at eleven o'clock, on Saturday morning, from London Bridge, by the *Earl of Liverpool* steamer, which was loaded with passengers and machinery, and a slow bad boat, so that we were seventeen and a half hours crossing over. The weather was fine, and it was pleasant enough going down the river. All the people were very merry and very hungry during this part of the voyage, but most of them very sad and very sick when they got out to sea. It was ludicrous to see the disappearance of their hilarity and to contrast it with their woebegone faces when they were heaved about in the Channel. Having secured what is called the state cabin (a box with two beds in it, one over the other), I turned in and slept very comfortably. On each side of this apartment were the men's and the women's rooms, and as the doors of both were left open for air, I saw them all lying huddled together, in every variety of attitude and costume, as thick as plums in a box, without any appearance of motion or life. It was a foggy, misty

[1] "Having undergone worse evils."

night, but suddenly at break of day the fog was drawn up like a curtain, and we ran into Ostend harbour on a fine morning at half-past four o'clock.

London, August 1st.—I remained abroad till Wednesday 19th, when I took the diligence to Iffetsheim, steamed down the Rhine, embarked at Ostend on Saturday 22nd, had a rough, disagreeable passage to Dover, and got to London on Sunday morning. On Monday went to Goodwood, which was very good, and returned to take up my abode in London on Saturday 29th. This expedition answered to me even better than I had any idea it would. There were no difficulties or drawbacks of any kind. It acted on my mind as a moral alterative; the new scenes, the constant movement and occupation, did me a world of good. The interest and the pleasure produced by this short excursion confirm my resolution to do something of the same sort in some direction or other every year, and always, if I can, to avoid *the season* in London.

August 6th.—Since I have had time to look about me and hear what people say, I am of opinion that no serious injury has been done to the stability of the Government, whatever blows may have been inflicted on its credit; no other party, no other individuals, have gained, whatever they may have lost on the score of popularity and character. The Court is entirely on their side. The Queen never cared for any individual of her old Government but Melbourne, and she knows that his political life is closed; she feels that her own personal comfort is much greater with Peel's Government and large majority than it ever was, or is likely to be again, with the Whigs. I see nothing to alter my opinion that the principle on which Peel resolved to act, and has acted, was the wisest and best he could adopt—that of steering between extreme parties, of guiding, regulating, and restraining forward movements, the advance of which was, he knew, inevitable, and which he did not deem undesirable. He might have foreseen that this was a difficult part to play well. It was pretty

sure to make him unpopular with his friends, as it has done, and it was equally sure not to conciliate his enemies, who, on the contrary, rejoiced to see him weakened by dissensions with his allies, and hastened to place him between two fires, and by embarrassing his march as much as they could to cast universal discredit upon him. The way to meet these difficulties was, in the first place, to be perfectly single-minded; to be open, bold, and resolute; and with his friends frank and conciliatory. Unhappily, Peel's character is not such as enabled him to display these qualities. He acts rather like the cautious leader of a party, than like a great and powerful Minister determined to do what he thinks right, casting himself upon public opinion, and trusting to its bearing him out in the long run. Then he is so cold, so reserved, and his ways are so little winning and attractive, that he cannot attach people to him personally, and induce them to bear with the Ministers for the sake of the man. Although I think his general views are sound, his way of working out his measures is not happy, and therefore the clamour against him is very general, and he finds very few defenders, admirers, and friends.

Since I have been away nothing very interesting has occurred. The King of Hanover has been the great lion of London, all the Tories feasting and entertaining him with extraordinary demonstrations of civility and regard; but not so the Court, for the Queen has taken hardly any notice of him. They tell a story of him, that one day at Buckingham Palace he proposed to Prince Albert to go out and walk with him. The Prince excused himself, saying he could not walk in the streets, as they should be exposed to inconvenience from the crowd of people. The King replied, "Oh, never mind that. I was still more unpopular than you are now, and used to walk about with perfect impunity."

August 8th.—Yesterday morning I found the Duke of Wellington in my brother's room and in high good-humour.

I began talking to him about the discovery lately made at Woodstock of the Duke of Marlborough's correspondence, which Sir George Murray had told me of; and this led him to talk of the Duke of Marlborough, of his character and military genius, and so on to other things. He said that he considered the principal characteristic of the Duke of Marlborough to have been his strong sound sense and great practical sagacity. That it was a mistake to say he was illiterate. People fancied so because of the way in which his words were misspelt, but in his time they spelt them as they were pronounced. He thought the errors he had committed were owing to his wife. As to his character, we must not judge of it according to the maxims by which men in our time are governed; besides that, they were less strict in his day; the condition of affairs itself produced a laxity; and though it was true he communicated with the Pretender and acted a double part, that was no more than many men in France did during Napoleon's reign.

The Duke then talked of the Military genius of Marlborough, and said that though he was a very great man, the art of war has so far advanced since his time that it is impossible to compare him with more modern generals; and unquestionably Napoleon was the greatest military genius that ever existed; that he had advantages which no other man ever possessed in the unlimited means at his command and his absolute power and irresponsibility, and that he never scrupled at any expenditure of human life; but nevertheless his employment of his means and resources was wonderful. I told him that I remembered to have heard him say that he considered Napoleon's campaign of '14 to have been one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of his exploits, and that he was then ruined by his own impatience. He said it was quite true, and then repeated (what he had once before told me) that nothing could exceed the ability of Napoleon's operations, and if he had continued to act for a little longer in the same way, he

would have forced the Allies to retreat, which they were in fact preparing to do.

August 11th.—The other night there was a debate in the House of Commons on the third reading of the Irish Arms Bill: also a discussion on the landlord and tenant question, which were not without their separate utility. Peel made a pretty good speech, considerably better than he has lately been doing; but still he might have been more vigorous, have taken a loftier tone, vindicated himself and his acts in a more triumphant way, and have lashed his various opponents in the manner they deserve. The remarkable thing was the bitterness and insolence of his *soi-disant* friends and the civility of his adversaries. More O'Farrall and Morgan John O'Connell were even complimentary in what they said on the landlord question, while Disraeli[1] and Smythe, who are the principal characters, together with John Manners, of the little squad called "Young England," were abusive and impertinent. As the session is drawing to a close, the clamour subsides, and as it really had no foundation in truth, justice, or sense, it will not have done Peel any material injury. People will find out that he has after all taken the wisest course about Ireland, and that the "do-nothing policy," which has excited so much indignation on one side and sneering on the other, is that which will be the least dangerous and most conducive to ultimate tranquillity.

August 26th.—The day before yesterday the Queen prorogued Parliament. She was received much as usual—that is, with indifference; the Speech was reckoned good, well written, and Ireland, the principal topic, properly alluded to. On Wednesday I went with Adolphus Fitzclarence on board the new yacht *Victoria and Albert*, and steamed as far as Gravesend. It is luxuriously fitted up,

[1] The third reference to him in the Journal. In the first he was looking out for a seat in Parliament; in the second he was being laughed down in his maiden speech; at last he is emerging into prominence as Peel's principal opponent.

but everything is sacrificed to the comfort of the Court, the whole ship's company being crammed into wretched dog-holes, officers included. I breakfasted with one of the lieutenants, and he showed me their berths. They are packed two officers in one berth, about seven feet by five at most, and, as he said, they have not room to move, or dress themselves. There is a large room, a sort of waiting-room, allotted to the pages, who are in fact footmen, and round this on both sides their berths, one to each. It was pointed out that the room for the officers was insufficient, and suggested that one half of these berths should be allotted to them and the other half to the pages; the other pages they proposed to put on board the attendant steamers. This proposal, which was only to put the officers and the royal footmen on the same level as to accommodation, was rejected, because it might possibly be inconvenient not to have *all* the servants together. The Admiralty are much to blame for suffering the officers to be used with such indignity, but flattery seems to be the order of the day.

September 19th.—On Sunday I went to Richmond to call on Miss Berry,[1] and found her in great indignation at Croker's recent article in the *Quarterly* upon the series just published of Lord Orford's letters to Mann, angry on his account and on her own. Croker says, what has been often reported, that Lord Orford offered to marry Mary Berry, and on her refusal, to marry Agnes. She says it is altogether false. He never thought of marrying Agnes, and what passed with regard to herself was this: The Duchess of Gloster was very jealous of his intimacy with the Berrys, though she treated them with civility. At last her natural impetuosity broke out, and she said to him,

[1] Miss Berry and her sister Agnes, who both died at a very advanced age in 1852, were the last surviving friends of Horace Walpole, who called them his "Strawberries," and had established a great intimacy between their youth and his own age. Miss Berry's house in Curzon Street was one of the last *salons* that existed in London, and the most agreeable. Whenever the lamp over the hall door was lit, any *habitué* of the house was welcome.

"Do you mean to marry Miss Berry or do you not?" To which he replied, "That is as Miss Berry herself pleases"; and that, as I understood her, is all that passed about it. She said nothing could be more beautiful and touching than his affection for her, devoid as it was of any particle of sensual feeling, and she should ever feel proud of having inspired such a man with such a sentiment.

October 16th.—I have been laid up with the gout more or less during the last three weeks, and when that is upon me I am always disinclined to write. Just before I was attacked I went to breakfast with George Lewis to meet Ranke, the author of "The Popes of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Century." He had got Macaulay, who had reviewed his book, to meet him, Sir Alexander Duff Gordon and his wife (daughter of Mrs. Austin, his translator), and Sir Edmund Head. I went prepared to listen to some first-rate literary talk between such luminaries as Ranke and Macaulay, but there never was a greater failure. The professor, a vivacious little man, not distinguished in appearance, could talk no English, and his French, though spoken fluently, was quite unintelligible. On the other hand, Macaulay could not speak German, and he spoke French without any facility and with a very vile accent. It was comical to see the abundance of his matter struggling with his embarrassment in giving utterance to it, to hear the torrent of knowledge trying to force its way through the impediment of a limited acquaintance with the French language and the want of habit of conversing in it. But the struggle was of short duration. He began in French, but very soon could bear the restraint no longer, and broke into English, pouring forth his stores to the utterly unconscious and uncomprehending professor. This babel of a breakfast, at which it was impossible for seven people to converse in any common language, soon came to an end, and Ranke was evidently glad to go off to the State Paper Office, where he was working every day.

A day or two after this my gout began, and unluckily I was obliged to go down to attend a Council at Windsor, which was held ostensibly for proroguing Parliament, putting forth a proclamation against the Welsh rioters, and other ordinary matters, little aware of the much more important affair which had brought the whole Cabinet together. I was obliged to go down with my crutches, and to crave the Queen's permission to go into her presence upon them, which Lord Wharncliffe did for me. She was exceedingly gracious, and the Prince very civil. She seemed considerably amused to see me come in on my crutches, and both she and the Prince said some civil things to me, and I flatter myself I contrived to sidle out, so as not to turn my back on her Majesty, with no inconsiderable dexterity.

On Wednesday I set off, and reached Chatsworth on Thursday. There my gout began again, and I was only able, and that with difficulty, to get to the new conservatory in the garden, which is very fine in its way, and contains, I suppose, an unlimited collection of curious plants, the value of which I could not appreciate, as I know nothing of such things. Chatsworth is very magnificent, but I looked back with regret to the house in its unfinished state, when we lived in three spacious cheerful rooms looking to the south, which are now quite useless, being gorgeously furnished with velvet and silk, and marble tables, but unoccupied, and the windows closed lest the sun should spoil the finery with which the apartments are decorated. The comfort we had then has been ill exchanged for the magnificence which has replaced it, and the Duke has made the house so large that he cannot afford to live in it, and never remains there above two or three months in the year.

I came to town yesterday, and in a *Times* which I bought at Derby I read of the arrest of O'Connell and others of his followers. A trial of O'Connell in Ireland seems a desperate measure.

October 31st.—I was laid up for two or three days in London, and then went to Riddlesworth[1] for two or three more. I arrived at night, and on going into the drawing-room I found four people playing at whist, eight others at a round game, and one asleep in an armchair. And this is called society; and amongst such people I have lived, do live, and shall live—I who have seen, known, and had the choice of better things. Eating, drinking, and amusement is the occupation of these people's lives, and I am ashamed to say such has been mine. I was reading Charles Lamb's letters in the carriage, and very remarkable they are, among the very best I think I ever read. I was struck by one passage, which I applied to myself: "I gain nothing by being with such as myself; we encourage one another in mediocrity." This is it. We go on herding with inferior companions, till we are really unfit for better company. However, this is a sore subject, and I will say no more on it here and now. On Sunday week I went to Newmarket, where there was an unusual quantity of racing. The Queen took it into her head to come to Cambridge that week, but this made no difference to us.

November 25th.—The Whigs are provoked, at least some of them, at the Queen's visit to Peel, and try hard to persuade themselves and others that it is no mark of favour to him, and that she is still very fond of them. It won't do, however; they will persuade nobody else, if they can themselves; she cares really for nobody but her husband. The Tories have got fast hold of him, and through him of her, and this provokes the Whigs to death.

December 13th.—Here I am laid up with the gout again, never having been free from it for nearly three months. I dined with Lady Holland the other day, and met Melbourne for the second time only since his illness. He looked tolerably well in the face, but was feeble and out of spirits. He had been at the Queen's party at Chatsworth,

[1] Mr. Thornhill's house near Newmarket.

which excited him, and was bad for him. At first he attempted to talk in his old strain; but it was evidently an effort, he soon relapsed into silence, and was in a hurry to get away the moment dinner was over. I have no doubt he chafes and frets under the consciousness of his decay. Duncannon was there, and talked of Ireland and the trial.[1] Melbourne, by the way, justified the Government, and said, "I must say they have been consistent, they always said it was a conspiracy; they said so to me in the House of Lords. I used to hold that there could be no conspiracy where there was no concealment, which was a mistake. I was quite wrong about that, and acted on that principle." "Why did you?" said Lady Holland. "Oh, I don't know, it was a blunder." There was a sort of candour in all this, like Melbourne and peculiar to him. He is a great disdainer of humbug, and values truth *quand même,* as the French say.

Duncannon in the evening told me the story of George II's robbery in Kensington Gardens, which I had heard before, but remembered imperfectly. He was walking with William IV, he said, in Kensington Gardens one day, and when they got to a certain spot the King said to him, "It was here, my Lord, that my great-grandfather, King George II, was robbed. He was in the habit of walking every morning alone round the garden, and one day a man jumped over the wall, approached the King, but with great respect, and told him he was in distress, and was compelled to ask him for his money, his watch, and the buckles in his shoes. The King gave him what he had about him, and the man knelt down to take off his buckles, all the time with profound respect. When he had got everything, the King told him that there was a seal on the watch-chain of little or no value, but which he wished to have back, and requested he would take it off the chain and restore it. The man said, 'Your Majesty must be aware that we have already been here

[1] The prosecution of O'Connell on a charge of conspiracy.

some time, and that it is not safe for me to stay longer, but if you will give me your word not to say anything of what has passed for twenty-four hours, I will place the seal at the same hour to-morrow morning on that stone,' pointing to a particular place. The King promised, went the next morning at the appointed hour, the man appeared, brought the seal, and then jumped over the wall and went off. His Majesty," added King William, " never afterwards walked alone in Kensington Gardens." His Majesty's attendants must have been rather surprised to see him arrive at the palace *minus* his shoe-buckles!

All the people who had been at the Royal progress say there never was anything so grand as Chatsworth; and the Duke, albeit he would have willingly dispensed with this visit, treated the Queen right royally. He met her at the station and brought her in his own coach and six, with a coach and four following, and eight outriders. The finest sight was the illumination of the garden and the fountains; and after seeing the whole place covered with innumerable lamps and all the material of the illuminations, the guests were astonished and delighted when they got up the following morning not to find a vestige of them left, and the whole garden as trim and neat as if nothing had occurred. This was accomplished by Paxton, who got 200 men, set them to work, and worked with them the whole night till they had cleared away everything belonging to the exhibition of the preceding night. This was a great exploit in its way and produced a great effect. At Belvoir the Prince went hunting, and acquitted himself in the field very creditably. He was supposed to be a very poor performer in this line, and, as Englishmen love manliness and dexterity in field sports, it will have raised him considerably in public estimation to have rode well after the hounds in Leicestershire.

1844

January 14th.—Everybody is full of the trial of O'Connell in Dublin—this unhappy trial, which has been one continual course of blunders and mismanagement from first to last. The striking off all the Catholics from the jury is inveighed against here as an act of madness, there as of intolerable injustice and insult. It does appear to me an enormous blunder, and none of the excuses made for it seem even plausible. The Government ought to look far beyond the event of this trial. It would be a thousand times better to have O'Connell acquitted by a mixed jury than convicted by one all Protestant. They have missed the great opportunity that was afforded them of giving a convincing proof to the Irish people that they wish O'Connell to have a fair trial. If they had begun by doing this, and then exhibited to the world a good case, they might have felt easy enough as to the result. If the Catholic jurors had cast their mantles over him, it would soon have been known; the Irish might have sung universal jubilations and lit bonfires on every hill; but it would have been no real triumph, and the value of a moral conviction in the eyes of the people of England would have been appreciable. All this has been overlooked in a stupid, narrow-minded, short-sighted, professional eagerness to ensure a conviction.

January 26th.—At Hatchford [1] for three or four days. O'Connell's trial moves heavily along; nobody takes much interest in it, or expects any serious result from it. The Opposition mean to begin the Session with an attack on the Government *de rebus Hibernicis*—rather dangerous warfare. Charles Buller wrote to O'Connell in his own name and Hawes's, asking him if anything could be done, and what. He wrote a very civil answer, saying he was

[1] The house of his sister, Lady Ellesmere.

happy to communicate with them, though it was quite useless; he could not give up Repeal, and England hated Ireland with too much intensity to render her real justice, especially John Russell, who was the bitterest enemy of the Catholic religion, his hatred to which he had proved on innumerable occasions. There was nothing new in his letter, and nothing to lay hold of; he passed over the real evils which weigh down the people, and their causes —poverty, hunger, nakedness, no employment, no capital flowing there to set them to work. We shall have plenty of wrangling and violence, but no good will come of it all. The Irish question is a mighty maze, it is a vast babel of conflicting opinions, and hostile passions and prejudices.

February 8th.—The Session has opened favourably enough for Ministers. The first night Peel made a decided speech, and he has taken a decided attitude. He declared that he did not mean to make any alteration at all in the present Corn Law, either as to duty or scale. This was such an agreeable announcement to his friends, that it put them at once into good humour, and they will now fight with him cordially and vigorously, and we shall at least have a clear line of demarcation, and good fair stand-up party contests.

February 9th.—As everything is interesting that relates to the Duke of Wellington, it is so to hear the observations of those whose situation enables them to watch the descending course of this great luminary. Nobody has such opportunities as my brother. I was telling him yesterday what Lord Wharncliffe had said to me, that it was pleasant to see the extraordinary deference and attention which are shown to him by his colleagues at the Cabinet. He always sits in the same place, and each person who has anything to say or any subject to bring forward invariably goes and sits next to him, to enable him to hear better the material part of what is going forward, and the greatest respect is evinced to his opinions on all subjects. He told me that this was also

very apparent in the correspondence of his colleagues, who addressed him in the most deferential manner, and often expressed their readiness to give up propositions which did not meet with his concurrence. But he said that he grew more and more irritable, and often expressed himself even to his colleagues with an asperity which was matter of great regret to him (Algernon Greville), and that frequently he felt the strongest desire to alter and soften the tone of his letters, but that this was quite impossible: nobody ever dared say anything to him, *he* could not, and it would be useless if he did, as it was not an accidental ebullition, but proceeded from the increased and increasing irritability of his mind. The only person who sees his letters is Arbuthnot, who never ventures to object, or to criticise them; and if he did, Algy much doubts whether the Duke would take the trouble to alter what he has once written. However, he is a wonder, be his infirmities what they may.

February 11th.—Yesterday Algy showed me the Duke's correspondence with Haddington,[1] which is a terrible rigmarole, lengthy, angry, mistaken, and altogether sadly demonstrative of a falling off in his great mind.

February 15th.—Nothing could exceed the satisfaction of the Government at the result of the trial at Dublin, which, after all the blunders and accidents, ended very well indeed for them, and far better than they ever expected.[2] This verdict arrived very opportunely for the debate which began on Monday, and was a heavy blow and discouragement to the Opposition. Most people regard it with satisfaction and think it will do a world of good. The agitation which has been suspended will not now be renewed. The notion of O'Connell's infallibility which had got hold of the people has been

[1] Lord Haddington was First Lord of the Admiralty.

[2] On February 12th, after a trial which lasted twenty-five days, O'Connell was found guilty on all the eleven counts of the indictment. The verdict was subsequently set aside, as will be seen, on a technical ground.

destroyed, and the Irish have seen that the Government is resolved to put the law in force, and that the law is able to smite those who violate it.

Lord John Russell opened the debate in a speech three and a half hours long, the greater part of which was very good. Graham made a very good speech in reply to him. The most important circumstance in these speeches was the respective declarations of the speakers about the Irish Church. John Russell went further, and spoke more decisively than he had ever done before, and declared for a complete equality between Catholics, Anglicans, and Presbyterians; Graham, that he would not consent to touch the Protestant or endow the Catholic Church.

February 17th.—The debate has moved on heavily. The most remarkable speeches have been Howick's, Sir George Grey's, Disraeli's, and Stanley's. Howick spoke out and declared at once he would make the Catholic the established religion of Ireland. Disraeli made a very clever speech, not *saying* so much, but implying it, and under the guise of compliment making an ingenious and amusing attack on Peel, Stanley, and Graham.

Sunday, February 25th.—On Friday night, after nine nights' debate, the longest since the Duke of York's case, the division took place, with 99 majority for the Government. Peel made an able speech of nearly four hours, very successful in repelling his opponent's attacks, a very good party speech, but in my opinion not well argued as to the Church question, and certainly containing nothing definite or satisfactory. The general opinion is that the debate has reflected great credit on the House of Commons; the Speaker says he never heard one so good. The best speeches have been those of John Russell, Sir George Grey, Howick, Macaulay, Wilde, and Sheil; Peel, Graham, Stanley, and the two Attorney-Generals; Disraeli very clever and original, full of *finesse*, in some respects the most striking of all.

I dined at Palmerston's yesterday; Melbourne was there. He could not say O'Connell had not had a fair trial; and Luttrell said, which seemed to hit off Melbourne's own notion, that he had had a *fairish* trial. Melbourne said an odd thing which showed that he has not abandoned all idea of taking office again, though I hardly think he would if it came to the point. It was this, "There is not much chance of the House of Commons coming to a vote against Government; but still such a thing is possible, and I was kept awake half the night thinking, suppose such a thing did occur, and I was sent for to Windsor, what advice I should give the Queen"—"it kept me long awake," he repeated, "and I determined that I would advise her not to let Mr. O'Connell be brought up for judgment." It was very strange, and everybody looked amazed. He has been a very curious man all his life, and he is as strange as ever now, in the sort of make-believe with which he tries to delude himself and others. Whilst all indicates the decay of his powers, and his own consciousness of it, he assumes an air and language as if he was the same man, and ready to act his old part on any stage and at any time. His friends are, I think, vexed and pained, and think it, as it is, a rather melancholy spectacle.

March 16th.—Brougham has been outdoing himself about his Bill.[1] He begins by naming a committee, very numerous, but containing hardly any of the Whigs or of those who would be likely to oppose him, none at least that he could possibly help naming. On Monday an article appeared in the *Morning Chronicle*, very bitter and smart, and written by Clarendon, which stung him to the quick. He got up the next day in the House of Lords, and alluding to his having been accused of bringing in this Bill with personal views, rejected the accusation with vehement indignation, and in the most extravagant language, "amidst loud laughter," as the

[1] A Bill for the reconstruction of the Privy Council.

report said, "in which the Lord Chancellor heartily joined." None but Brougham himself can be his parallel; no other man would have dared to get up, and, in the presence of at least half a dozen men who knew the whole truth, deliberately and vehemently tell a parcel of impudent lies—lies too which, if he succeeds in his object, must be exposed to the whole world. But one of the most curious characteristics is his utter shamelessness. With an inordinate vanity and a morbid activity, which prompts him to be eternally doing and talking, he has lost all care for his serious reputation, and for the applause and approbation of the best part of the world. To flourish away, and become cock-of-the-walk among silly and dissolute people of fashion, to talk incessantly in a strain of boisterous levity, and make free and frivolous men and women roar with laughter at his coarse, but not witty pleasantries, seems now the height of his ambition. He passes days and hours at Chesterfield House and Gore House; his most intimate associate is D'Orsay; and from the nonsense and idleness of such houses as these, he rushes away to mix in the high matters of politics and legislation, in an eternal whirl and bustle of alternate business and gossip, a sad spectacle to those who remember what he once was; and he has not even the merit of success in his new vocation, for whereas he was once more brilliant and amusing than anybody, he is now become an arrant bore.

March 31st.—I never remember so much excitement as has been caused by Ashley's Ten Hours Bill,[1] nor a more curious political state of things, such intermingling of parties, such a confusion of opposition; a question so much more open than any question ever was before, and yet not made so or acknowledged to be so with the Government; so much zeal, asperity, and animosity, so many reproaches

[1] The Government had brought in a Bill limiting the hours of labour in factories. Lord Ashley moved amendments in the House of Commons and carried them against the Government, of which he was a supporter.

hurled backwards and forwards. Ashley made a speech as violent and factious as any of O'Connell's, and old Inglis was overflowing with wrath. The Ministers gave out, if they were beaten last Friday, they would resign; but they knew there was no chance of it. Government will carry their Bill now, and Ashley will be able to do nothing, but he will go on agitating session after session; and a philanthropic agitator is more dangerous than a repealer, either of the Union or the Corn Laws. We are just now overrun with philanthropy, and God knows where it will stop, or whither it will lead us.

May 1st.—This interval I passed at Newmarket (two weeks), where I took my books and papers, resolving to write, and go on with my pamphlet on Ireland; but it does not signify, I find it impossible at that place to put pen to paper or to open a book. It is one incessant course of active idleness, which with me at least utterly precludes all occupation, and even thought. The last day of the last week I went over to Cambridge to my nephew George Egerton, and took a look at some of the lions, none of which, strange to say (though I have frequented Newmarket so many years), with the exception of King's College Chapel, I had ever seen. I walked over the gardens, through the University Library, saw Lord Fitzwilliam's pictures, and looked at the Fitzwilliam Museum; but nothing is to be compared to King's College Chapel, which I beheld again, as one always does really great and perfect works, with increased admiration and delight.

June 10th.—For the last week this town has been kept in a fever by the brief and unexpected visit of the Emperor of Russia. Brunnow told me he was at Petersburg, and had given up all idea of coming here, and the very next day the telegraph announced that he was at the Hague, and would arrive in London in twenty-four hours. Nobody knows now what was the cause of this sudden and rapid expedition, for he travelled without stopping, and with extraordinary rapidity, from Petersburg, with the

exception of twenty-four hours at Berlin, and forty-eight hours at the Hague. He alighted at the palace, embraced the Queen, and after his interview went to establish himself at Brunnow's. He immediately visited all the Royal Family, and the Duke of Wellington. The Duke attired himself in the costume of a Russian Field-Marshal to receive the Emperor. On Monday he went to Windsor, Tuesday to Ascot, Wednesday they gave him a Review, which went off very badly, owing to mistakes and bad arrangement, but with which he expressed himself very well satisfied. The sight was pretty, glorious weather, 3,000 or 4,000 Guards, Horse, Foot, and Artillery in the Park, the Queen *en calèche* with a brilliant suite. It was striking when the Duke went and put himself at the head of his regiment, marched past, and saluted the Queen and Emperor. The air resounded with acclamations as the old warrior passed, and the Emperor rode up to him and shook him by the hand. He did the same by the Prince and Duke of Cambridge as they respectively marched by at the head of their regiments, but neither of them was so cheered as the Duke. There was a blunder about the artillery. The Queen cannot endure firing, and the Duke had ordered that the guns should not be fired till she left the ground. By some mistake contrary orders were given, and they advanced and fired not far from her Majesty. The Duke was furious, and would not be pacified, though Emperor, Queen, and Prince did their best to appease him; he blew up, and swore lustily, and ordered the luckless artillery into the rear. It was a mighty small concern for the Emperor, who reviews 100,000 men, and sees 15,000 mount guard every day; but he expressed his satisfaction, and when the Queen said her troops were few in number, he told her that she must consider his troops at her disposal exactly the same as her own.

On Thursday they went to Ascot again, where they were received very well by a dense multitude; on Friday to London, where they gave him a party at the Palace,

omitting to ask half the remarkable people, especially of the Opposition. On Saturday a breakfast at Chiswick,[1] a beautiful *fête,* and perfectly successful. Everything that was distinguished in London was collected to see and be seen by the Emperor. All the statesmen, fine ladies, poets, artists, beauties, were collected in the midst of a display of luxury and magnificence, set off by the most delicious weather. The Emperor lunched in a room fitted up with his arms and ensigns, and afterwards held a sort of circle on the grass, where people were presented to him, and he went round talking to one after another. His appearance on the whole disappointed me. He is not so tall as I had heard he was—about 6 feet 2, I should guess; and he has no remains of the beauty for which he was once so celebrated, and which, at his age, forty-eight, need not have so entirely faded away; but the cares of such an Empire may well have ravaged that head on which they sit not lightly. He is become bald and bulky, but nevertheless is still a very fine and grand-looking personage.

He went away early, and the departure was pretty: the Royal equipages, the escort of Lancers with their pennons glancing in the sun, the steps and balcony clustered over with women to speed the parting guest; and as he bade the Duke of Devonshire a kind farewell, and mounted his carriage, while the Russian Hymn struck up, and he took his departure for ever from the gay scene and brilliant assemblage, proceeding on the march of his high and hard destiny, while we all turned to our humble, obscure, peaceful, and uneventful occupations, it was an exhibition to stir the imagination and excite busy thoughts.

June 21st.—While we were still gossiping about the Emperor's visit and discussing in great tranquillity all its incidents, we were roused by a rumour, which, as

[1] One of the most beautiful houses near London. It was built in 1725 for the Earl of Burlington, and for nearly two hundred years belonged to the Dukes of Devonshire. The house, with its sixty acres of ground overlooking the river, was bought last year (1928) by the Middlesex County Council and other public bodies for £80,000, and is now public property.

it swelled into importance, soon consigned his Imperial Majesty to oblivion. On Friday night the Government were defeated on the Sugar Duties by a majority of 20. A meeting had taken place previously at Peel's, at which some strong language was held by Sir John Rae Reid and some of the West Indians; and many of the Government people expected they should be beaten, without apparently attaching much consequence to their defeat, if it occurred. On Saturday afternoon vague rumours were afloat of resignation, to which nobody paid any attention. In the course of Sunday these rumours acquired consistency and importance, and it became known that there really was something in it. The town became curious, busy, and bustling; the clubs were full; and little knots of anxious politicians were to be found at the corner of every street. There had been a Cabinet on Saturday, the Queen came to town, and there was another Cabinet on Monday; still on Sunday night nobody believed Peel would really seriously meditate resigning. The Tories went about saying it was settled and made up; and the Whigs, who were anything but prepared to take office, cried out against the notion of resignation quite as lustily as the Tories themselves. On Monday it gradually came out that matters were in a very critical and alarming state. Peel, long dissatisfied with his party, had been exceedingly incensed at the language held at the meeting, and the adverse vote made him resolve to stand it no longer. He accordingly convened a Cabinet on Monday, and then they agreed, with the full concurrence of Graham and Stanley, who, Wharncliffe told me, were quite as decided as Peel himself to adhere to their measure, to signify their resolution to the House of Commons, and, if beaten again, to resign. Peel went down and made a speech which appeared to everybody very injudicious. It was long and dull. It put forth pretensions which men of all parties said were not to be tolerated, for they construed what he said into an intimation that if the House of Commons did

not do all he chose to insist upon, he would throw the Government up. For some time the fall of the Government was considered inevitable; nobody saw any prospect of their getting a majority, and it was thought that many people would be so shocked and offended at his speech that they would vote against him, for no other reason than to mark their opinion of it. The dissatisfaction was universal; however, he got a majority of twenty-two, and the storm blew over. It is generally admitted that the Government has been excessively weakened by this transaction, and that it will be very difficult for them to go on at all when such mutual feelings of estrangement and aversion are entertained by the leader of the party. Peel's personal reputation has suffered severely. He is thought to have been injudicious and unjust, and to have been influenced by personal motives and a morbid sensitiveness unworthy of a great man and of one who took on himself to govern the country. Those who admit that he has received great provocation, and that his party have been insulting in their tone and lukewarm or hostile in their conduct, still maintain that his party have equal reason to complain of him. They complain that he is unsocial and reserved, that he never consults their wishes and opinions, and that their feelings towards him are in a great measure attributable to himself.

July 5th.—Since I last wrote the political atmosphere has been getting clearer, and Peel and his party seem to have made it up pretty well. It is likely enough that he will take more pains to keep them in good-humour, and that they will be afraid of provoking him again.

Bretby, September 8th.—Considerably more than two months have elapsed since I have written anything in this book. When I have taken up my pen it has always been occupied in the thing I am writing on Ireland.[1] But I am

[1] It came out anonymously in the following year, a book of some three hundred pages, entitled "Past and Present Policy of England Towards Ireland." The preface describes it as "an attempt to show the disgrace,

reluctant altogether to forsake my old companion of so many years, and to give up noticing public events; so I have brought this book down here with me, for the purpose of bringing up the arrear (briefly and cursorily indeed) to the present time. The session of Parliament was suspended, though for all active purposes virtually closed, when the Judges went on the circuit, with an understanding that it was to assemble again for the judgment in O'Connell's case, and then to be prorogued. It ended very differently for the Government from the last; notwithstanding the severe shock they had in the middle of it, they left off strong, and with more of reputation than last year. A good deal had been done, and some of it well done; and, what is of still greater importance, the country is peaceful and flourishing.

During the recess, however, the dispute which had some time before begun between us and France took a threatening aspect, and for some time it was a toss-up whether we went to war or not. Peel had announced to the House of Commons in very lofty language that Government would exact an ample reparation for the outrage perpetrated on Pritchard at Tahiti, while Guizot evinced no disposition to make any. A long series of semi-diplomatic negotiations ensued. The press in both countries blew the coals with all their might and main, and for a long time Guizot refused to make any such *amende* as we could possibly take. But when matters appeared nearly desperate, a suggestion was thrown out (I believe by Jarnac), but in conversation between Jarnac and Aberdeen, and therefore either made by him or accepted by him, that, besides the verbal apology, a compensation in money should be made to Pritchard. On Wednesday the Cabinet met to decide whether they should accept the final offers of France to the

as well as the danger, of leaving things as they are." It deals principally with the religious difficulty, and advocates the principle of "concurrent endowment"—the endowment of the Catholic Church and the reform of the Protestant Establishment. Though its arguments are now out of date, it is a very vigorous piece of writing.

above effect, or refuse them; and the result was that they agreed to accept them. It is, I think, not impossible that the decision of this Cabinet was in some degree quickened by the reversal of O'Connell's judgment,[1] which took place the same morning, much to their disgust. I think they were right, especially as we have certainly done enough to make the French Government see that we do not intend to submit to any more impertinence on their part. Our case, too, was one of much complexity and difficulty, for Pritchard had been turbulent and mischievous, and had, with the sectarian zeal of a missionary, given all the trouble and embarrassment he could to the French; they, therefore, had a case against him, though the French officers were by no means justified in the violence they exercised. I called one day at Apsley House, saw the Duke, and found him in a talkative humour on this affair. He has been for some time urging the Government to make themselves stronger; and very much in consequence of his advice, measures had been in rapid progress for equipping ships and preparing a formidable force at sea. The Duke said that the disposition of the French was to insult us whenever and wherever they thought they could do so with impunity, and that the only way to keep at peace with them was to be stronger in every quarter of the globe than they were; that he had told Lord Melbourne so when he was in office, and that this was his opinion now.

The judgment on O'Connell's case came on the world like a clap of thunder; though Ministers were aware of it, for Lyndhurst told them it would be so. Wharncliffe had the greatest difficulty in preventing the Tory Peers from voting.[2] If they had voted it would have been most injurious to the House of Lords, and Government must have immediately let O'Connell out of prison.

The Grange, September 14th.—O'Connell, as soon as he

[1] By the House of Lords on appeal.

[2] The Lords had then the right to vote in these cases, though in practice the Law Lords were left to decide them.

got out of prison, made a long speech, full of sound and fury, threatening and abusing everybody, but evidently desirous of finding plausible pretences for suspending all active movements, and for abstaining from doing anything that may bring him again into collision with the law or the Government. It is pretty evident that he does not know what to do next, and the Government is much in the same predicament; nor am I sure that what has occurred will not prove favourable for an attempt at conciliation and a reasonable settlement. However, everybody goes on lamenting the state of things, and saying they don't see what is to be done.

1845

London, January 12th.—More than four months have elapsed since I wrote anything in this book, and I have not much hope either of finding materials or having sufficient application to make it interesting or amusing. When people kept diaries in former times, there were no such newspapers as the *Times* with its volume of letterpress, and dozens of Sunday papers all collecting and retailing the public events and the private anecdotes of the day, and the memoranda of very considerable persons consequently became interesting and amusing; but now it requires that a writer should either have access to stores of hidden information, or live in intimacy with remarkable people and become the chronicler of their words, thoughts, and actions, or that he should have a strong original genius of his own, and to none of these can I lay any considerable claim. Certainly, however, the principal reason which has prevented my writing in this Journal has been the absorbing occupation of writing my book upon Ireland; and though the one need not have prevented the other,

somehow it did, and whenever I was disposed to write, I always went to my manuscript and not to my red book.

January 15th.—About six weeks ago I told Lord Wharncliffe what I was about, who made no observation and suggested no objection of any sort or kind, and I told him partly for the purpose of giving him an opportunity of suggesting objections, if any occurred to him. Frequently the subject was alluded to at his house, but nothing particular was ever said. Some three weeks ago I told Graham. He laughed, and begged to have a copy when it came out. I went on with the work, and sent it to the press; and meanwhile, making no secret of it, everybody became aware that such a book was forthcoming, and it began to excite a good deal of interest and curiosity.

Yesterday, however, George Lewis[1] went to Graham, and had a conversation with him about the publication, which he communicated to me last night, and which immediately determined me to abandon all idea of publishing it *at all*.

January 16th.—Yesterday Wharncliffe came into my room and began again about the book. He said it was the particular *time* which made the great objection; would I delay it? When the struggle had begun and they were able to speak out, it would not so much signify, and he asked if I would postpone the publication for a certain time. I said at once that I could not hesitate to keep it back, and that *sine die*; that I had told him it was far from my wish to embarrass the Government, and when he told me it might have that effect, I would stop the publication, and would not bring it out without further communication with him. He said, very well, that

[1] C. G. had shown Lewis the manuscript of his book, and he had read and approved of it, but afterwards it was represented to him that there were persons who would be "deeply offended" by it, and C. G. decided that, considering his position and for the sake of his own peace of mind, he had better suppress it entirely and "consign it to oblivion," though after spending so much time and labour upon writing it, he found it very mortifying to do so.

would be perfectly satisfactory and adjust everything; and rather to my surprise, because it showed the importance he attached to it, he really seemed quite relieved and overjoyed. He then asked, would I publish it without my name, which, having very nearly made up my mind not to publish it at all, I promised without any difficulty. As he went away, he told Reeve that all was amicably settled.

January 30th.—Yesterday Lord Wharncliffe told me he had a secret to tell me. This was Gladstone's resignation, which has been in agitation nearly a year, ever since Peel gave notice that he would do a great deal more for Irish education and improve Maynooth. Nor does Gladstone really object to these measures; but he thinks that he has so deeply and publicly committed himself by his books to the opposite principle that he cannot without a great appearance of inconsistency be a party to them. His resignation, just after Stanley's removal to the House of Lords, is a serious loss to the Government, and they have endeavoured to repair it by means which appear very inadequate.[1] It was this impending resignation of Gladstone, and the reason for it, which made them wish to suppress my book. They foresaw it would make a stir, as no doubt it will, and they dreaded any fresh ingredient being cast into the cauldron.

February 6th.—On Tuesday night, for the first time for some years, I went to the House of Commons, principally to hear Gladstone's explanation. Lord John spoke, but not at all well, in a bad spirit, taunting and raking up all subjects of bitterness, accusing the Government of inconsistency, without much reason, and not very wisely or fairly, and casting in their teeth expressions which he had culled out of old files of the *Times*. Gladstone's

[1] By promoting to the Cabinet Sidney Herbert, "a smart young fellow" but at present quite inexperienced, and Lord Lincoln (afterwards Duke of Newcastle), "a sensible man enough, but priggish and solemn."

explanation was ludicrous. Everybody said that he had only succeeded in showing that his resignation was quite uncalled for.

Hatchford, February 25th.—Yesterday we heard of the death of Sydney Smith, which took place on Sunday. It is the extinction of a great luminary, such as we shall hardly see the like of again, and who has reigned without a rival in wit and humour for a great length of time. Innumerable comical sayings and jokes of his are or have been current, but their repetition gives but an imperfect idea of the flavour and zest of the original. His appearance, voice, and manner added immensely to the effect, and the bursting and uproarious merriment with which he poured forth his good things never failed to communicate itself to his audience, who were always in fits of laughter. If there was a fault in it, it was that it was too amusing. People so entirely expected to be made to die of laughing, and he was so aware of this, that there never seemed to be any question of conversation when he was of the party, or at least no more than just to afford Sydney pegs to hang his jokes on. This is the misfortune of all great professed wits, and I have very little doubt that Sydney often felt oppressed with the weight of his comical obligations, and came on the stage like a great actor, forced to exert himself, but not always in the vein to play his part. It is well known that he was subject at home to frequent fits of depression, but I believe in his own house in the country he could often be a very agreeable companion, on a lower and less ambitious level, for his talk never could be otherwise than seasoned with his rich vein of humour and wit, as the current, though it did not always flow with the same force, was never dry. He was full of varied information, and a liberal, kind-hearted, charitable man. The favourite objects of his jokes were the men of his own cloth, especially the bishops, among whom he once probably aspired to sit.

March 15th.—At last I have settled my difficulties, and my book is coming out. Finding the Government measures could not be introduced before Easter, I wrote to Graham to ask if they wanted it kept back any longer. His answer determined me to seek an interview with him. I saw him, talked the matter over, and found that they would not much object, if I did not put my name to the work. I agreed to this at once, and without the least hesitation. He then said, "Oh, then I see no reason why you should not publish as soon as you please, and the sooner the better. Don't quote me, or say you have authority from me; but as your friend I tell you, I advise you now to publish it." So now it will come out, and I must abide the result, criticisms and resentments. It has bothered and perplexed me much, and I am glad to be delivered of the burthen.

March 30th.—The effect which my book has produced is now beginning to appear, and, as far as it has gone, it amounts to this. With the Whigs of all descriptions its success is complete: I receive compliments and felicitations on all sides; I could not have desired, and certainly I did not expect, such complete success; so far from it, that all the time I was writing it I was doubting if it ever would be worth publishing. With the Tories, as far as I can ascertain, it is far different; they are to the last degree angry and indignant. Alvanley, on the other hand, has written me a criticism full of disapprobation, but not a good or clever letter, nor, critically, worth anything. I should have expected a better written letter, and objections more acutely raised and more ably put from him, but he only affords a proof that men who may be brimful of drollery, and able to keep the table in a roar from morning to night, may be utterly unfit to handle serious subjects when their reasoning faculties bear no proportion to their imaginative. When *he* takes the objection that he does, it is no wonder that the foolish Tory mob fall on me tooth and nail. Accordingly I heard yesterday that Lady Jersey

refused to read "such a blackguard book." She said so to Bessborough, who told me, and Cecil Forester would not read it, because Lady Jersey told him it was "abominable."

April 5th.—Peel brought on his Maynooth Bill on Thursday night.[1] Strong symptoms had already appeared of opposition brewing in different parts of the country, and there was a good deal of ill-humour here. He made an excellent and judicious speech, and had a majority of 102, but a queer one, for above 100 of his own people voted against him, and above 100 of the Whigs with him. Without them the division would have been nearly even. The Carlton Club was in a state of insurrection afterwards and full of sound and fury. Sandon made a strong, bold speech; with him in the minority were Inglis, and the zealots, of course—Hastie and some of the Scotch, Tom Duncombe, Disraeli[2]—a motley combination. It is a very odd state of things, and may be productive of great events before long.

April 6th.—Everybody is talking of the great stir that is making in the country against the Maynooth grant and the large increase to Peel's unpopularity which it has produced. The truth is that the Government is Peel, that Peel is a reformer and more of a Whig than a Tory, and that the mass of his followers are prejudiced, ignorant, obstinate, and selfish.

April 22nd.—I was at Newmarket all last week, while the Maynooth debate was going on. The steam had been getting up in the country, and the table of the House of Commons was loaded with petitions against the Bill from all parts. The *Times* newspaper kept pegging away at Peel in a series of articles as mischievous as malignity could make them, and by far the most disgraceful that

[1] For granting 30,000*l.* a year to the Roman Catholic College of Maynooth.

[2] Disraeli was just beginning his famous "vendetta" against Peel in a series of speeches of extraordinary violence and sarcasm.

ever appeared on a political subject in any public journal; the ultra-Tories grew more and more rabid, and Disraeli made one of his bitterest attacks on Peel, which was loudly cheered in the House, and well bepraised out of it by Whig and Tory papers and all the haters of Peel, who now compose a large majority of the world. Then came the speech of Macaulay, which was very fine, and ended also with a severe, but grave and dignified philippic against Peel. The division gave him a better majority than was expected (147). I came to town on Friday, and on Saturday morning I saw Wharncliffe, and asked him what he thought of it. He said it was a large majority, and so far well, but that it made no difference in their position, and he did not think they should be in office a month hence. There is in fact all the excitement and expectation which usually precede events and changes, and certainly the state of affairs never was more curious and extraordinary than at present, nor more calculated to baffle and perplex all speculation and conjecture. Everybody knows that the Tory party has ceased to exist as a party; that Peel's unpopularity is at this moment so great and so general that there is no knowing where to find any interest friendly to him, scarcely any individual. On the other hand, his disgust at the position in which he finds himself, and at being thus made the object of so much obloquy and reproach, is equally strong, and no one doubts that he really contemplates, and anxiously desires resignation. But then what is to come next? The Tories wish Peel out, the Whigs wish themselves in; but when people, whatever their persuasion or desires, look at the condition of affairs, no practicable arrangement, no safe alternative present themselves.

May 10th.—These are my holidays—exclusively devoted to the turf, passed in complete idleness, without ever looking into a book, or doing one useful or profitable thing. I was at Newmarket all last week, and I have been at Horton for Chester all this. One day I did give

up the races, and Stradbroke and I went over to Birkenhead, meaning to see that place and then cross over to Liverpool, and make a day of sight-seeing, but we found enough at Birkenhead to occupy the whole day. It certainly is a very astonishing creation, and most interesting to see the growing and youthful state of a town, which in a few years will probably be a vast city. We went to see the pier and the place where the docks are to be; then to Mr. Laird's ship-building establishment, and saw the iron steam frigate they are building; then to the park, and then to the new market-place. Everything is well done, and no expense spared. The present population is 16,000, but they are building in every direction.

Ghent, June 16th.—More than month and not a line. The truth is, that I was so absorbed with the Derby and the speculations I was concerned in so deeply, that I could not think of or look at politics at all, and now I must leave everything a blank, for I can't go backwards and write about the current events of the last month. The Government seems gradually to have got itself firmly seated in the saddle again; all notion of change has vanished. With all Peel's unpopularity and the abuse that is showered on him from various quarters, there is an admission, tacit or express, that he is the fittest and the only man to be Minister. I met him at Ascot, and he was very civil and cordial; it was the first time since my book came out.

I have had terrible misfortunes on the turf and sad disappointment. "Alarm" [1] was jumped upon at the post by "Libel"; Nat dragged off the saddle and tumbled off the horse; the horse ran away, fell head over heels over the chains, cut and bruised himself dreadfully. After running away half a mile, the horse was caught, and

[1] "Alarm" was first favourite for the Derby, and but for this accident would no doubt have won the race. There was a painful scene as Greville watched the horse rushing wildly, without his rider, across the Downs.

in this state—cut, battered, frightened, and blown, and jockey with only one hand—he ran, and ran very well. I believe he would have won if this had not happened, and I should have won 20,000*l*. Misfortunes never come singly, and the Oaks, in a smaller way, was nearly as bad as the Derby. "Lady Wildair" ought to have won.

At last I escaped from racing and politics, and, on Saturday evening, left London by the mail train, arrived at Dover at half-past twelve, crossed at four, and reached Ostend at a quarter-past nine, came on to Bruges at twelve, passed the day there, and this day up to a quarter to four, when I came by rail to this place; spent yesterday and to-day in seeing Bruges and Ghent, and whatever is best worth visiting in both, and a good deal there is of one sort or another; but I am too sleepy now to go on with the subject.

Wiesbaden, June 22nd.—There is nobody here I know, and I am bored to death. If I were not ashamed, I would throw myself into the steamboat and go home directly. In my whole life I never felt such a painful sensation of solitariness as here, from morning to night having nobody to speak to, and nothing on earth to do. It weighs on my spirits intolerably; the books I read—and I can do nothing else—only half amuse and instruct me; I breathe an atmosphere of languor and sadness. It is only a case of great necessity which can compel one to go through this. I did not know what it was, or I never would have come here, and I am in a hundred minds whether I shall not cut it at once.

London, August 7th.—From the last date at Wiesbaden I never could bring myself to take up my pen to the present moment. The task of writing in this book has become intolerably irksome. At Wiesbaden I had nothing whatever to record; one day told another; no society, no events, and I have an invincible repugnance to converse with myself on paper. Still, though reluctant to go on

with this MS. (for journal it is not, and memoirs still less), I am likewise reluctant entirely to abandon a habit of so many years' standing, and thus from time to time I force myself to resume my entries, though languidly, dully, and with a conviction that the pages I write never can be worth reading. This acknowledgment, fully and sincerely made, must be taken once for all as an excuse by any one who may hereafter look into this book; and to the observation they will not fail to make, "What vapid, useless stuff all this is," they may consider my voice as replying from the grave, "I know it is."

Broadlands, August 21st.—I went last Saturday week to the Grove; very pleasant party. Palmerstons, Lady Morley, Lady Holland, Macaulay, Bessborough, Luttrell, Henry Bulwer. Macaulay subdued in talk, but still talking more and better than anybody else. Came here on Monday; Lady Holland, Clanricardes, Luttrell, Melbourne, Beauvales. Melbourne by way of being very well, but there are only gleams left of his former self. He seems to bear on his face a perpetual consciousness of his glory obscured, and looks grave and stern, while he sits for hours in silence. At times he talks in the way he used, but though in the same strain, more feebly; always candid as usual.

The Session of Parliament has ended, leaving Peel quite as powerful, or more so, than he was at the beginning of it. Everybody says affairs are in a strange state, but nobody foresees, and few seem to desire any change. The world seems weary of what are called politics, there is not a spark of party spirit visible. The Whigs see no prospect of coming into office, or making a Government that would be able to stand, and people will not make exertions and spend money without a reasonable expectation of some tangible result. On the other hand, everything like enthusiasm for Peel is extinguished; the Tories hate, fear, but do not dare oppose him. Everybody expects that he means to go on, and in the end to knock the

Corn Laws on the head,[1] and endow the Roman Catholic Church; but nobody knows how or when he will do these things.

I have said that what are called politics are out of fashion; there is no public man a jot more popular than another; nobody cares about parties, for there is no party distinguished by any peculiar badge of principle, with a distinct colour, and standing in open and defined antagonism to any other; none which has any great object to advance—constitutional, political, or commercial—in opposition to another party ranged against it. The world is absorbed by its material interests, railroads, and speculation in its multiform aspect, and it is in vain that John Russell reviews the Session and delivers philippics against Peel; still more in vain that Palmerston harangues upon the Right of Search, Texas, Greece, or Spain, and endeavours to rouse the public indignation or contempt against Aberdeen and his foreign policy. It all falls dead and flat, and nobody takes the slightest interest in orations, though they are prepared with indefatigable industry and delivered with extraordinary skill.

London, August 28th.—I had no conversation with Melbourne himself at Broadlands, who was generally taciturn, but Frederic Lamb told me Melbourne was dissatisfied because they had not appointed a Regency when the Queen went abroad, and fancied if they had explained to her the necessity or propriety of it, she would have not objected. Melbourne never can speak of the Queen without tears coming into his eyes; he is, however, in a very nervous, lachrymose state.

September 7th.—A complete absence of events, till a few days ago, when after a very short illness Lord Spencer died at his house near Doncaster. My own

[1] Not the Tories, however. "The Tories . . . deeply as they were mortified and incensed thought that he had still one redeeming virtue left, and that they might depend upon his upholding the Corn Laws." —Extract from C. G.'s pamphlet "Sir Robert Peel and the Corn Law Crisis."

acquaintance with him was not intimate, but I had a great respect and esteem for him, and no man ever died with a fairer character, or more generally regretted. He was the very model and type of an English gentleman, filling with propriety the station in which fortune had placed him, and making the best use of the abilities which Nature had bestowed upon him.

Lord Spencer came into office as Chancellor of the Exchequer and leader of the House of Commons with Lord Grey's Government in 1830; on the death of his father in 1834, his elevation to the House of Lords obliged him to relinquish that office, upon which, as is well known, King William dismissed the Whig Government, on the pretext that it was so weakened as to be unworthy of public confidence and incapable of carrying on the business of the State. This was indeed only a pretext for getting rid of an obnoxious Ministry; but the King's venturing upon so bold a step upon such grounds affords a convincing proof of the high consideration which Lord Spencer enjoyed in the House of Commons and in the country. Nor, indeed, was it possible to exaggerate that consideration. The greatest homage that ever was rendered to character and public virtue was exhibited in his popularity and authority during the four eventful years when he led the Whig Government and party in the House of Commons. Without one showy accomplishment, without wit to amuse or eloquence to persuade, with a voice unmelodious and a manner ungraceful, and barely able to speak plain sense in still plainer language, he exercised in the House of Commons an influence and even a dominion greater than any leader either after or before him. Neither Pitt the father, nor Pitt the son, in the plenitude of their magnificent dictatorships, nor Canning in the days of his most brilliant displays of oratory and wit, nor Castlereagh, returning in all the glory of an ovation from the overthrow of Napoleon,

could govern with the same sway the most unruly and fastidious assembly which the world ever saw.

London, November 16th.—It has been during the last two months that the rage for railroad speculation reached its height, was checked by a sudden panic in full career, and is now reviving again, though not by any means promising to recover its pristine vigour. I met one day in the middle of it the Governor of the Bank at Robarts', who told me that he never remembered in all his experience anything like the present speculation; that the operations of '25, which led to the great panic, were nothing to it, and that there could not fail to be a fearful reaction. The reaction came sooner than anybody expected, but though it has blown many of the bubbles into the air, it has not been as yet so complete and so ruinous as many of the wise men of the East still expect and predict. It is incredible how people have been tempted to speculate: half the fine ladies have been dabbling in stocks, and men the most unlikely have not been able to refrain from gambling in shares, even I myself (though in a very small degree), for the warning voice of the Governor of the Bank has never been out of my ears. Simultaneously with all this has grown up to a gigantic height the evil of the potato failure, affecting in its expected consequences the speculations, and filling with fear and doubt every interest.[1] That the mischief in Ireland is great and increasing is beyond a doubt, and the Government are full of alarm, while every man is watching with intense anxiety the progress of events, and inquiring whether the Corn Laws will break down under this pressure or not.

There have been Cabinets held, with long and anxious consultations, and (as it is believed) debates, but as I do not know what passed with anything approaching to

[1] Ever since August the accounts from Ireland had been bad. In October the news became alarming. On October 17th Graham first proposed a suspension of the Corn Laws.

certainty, I shall say but little about them. It has been said that Peel was not indisposed to take this opportunity of doing away with the Corn Laws, and again that he was resolved not to abandon his sliding scale; that Aberdeen was the strongest of any against the Corn Laws; the Duke most determined to support them. I am inclined to believe the two latter suppositions to be true, and I lean to the belief that Peel is waiting for a case sufficiently strong to lay before his agricultural friends, before he tells them that he must throw the ports open.

I have said nothing of Newmarket. My horse "Alarm" proved himself the best going (to all present appearance) and won the great Stake of the Houghton meeting; but I won very little on him, not daring to back him. I had the mortification of seeing it proved that he would, beyond all possibility of doubt, have won the Derby but for his accident. That would have been worth winning; it would have rendered me independent, enabled me to relinquish my office when I pleased and be my own man, and given me the power of doing many an act of kindness, and assisting those I care for. Such a chance will probably never occur again.

Worsley, November 22nd.—I came here, for the first time, on Monday last, to see the fine new house Francis Egerton has built. It is a very handsome specimen of Blore's architecture, rather spoilt by alterations made while the building was in progress; comfortable enough, but with many faults. The place is miserable; no place at all; no trees worth looking at, and a wet clay soil; no extent, and everything to make. The house stands on an eminence, and commands a very extensive prospect of a rich flat country, the canal running beneath, not a quarter of a mile off, while a little farther off the rail-road crosses Chat Moss, and all day long the barges are visible on the one, and continual trains snort and smoke along the other, presenting a lively exhibition of activity

and progress. But it is a miserable country to live in; so wet and deep that the roads all about are paved, and the air is eternally murky with the fire and smoke vomited forth from hundreds of chimneys and furnaces in every direction; no resources, such as hunting and shooting, and no society but the rare visitants from distant parts. In such a place as this they have expended 100,000*l.* in a fine house, with all the appendages of gardens, etc., and they have done this and much more from a sense of duty, from fully recognising the authority of the maxim that "Property has its duties as well as its rights." The Duke of Bridgewater created this vast property, and his enterprise and perseverance were crowned with a prodigious success. He bequeathed the canal and the collieries to his agent Bradshaw, with unlimited power of management, in trust for the late Duke of Sutherland, and after him to Francis Egerton. During the long reign of Bradshaw and the Duke the property continued to increase in value. Bradshaw was a profligate old dog, who feathered his own nest, and lived a dissolute life. The Duke touched the proceeds, and never troubled himself about the source from which he derived them. At length he died. The trust remained unaltered, but the new *cestuy que trust* came to the enjoyment of his enormous fortune with other ideas and a more stringent sense of obligation. He and his wife thought it behoved them to enquire into the condition of the population in their employment, and to do their best to improve it. They found that it was very bad; that the mass of the people was in the lowest state of ignorance and degradation, and that there was plenty for their beneficence to do. They soon set about the task, and began by making a bargain with Bradshaw to get him out of the trust. He made it over to a man of the name of Sotherton, who had been for some time employed in the canal office, and who was believed to be a fit and proper person. Sotherton no sooner found himself in

power (for the power of the trustee is almost unlimited) than he began to play all sorts of pranks and to quarrel with the Lord. They endeavoured to oust Sotherton, and went to law with him, but found the difficulties so great that they ended by compounding with him, and gave him 45,000*l.* to relinquish the trust and appoint a nominee of Francis's in his room. He selected Mr. James Loch, who is now trustee. This done, they set to work in earnest. This house was erected, and they have built churches and established schools and reading-rooms in various places; they have done all they could, sparing neither pains nor money, to civilise and improve the population, to diffuse education, and encourage habits of sobriety and order, and a taste for intellectual occupations. They have evinced a solicitude for the welfare of the people under their influence that has produced a very beneficial effect, and they are gradually improving their condition and purifying their morals, without, however, entertaining any extravagant expectations of superhuman success.

I have passed these few days in seeing this place and some of the manufacturing wonders at Manchester. On Tuesday I went over the house and place; and then to Francis's yard, a sort of small dockyard and manufactory; then on the canal in the Trust boat—a luxurious barge fitted up with every convenience and comfort, with a fireplace, and where one may write, read, and live just as in the house; a kitchen behind. The boat is drawn by two horses with postilions in livery, and they trot along at a merry pace, all the craft (except, by compact, "the Swift boats," as they are called) giving way to the Trust boat. On Wednesday I went through the subterraneous canal, about a mile and a half long, into the coalpit, saw the working in the mine, and came up by the shaft; a black and dirty expedition, scarcely worth the trouble, but which I am glad to have made. The colliers seem a very coarse set, but they are not hard worked, and, in

fact, do no more than they choose. There are many miles of this underground canal. On Thursday I went to Manchester, and saw one of the great cotton and one of the great silk manufactories; very curious even to me, who am ignorant of mechanics, and could only stare and wonder, without being able to understand the niceties of the beautiful and complicated machinery by which all the operations of these trades are performed. The heat of the rooms in the former of them was intense, but the man who showed them to us told us it was caused by the prodigious friction, and the room might be much cooler, but the people liked the heat. In the hot factory rooms the women look very wan, very dirty, and one should guess very miserable. They work eleven hours generally, but though it might be thought that domestic service must be preferable, there is the greatest difficulty in procuring women-servants here. All the girls go to the factory in spite of the confinement, labour, close atmosphere, dirt, and moral danger which awaits them. The parents make them go, because they earn money which they bring home, and they like the independence and the hours every evening, and the days from Saturday to Monday, of which they can dispose.

November 24th.—The day I came here Lady Holland died, that is, she died at two o'clock in the preceding night. She evinced during her illness a very philosophical calmness and resolution, and perfect good humour, aware that she was dying, and not afraid of death. The religious people don't know what to make of it. She never seems to have given the least sign of any religious feeling or belief. She has made a curious will, leaving the greater part of the landed property at her disposal to John Russell for his life, and her jewels to Lady Elizabeth Grey, a poor parson's wife—bequests severely blamed, and justly. The legatees ought not to accept what she has bequeathed to them, but give all up to her daughter, who wants it. Though she was a woman for

whom nobody felt any affection, and whose death therefore will have excited no grief, she will be regretted by a great many people, some from kindly, more from selfish motives, and all who had been accustomed to live at Holland House and continued to be her *habitués* will lament over the fall of the curtain on that long drama, and the final extinction of the flickering remnant of a social light which illuminated and adorned England and even Europe for half a century. The world never has seen and never will again see anything like Holland House, and though it was by no means the same thing as it was during Lord Holland's life, Lady Holland contrived to assemble round her to the last a great society, comprising almost everybody that was conspicuous, remarkable, and agreeable.

London, December 5th.—I came to town yesterday, and find political affairs in a state of the greatest interest and excitement. The whole town had been electrified in the morning by an article in the *Times*, announcing, with an air of certainty and authority, that the discussions and disputes in the Cabinet had terminated by a resolution to call Parliament together early in January and propose a total repeal of the Corn Laws, and that the Duke had not only consented, but was to bring forward the measure in the House of Lords. Nobody knew whether to believe this or not, though all seemed staggered, and the more so because the *Standard*, though affecting to disbelieve the *Times*, and treating it as a probable fiction, did not contradict it from authority, as might naturally have been expected if it had been untrue. This morning I heard the whole matter precisely as it stands, and the affair, including the way it comes to my knowledge, presents a curious undercurrent in politics. On this question of the Corn Laws Aberdeen has taken a very strong and decided part, and he has been Peel's most strenuous supporter in the contest he has had to maintain in his Cabinet, for it now appears

that Peel has all along been for repealing the Corn Laws, and has not, as I was once led to believe, been disposed to stand by his own sliding scale. The Duke was at first decidedly against repeal; and Ripon and Wharncliffe were, as far as I can make out, the most strenuous opponents besides. On Tuesday last the decisive Cabinet was held, at which it was finally to be determined which party should prevail, and if Peel could not carry his views, it was his intention to resign, and Aberdeen with him. On Wednesday, Aberdeen sent again for Delane, and after talking to him about all sorts of matters connected with foreign policy, and many other things, and when Delane was preparing to leave him, he began upon the Corn Laws, and told him, in fact, the substance of what appeared in the article yesterday, together with many details which did not appear. He told him that the Duke of Wellington had offered to resign, but that Peel said, if he resigned, he himself would also, for he could not undertake to carry the measure without the Duke's concurrence and support, and at last the Duke gave way, and agreed to stay in, and use his influence to carry it through the House of Lords.

December 6th.—It is impossible to describe the agitation into which all classes of persons have been thrown by the announcement about the Corn Laws—the doubts, hopes, and fears it has excited, and the burning curiosity to know the truth of it. Some deride and scout it; others believe it, partly or entirely. Yesterday morning I went to the office and saw Wharncliffe. "His face was as a glass, where men might read strange matters"; it was easy to see his state of agitation. Assuming it was all true, I said I hoped he did not mean to resign, and that whatever his opinions might be, if the Duke did not, he surely need not either, and any break-up of the party would be an evil. He acknowledged nothing, but replied, very lugubriously, that he was seventy years old! I did my best to encourage him, and

he did his best to make me doubt the accuracy of the *Times* statement, telling me nothing, but mysteriously saying a very short time would reveal the truth. In the afternoon he went to a Cabinet. Meanwhile the *Standard* appeared with a contradiction of the *Times* in large letters. Wharncliffe came into my room from the Cabinet much excited, but apparently rather hilarious. I asked him if he had seen the *Standard*. He said no, he wanted to see it. He read it, and then said, "What do you say to that?" I said, I laughed at it, and had not a doubt that the *Times* was right. "Very well," he replied, "it will soon be seen who is right; but I tell you the *Times* has been mystified, and neither you nor Reeve know anything of what is going on."[1]

December 9th, Tuesday.—On Saturday afternoon Wharncliffe came to the office and sent for me. I found him walking about the room, when he immediately broke out, "Well, I must say the impudence of the *Times* exceeds all I ever knew." "What's the matter?" I asked, "what have they done?" "Why, notwithstanding the contradiction in the *Standard* last night, they have not only neither qualified nor withdrawn their assertion, but have repeated the statement more positively than before. I must say this beats every other impudence." "Well," I said, "don't you see the reason, namely, that the *Times* does not care for the denial of the *Standard*, and thinks its own authority for the statement better than any the *Standard* can have for denying it?" I then told him that everybody believed the *Times*. "Very well," he said, "a short time will show the truth; but I tell you again that the *Times* knows nothing about it, has been mystified, and you will soon see that you are all wrong."

However, a very short time will clear up everything. Meanwhile the agitation, excitement, and curiosity are

[1] This was quite true; we did not know what was going on, for the Government had resigned the day before.—Reeve's note.

universal and intense. The rising wrath of the Tories and landlords is already muttering at the bare suspicion of the intended act, and it will be awful when all the truth breaks upon them. Peel's situation is very curious, and though many will think he has done a great service, he has so played his cards from first to last that his reputation will be irretrievably damaged by it, for men of both, or indeed of all, parties will unite in condemning him. He is now going to reap the fruits of the enormous error he committed in coming into office on the principle of Corn Law protection and the sliding scale, an error the more unpardonable because it was quite unnecessary.

Thursday, December 11th.—On Tuesday afternoon Lord Wharncliffe sent for me, and told me Parliament was to be prorogued, but not called for despatch of business. This was enough: it satisfied me that the Ministers were out; there was no other solution of so strange a fact. Yesterday morning we went down to the Council at Osborne; the Duke joined us at Basingstoke. Nothing was said. I never saw the Cabinet in such a state of hilarity. Peel was full of jokes and stories, and they all were as merry (apparently and probably really) as men could be. Peel and Aberdeen alone had long audiences of the Queen; nothing transpired there. When we returned from Osborne I had no idea the Ministers had already resigned some days before, for they none of them took leave, and Peel and Aberdeen only had audiences. Not one of them hinted to me what was going on, and the only thing said about it was a joke of Stanley's who said to the Bishop of Oxford (Wilberforce), who was of the party, that the right reverend prelate had probably often seen as much patience, but never could have seen so much resignation.

Friday, December 12th.—Yesterday all was known. Peel had resigned on Saturday, and Lord John was sent for the same day, but the Ministers kept that secret, nor

did Aberdeen tell Delane the state of the case; I suppose he was afraid to tell him any more. Lord John was at Osborne yesterday, and has called his friends together to-day. The Whig talk at Brooks's is that the Government about to be formed cannot stand, that they will be able to do nothing with the House of Lords, and assuming that the Duke of Wellington's opposition has broken up the Government, which was totally untrue, they conclude that he will head the Tories in support of the Corn Laws in the Upper House.

Tuesday, December 16th.—Nothing is settled; Lord Lansdowne and Lord John Russell went to Windsor on Saturday. The first novelty that struck them was the manner of their reception; all is changed since they went out of office. Formerly the Queen received her Ministers alone; with her alone they communicated, though of course Prince Albert knew everything; but now the Queen and Prince were together, received Lord Lansdowne and John Russell together, and both of them always said *We* —"We think, or wish, to do so and so; what had *we* better do, etc." The Prince is become so identified with the Queen that they are one person, and as he likes business, it is obvious that while she has the title he is really discharging the functions of the Sovereign. He is King to all intents and purposes. I am not surprised at this, but certainly was not aware that it had taken such a definite shape. The greatest doubt prevails in the town about the formation of the Government. If Peel and Graham would communicate frankly with John Russell, and really try to come to some understanding or fair compromise; if they would consider the difficulties together and make a joint attempt to remove them, the work would not be difficult; but there is always a great difficulty when it is necessary to deal with such men as Peel and Graham —the one cold, reserved, suspicious, and insincere, the other slippery.

Certainly the contrast between Peel's position and his

reputation on his coming into office four years ago, and at this moment of his quitting it, is most remarkable and curious. Never was any Minister so triumphant as he was then. He had routed his opponents, reduced them to a miserable state of weakness, and heaped unpopularity and discredit upon them. With his own party he was like a general who had just led his troops on to victory; they looked up to him with admiration, and obeyed him implicitly; all the world was admiring and applauding him, abroad and at home. And what has been his career before the world? Successful to the uttermost of general expectation; personally he vanquished the dislike of the Queen and ingratiated himself entirely with her. He terminated dangerous contests and embarrassing disputes, he restored peace, he put the finances in good order. It would be difficult to point out any failure he suffered, and easy to show that no Minister ever had to boast of four more prosperous years, or more replete with public advantage and improvement. His majority in both Houses of Parliament has certainly not been diminished; and if he had met Parliament as Minister next Session, he would in all probability have found himself supported by majorities quite as large as when he took possession of the Government. And the end of all this triumph, popularity, prosperity, and power is a voluntary fall, a resignation of office in the midst of such a storm of rage, abuse, and hatred as no other Minister was ever exposed to. His political opponents are not disposed to give him credit for either wisdom or patriotism, while his followers (friends he has none) heap reproaches upon him, in which they exhaust the whole vocabulary of abuse, and accuse him of every sort of baseness, falsehood, and treachery. And what is the cause of this mighty change? It is because he is wiser than his people, that he knows better than they do what are the true principles of national policy and national economy; because, amidst a chaos of conflicting prejudices and interests, amidst the clashing of mighty

powers, he entertains sound views and wants to give effect to them. It was well said that it was his purpose "to *betray* the country into good measures."

Afternoon.—The meeting of the Whigs took place this morning, fourteen or fifteen present. The day before Howick[1] had arrived, and immediately began squabbling with and dissenting from everybody. He and Ellice[2] were with Lord John together, and Lord John so much disagreed with Howick's violent views (for he was all for extreme measures, immediate repeal, no compensation, trampling on adversaries), that Howick said pettishly, "I see it would be useless for me to attend your meeting to-morrow." Ellice interfered and said, "Oh, nonsense, you had better come," and he did. Lord John said he was very sorry Ellice had prevailed on him to come, as he should much have preferred taking him at his word.

Friday, December 19th.—Yesterday morning the die was cast. John Russell accepted the Government. As I have already said, he wrote a letter to the Queen, and a remarkably good one, setting forth that he did not think Sir Robert Peel's plan would be sufficient, and his reasons why, and begging to know whether he would have insuperable objections to total and immediate repeal. The Queen sent it to Peel, and all day on Wednesday he and Graham sat in consultation upon it. On Wednesday evening he sent his reply, and yesterday morning there was another meeting at Lord John's, where the reply was read. It was very cold, declined to enter into any discussion or give any pledges, and expressed a hope that her Majesty would not consider him wanting in respect if he referred her to his former letter.[3] On this being read there was

[1] Son of the second Earl Grey—Lord Grey of the Reform Bill—who had died five months ago. Howick therefore was now Lord Grey, but was still known to his friends by his more familiar title.

[2] Charles Ellice, known as Bear Ellice, the Whigs' Chief Whip.

[3] He had already written generally that he was disposed to support the new Government, but Lord John had asked for a more specific assurance.

a silence, when Clarendon first said, "There, you now see the wisdom of having required a positive assurance from Peel. It is evident that he will not support us, and there can be no question that it will not do for us to take the Government upon it." Howick instantly interposed that he did not see that at all, quite disagreed with him, thought Peel could not say more, and that it was quite as much as they could expect. Then ensued a quantity of conversation and discussion, all the pros and cons, Peel's peculiar character and position, and, in short, whether they should go on or give it up. At length Lord John, who had stood with folded arms and let this go on for some time in silence, said, "If you wish to know my opinion, I think we ought to take the Government." He did not enter into any argument, but thus pronounced his opinion, and at last it was put to the vote. Ten were for taking, five were for declining: Lord Lansdowne, the Duke of Bedford, Clarendon, and two others whom I do not yet know, were against; all the others for. On the whole I think they did right.

December 20th.—No novel or play ever presented such vicissitudes and events as this political drama which has been for ten days acted before the public. Yesterday, when I went to dinner at Lord Foley's, Leveson whispered to me that "everything was at an end." I had seen nobody in the afternoon and knew nothing, but after dinner he told me Charles Gore had told him this. I went off to Kent House and there heard the whole story. Yesterday morning they met at John Russell's as usual, and first began by a discussion of the compensations,[1] Lord Lansdowne and others thinking it advisable to come to an agreement as to the general principles on which they should proceed in this important particular. Howick as usual argued, disputed, and battled, but at last this question was settled. Then John Russell said, "Now, if you please, I want to see you singly, and I will begin with

[1] To be paid in the event of immediate repeal of the corn duties.

Howick." Accordingly the rest went into the next room. Howick remained there forty minutes, at the end of which he stalked out, head in the air, and, without saying a word to anybody, took himself off. John Russell then called in one or two more and told them what had passed. He had offered Howick the Colonies. Howick accepted, but begged to know the other arrangements, and particularly who was to have the Foreign Office. He told him "Palmerston." Then said Howick, "I will not be in the Cabinet." He argued with him, told him all the reasons for this arrangement, said everything he could think of, but all in vain. So they parted. In the middle of the day John Russell wrote to Palmerston and told him a difficulty had arisen, and that *one* of their colleagues objected to his taking the Foreign Office. Palmerston very properly replied that "this was an additional reason for his accepting no other." [1] In the afternoon John Russell, finding Howick would come to no terms, declared that he would throw the whole thing up, that he could not do without Grey in the Lords, and that the breach with him would produce difficulties and embarrassments that would materially impair his chance of success. Peel was to go down to Windsor this morning to resign, and John Russell wrote to the Queen to inform her of what had occurred, and begged her to put Peel off till the afternoon, and meanwhile he would himself go down to Windsor, where he is, in fact, gone, to resign. I find that most of his colleagues concur in this resolution. I think they are wrong. It may be a question whether they ought to have accepted or refused upon Peel's letter, whether they had then grounds enough; but it seems to me pusillanimous and discreditable to suffer Howick to break up the Government they had consented to form, upon a purely personal question, unmixed with any political one. Such is the state of things this day at twelve o'clock; but from

[1] Lord John had already sounded Lord Palmerston about taking another office, and he had replied that he would take nothing else.

hour to hour it is impossible to say or guess how it may all be changed. The Government is really like a halfpenny whirling in the air, with John Russell's head on one side and Peel's on the other.

Sunday, December 21st.—John Russell went down at eleven o'clock, resigned, and the Queen accepted his resignation. He gave her a Minute, setting forth his difficulties (but without naming Grey and Palmerston) and explanatory of his motives; exceedingly well done, I am told, terse and clear. This he left with her to show to Peel.

At two o'clock Peel arrived, and upon her informing him that John Russell had resigned, giving him the Minute to read, and requesting him to retake the Government, he immediately and without making any difficulties consented to do so, saying, however, that he would have supported John Russell if he had formed his Government. The Queen wrote to John Russell and told him what had passed, which he announced to us at dinner at Palmerston's. I never saw people so happy, as most, perhaps all of them, are to have got out of their engagement; even Lady Palmerston said she did not wish for the Foreign Office again. It was known yesterday that Howick was the cause of this sudden break-up, and what he had done, and there was a general disposition to blame him severely, but also to blame them for not having let him depart and gone on without him. If they had been really anxious to come in, and if they had had an entire confidence in Peel's intentions, they no doubt would have done so; but the Peers of the party, who were all of them opposed to taking office on Thursday, were still more decidedly against it when they found Howick was to leave them. They had counted upon him as their principal speaker in the House of Lords, and when they found that the whole burthen was to fall on them, and that they were very likely to have Howick against them instead of for them, urging impossible measures, they vehemently

pressed John Russell to give it up; and this disinclination on the part of so many members of his Cabinet to face these difficulties determined him to resign. If Peel's engagement to support them had been more definite and positive, they would probably not have cared for Howick's secession; but, already dissatisfied with Peel, they were too happy to take the opportunity which Howick afforded them to draw back altogether.[1] I think, on the whole, Lord John had sufficient reason for giving it up, but that the world—that is, the Whig world—and those who desired his success, who cannot know what was passing in his green-room, will think he ought, after going so far, to have gone on to the end. The last scene will not appear to have been well played out.

December 23rd.—Yesterday morning Lord Aberdeen stated that they did not mean to make many changes; hinted that the measure they contemplated would not be a decisive one; said the Queen had been much astonished at John Russell's conduct of the recent affair—first, at his taking so much time to consider, and secondly, throwing it up so soon after he had decided to take office, and on such grounds; and that she had contrasted the alacrity with which Sir Robert Peel retook it, with the hesitation of his opponents. In the afternoon Graham sent for me. He began to talk over the Whig failure, expressed his amazement at the want of firmness and resolution of John Russell, qualities for which he had always given him unlimited credit, and in which he seemed to have been strangely wanting on this occasion. He evidently considered that the Lord had delivered his opponents into the hands of himself and friends. He said that such infirmity of purpose was so unlike John Russell that he

[1] "The real reason why the Whigs refused to form a Ministry was that they lacked nerve for the crisis. They shrank from the task of passing Repeal through the Lords. . . . They had no wish to lead a democratic attack on the Lords, and hoped that Peel would be able to pass the Bill through the Lords with the least possible disturbance."—Trevelyan.

could not help thinking something had in some degree unnerved him. At night I met Morpeth at Miss Berry's, who talked it all over, and acknowledged his disgust and disappointment. He said he could not help thinking that some domestic anxiety had had a considerable effect on Lord John's mind, and unstrung his nerves; that when he had seen him after the *finale* he (Morpeth) had expressed himself rather strongly, and the next day he called on Lord John and said he was afraid he had done so. Lord John said he had felt a little hurt, and then pulled out of his pocket a letter, and desired him to read it. He burst into tears, and said he rejoiced for himself to be out of it. This corresponded with Graham's impression. So far as I have seen, all the strong men of the party are of Morpeth's opinion. Le Marchant, wishing to extract sweet from bitter, said, "Well, after all, it may do us good. It will show that the Whigs are not so greedy after office, and it will wipe out the recollection of those two years when we stayed in too long." Macaulay replied, "I don't know that at all, it may only increase the blame. We stayed in when we ought to have gone out, and now we stay out when we ought to have gone in."

London, December 24th.—Yesterday I attended a Council at Windsor; Stanley out, and Gladstone in. There I had a great deal of talk with Graham, Aberdeen, and Peel; nothing fresh with the former. Aberdeen expressed, like everybody else, his astonishment at the conduct of the Whigs; said they would have carried their measure, and that Peel would have unquestionably given them every support.

Peel afterwards talked about Lord John's failure, and expressed his astonishment and (with what sincerity is best known to himself) his regret, inasmuch as it lowered John Russell, for whom he felt great consideration and esteem; that he ought, when sent for, at once to have taken or at once to have refused office; that when the Queen told him

(Peel) how she was situated, he at once said he would resume the Government; from that moment he was her Minister. He was evidently elated at the advantage that had been thrown into his hands, and chuckling mightily at the pitiful figure which the Whigs cut, and at the contrast so favourable to himself which the whole case will exhibit.

At night I met Howick at the "Travellers," who said he wanted very much to talk to me, that he heard I had abused him violently. I told him I had not done that, because I never condemned anybody without knowing first what they had to say; but that, like most others, I had certainly been unfavourably impressed with what I had reason to believe were the facts in respect to his conduct. He begged me to tell him what I supposed the facts to be, and I did so. He then said that he wished me to be acquainted with the true state of the case.[1] But whatever may be thought of Howick or Palmerston, it will add to the discredit which already attaches to Lord John as a statesman and leader of a great party; it will afford fresh evidence of a deficiency of the qualities requisite for his post and the task he undertook. There were no resource and adroitness, none of those arts of conciliation and persuasion, none of that commanding and insinuating influence which are so necessary in the conduct of transactions of such a difficult and delicate nature.

December 26th.—I receive daily letters from the Duke of Bedford, to whom all sorts of people write upon the subject of the late affair. He is exceedingly anxious to make out that Lord John and his friends acted well and wisely, but he evidently labours all the time under a consciousness that their case is not defensible, and that in public opinion they cut a very poor figure.[2] Meanwhile

[1] Here follows a long personal explanation which has ceased to be of any interest.

[2] They did indeed. But the "grand refusal," as Mr. Trevelyan points out, secured them twenty years of power; for it led to the break up of the Conservative party.

the news of the return of Peel has been received abroad with transports of joy, and here the funds and all securities have risen with extraordinary rapidity.

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January 1st.—I went to the Grove last Saturday; nothing new, but the agitation of the famous ten days still leaves a ruffled surface, and the world is full of talk about the past and speculation about the future. John Russell, who was much disquieted at the effect produced by the sudden explosion of his concern, has got into good spirits again from the encouragement and approbation with which he has been comforted from his own adherents and friends.

January 13th.—I have occupied myself for the last week in writing a pamphlet[1] which I call "Sir Robert Peel and the Corn Law Crisis," and the title describes the subject. I have attempted a vindication of Peel's *general policy*, and have done so because I sincerely believe he has been acting a disinterested and public-spirited part.

Clarendon received Henry Pierrepoint at the Grove a few days ago, who came from Stratfieldsaye, and his account of the Duke, and of what he said, is not without interest, so I transcribe it from his letter. "Henry Pierrepoint has been very willing to communicate all he knew, which did not amount to much. It is clear that the Duke of Wellington resents the whole of Peel's conduct, that he dislikes him, feels he has never had his whole confidence, and has foreseen for the last six months that he

[1] A little book of thirty-three pages, containing a brilliantly written defence of Peel, which in spite of the lapse of eighty years is still very readable and entertaining. It narrates how Peel—anticipating Disraeli—had laboured since 1832 to "educate" his party; "to teach them now that rotten boroughs were abolished, to look to other and more legitimate sources of influence," and shows how this new proposal was a part of the same policy.

was preparing to overthrow the Corn Laws. Pierrepoint considers this to be the cause of the unapproachable state of irritation in which he has been during the autumn. The Duke says, 'rotten potatoes have done it all; they put Peel in his d—d fright'; and both for the cause and the effect he seems to feel equal contempt. When he found that Peel was determined to meddle with the Corn Laws, he wrote a long paper against it, but said that he should defer to Peel, and certainly not leave the Government, if the majority of the Cabinet were in favour of the measure. He was not, however, sorry to be released by the majority being dissentient. When they all shuffled back to their places by the Queen's command, he looked on himself as one of the rank and file, ordered to *fall in*, and he set about doing his duty, and preparing for battle.[1] He has written a great many letters to Tory Lords, such as Rutland, Beaufort, Salisbury, Exeter, and has received some very stiff and unsatisfactory answers, particularly from Beaufort, who tells him that when they all sacrificed their opinions on the Catholic question, they had at the head of the Government a leader on whose honour they relied and whose conscientious motives they could not but respect; but that the case was very different now, when they had for their leader a man who had violated every principle and pledge, and in whom no party could put any trust." I have little doubt that Alvanley, who has long been laid up at Badminton, dictated this letter, for he is very violent, and says "Peel ought not to die a natural death."

There has been a curious scene with Melbourne at Windsor, which was told me by Jocelyn, who was present. It was at dinner, when Melbourne was sitting next to the Queen. Some allusion was made to passing events and to the expected measure, when Melbourne suddenly broke out, "Ma'am, it is a damned dishonest act." The Queen

[1] And thus at last secured the passing of the Bill by the House of Lords, being probably the only man who would have done it.

laughed, and tried to quiet him, but he repeated, "I say again it is a very dishonest act," and then he continued a tirade against abolition of Corn Laws, the people not knowing how to look, and the Queen only laughing. The Court is very strong in favour of Free Trade, and not less in favour of Peel.

January 22nd.—Parliament meets to-day, and the truth will soon be out. My pamphlet has been generally read and bitterly attacked.[1] It displeases the Whigs for its defence of Peel, and the Tories for its hostility to the Corn Laws; but Peel and his friends are highly delighted with it, and Graham sent me a note which Peel had written him (evidently to be shown to me), in which he said that "he had rarely seen so much truth told with so much ability in the compass of the same number of pages." His friends like it, but as they are in a miserable minority it may be considered to be generally unpopular.

During these last days the Whig and Peelite (for now there are Peelites, as contradistinguished from Tories) whippers-in have been making lists, and they concur in giving Peel a large majority. They reckon Protectionists 200, Peelites 180, and then there are the Whigs and Liberals 200 or 300; but Bessborough, who is very experienced, says these lists are very loose and not to be depended on at all. Francis Egerton tells me Peel is in very good spirits—better than his colleagues—and thinks he has a very good case to make for himself. He tells me that he wrote to Peel to tell him he had changed his own opinion on the Corn Laws, and that the time was arrived when protective duties must be abolished. He wrote this letter knowing nothing of what was going on, and he sent it the very day before the famous article in the *Times* appeared. He did not get an answer till after the resignations. He also told me that they would

[1] He wrote to his friend, Mrs. Baring: "I have drawn a perfect hornet's nest about my ears. . . . Everybody reads me, however, and I defend myself as well as I can, not at all daunted or abashed."

have made him Earl of Bridgewater and President of the Council, which he declined.

I met John Russell at dinner on Tuesday night. Clarendon told me after dinner that Lord John was bitter against Peel, more so than when he left town; this is very unfortunate. He is very clever, but his mind is little. It is difficult not to think that he is jealous of Peel. He is probably provoked that a man of whom he has so bad an opinion should have out-stripped him in popularity and public consideration; for, without doubt, if the country were to be polled whether he or Peel should be Minister, there would be a great majority for Peel.

January 23rd.—Went to the House of Commons last night. Francis Egerton moved the Address very well, and his speech was admired. Immediately after the seconder, Peel rose and spoke for about two hours. A very fine speech in a very high tone. He owned to a change of opinion which had been going on for two years; was confirmed by the statistical result of his Free Trade experiment, and urged on to action by the potato failure in November, when he wanted to call Parliament together and open the ports, but was overruled in the Cabinet, where he had only three others with him. His statistical results were very curious. He declared himself indifferent to office, which was too much for him bodily and intellectually, but while he could be of use to the Queen and the country he would stay there. His peroration was fine, in a tone of great excitement, very determined, and full of defiance. He did not get a solitary cheer from the people behind him, except when he said that Stanley had always been against him and never admitted either the danger or the necessity, and then the whole of those benches rang with cheers. He made two mistakes. He went on too long upon his Conservative measures, in a strain calculated to offend those in conjunction with whom he must now fight this battle; and he talked of a "proud aristocracy," which was an unlucky phrase, though clear from the

context that he did not mean anything offensive in it. It certainly was not a speech calculated to lead to a reconciliation between him and the Tories; and it is difficult to see how he will be able to go on after this Session, supposing him to settle the Corn Bill. Lord John rose after him, and spoke very well; gave his explanation (Peel had explained everything up to Lord John's being sent for), and read all the correspondence that had passed. It was very full and open; very moderate about Howick, for whom he expressed strong feelings of regard; very civil to Peel, and altogether proper and well done. Then came an hour of gibes and bitterness, all against Peel personally, from Disraeli, with some good hits, but much of it tiresome; vehemently cheered by the Tories, but not once by the Whigs, who last year used to cheer similar exhibitions lustily. I never heard him before; his fluency is wonderful, his cleverness great, and his mode of speaking certainly effective, though there is something monotonous in it.

January 28th.—Last night Peel brought forward his plan, amidst the greatest curiosity and excitement: the House was crammed, and Prince Albert there to mark the confidence of the Court. On Sunday I had seen Charles Villiers and Bessborough, who both told me that there was a bad disposition among the Whigs, many indisposed to attend, and many only anxious to embarrass the Government, and they both thought the difficulties were increasing. Charles Villiers told me, moreover, that John Russell had asked him whether he meant to propose the *immediate abolition*, supposing Peel did not make it part of his plan, adding that if he would not, he himself should; and Charles Villiers thought Peel ought to be made aware of this. I accordingly went to Graham and told it him. He seemed struck by it, and then talked of the measure; that at all events they would not "die in a ditch," but would put before the world a great scheme such as no Minister ever before brought forward; that it

was an attempt to do by legislation what Mr. Pitt had attempted to do by commercial treaties, and a great deal more in the same strain expressive of his opinion that the plan ought to be taken by the country, and his confidence that, however it might be received now, hereafter it would be regarded with admiration and applause, and that its principles could not fail in the end to be adopted. I waited at the "Travellers" for the result, and between eight and nine the people came flocking in from the House of Commons, full of very different sentiments and opinions. The Protectionists were generally angry and discontented, none reconciled, and some who had cherished hopes of better things very indignant. The Liberals generally approved, though with some qualifications, and there was less of admiration than I had expected from Graham's magnificent description of the measure.[1]

January 29th.—Went to Clarendon's yesterday morning, and in a few minutes John Russell came in; he was going to Lord Lansdowne, so I walked away with him. He praised Peel's measure, though very coldly, and finding many faults; not, however, that any enthusiasm was to be expected from him. I told him that it appeared to have given great satisfaction as far as I could see, except among the Tories, who were furious, and would now be irreconcilable; that the Government, therefore, could not last, and he would inevitably be sent for and in office in a very short time. Without, therefore, any allusion to what he had said to Charles Villiers, I said that I hoped he would so shape his opposition, or (if it were not to be called opposition) his course, as not to indispose Peel towards him; that if he came into office he must be intrinsically weak, and that it would be of vital importance to him to have Peel's support, which I had no doubt under

[1] Peel's proposal was to effect the total repeal of the Corn Laws in three years. During that interval the price of corn was to be governed by a sliding scale. The Anti-Corn-Law League still demanded immediate and total repeal.

the circumstances he would receive. He said very little in reply, but something about Peel's having very few people with him. I said possibly his support, his numerical support, might not be very considerable, but that his hostility would be very dangerous; and I again earnestly entreated him not to do anything that would offend or estrange him now. He did not controvert what I said, but I got nothing from him in reply to it, and at the end of the Park we parted.

As I proceeded I fell in with other people—Charles Buller, Hawes,[1] Sir Charles Lemon, Fonblanque,[2] and of the other faction, Lord Carnarvon. The Liberals were full of praise, and Fonblanque said, "I don't hesitate to say it is the grandest scheme any Minister ever propounded to Parliament. I look upon it as greater than the Reform Bill." He said, however, they must (the Liberals) propose immediate abolition; Hawes said the same; Lord Carnarvon, one of the cleverest of the Protectionists, seemed softened, and not indisposed (as I thought, though he did not say so) to lay down his arms.

January 30*th*.—Yesterday morning Charles Villiers called on me to say that there had been a meeting the night before at Ricardo's, where Cobden, Wilson (Chairman of the London League), himself, and some others dined; and Lord Grey came in the evening. Cobden was very bitter against Peel, and Lord Grey urgent for proposing immediate repeal. This Cobden decided upon also, and Wilson went down to Manchester yesterday morning to stir up public opinion there the same way. Charles Villiers said it certainly would be proposed, and that John Russell would as certainly support it. He asked whether there was not a possibility of the Government giving way; and if, as appeared lately, the Protectionists themselves were content to take it, whether immediate

[1] Benjamin Hawes, M.P., an active Whig politician who was knighted in 1862.

[2] An eminent leader-writer and man of letters, friend of Bentham, Mill, Grote, etc.

repeal could not be substituted for the sliding scale. I told him it was impossible; he said Lord Grey was going " to break ground " in the House of Lords last night. I went out soon after and met Charles Wood,[1] with whom I walked for half an hour. He was also full of proposing immediate repeal, and talked in the same strain of the preference of the Tories for it, rather than for the plan as it is. I told him as strongly as I could what the risk and difficulty would be of taking this course, implored him to accept the compromise that was offered, and at all events that he would well weigh the probable consequences of doing otherwise, and give my representations some consideration. He seemed somewhat struck by what I said.

February 2nd.—I dined with George Harcourt on Saturday, and sat next to Macaulay at dinner, when we talked about the measure, and what the Whigs should do. He was all for urging immediate repeal. I told him they must take care not to put the measure itself in jeopardy, and suggested my own view of what Peel might do, and what Lord John ought to do after his letter[2] to the Queen. He said, on the first point, that he certainly would rather give up pressing for immediate repeal than endanger the measure, but that if Peel would consider a vote carried against him on that point so seriously as to induce him to throw it up or resign, he ought to say so; he ought to take an opportunity of giving them notice as to what he would regard in so serious a light, that they might at least understand what they were about.

In the evening I met Monteagle at Lady Palmerston's, when he took me aside and said, " I want to say something

[1] One of the leaders of the Whigs (brother-in-law to Lord Grey) who after holding many offices, including the Exchequer, became in 1866 Viscount Halifax.

[2] Lord John Russell had stated in a letter to the Queen (which was read in Parliament) on December 20th, that " although he found it impossible to form an Administration, he should be ready to do all in his power, as a member of Parliament, to promote the settlement of the question."

to you. If Peel will consider an attempt to substitute immediate repeal fatal to his measure, he ought to say so, he ought to give some notice of his intentions." I merely said, " I understand you," and we parted. Yesterday morning I called on Graham and had a long conversation with him, telling him precisely what had passed. I was not prepared for what he said in reply, inasmuch as it indicated a possibility at least of their adopting the immediate repeal instead of their own plan. It is perfectly clear that he and Peel would both gladly propose immediate repeal, but cannot do so unless the two Dukes (Wellington and Buccleuch), and the others who are unwilling repealers, will consent, and with them it is more an affair of pride than anything else. He said a great deal of the importance of getting the Duke of Buccleuch's assistance on this occasion, which carried or neutralised Scotland. This he repeated very often, making it of more importance than I thought it was. I strongly urged him, if possible, to make the repeal immediate, suggesting how desirable it was to take away all pretext for the continuance of the League; and telling him, which he was disposed to doubt, that Cobden certainly did wish to close his own career of agitation and settle the whole question, but that there were others who wanted to keep it open and to tack on other objects to Corn Law agitation, who would therefore rejoice that the sliding scale was still continued. We had a very long talk, which I have put down *anyhow,* and of course have omitted a great many particulars.

February 8th.—It is thought that the violence of the Protectionists is somewhat abated, and giving way to despondence. The resignations of seats still continue, but Peel is in high spirits, not at all dejected or dismayed. Francis Egerton went to Graham the other day and strongly advised him to give up the three years' delay. Meanwhile the Whigs have become perfectly reasonable, and mean to yield anything rather than risk the success of

the measure. Clarendon had a long conversation with John Russell, and urged on him the expediency of moderation, and pointed out how he had bound himself by his letter to the Queen. He denied this, but yielded to the general argument, not however failing to display his bitterness towards Peel. He said since he had read my pamphlet he had a worse opinion of him than ever, and he saw no reason why he should do anything to assist him; that he (Peel) had no claim on him. I told Clarendon that the real truth was that he was jealous of Peel and envious, he could not bear Peel's popularity and the prevailing opinion that he was the best man. It is all very small, but he *is* small, and since I have looked more narrowly into past transactions, and his career, I am the more struck with it.

Yesterday I had Delane to dine with me, and Foster, the *Times* Commissioner in Ireland, a very intelligent man, with plenty to say and no difficulty in saying it. My banquet to these potentates of the press did very well.

February 16th.—The debate in the House of Commons (the dullest on record) lasted all last week, and will probably last all this. Meanwhile affairs grow daily more uncomfortable and perplexed. The Government measure will certainly pass the House of Commons by a majority under one hundred, and most people think it will pass the House of Lords. Then will come the dissolution of the Government and the advent of John Russell; but how he is to get on, or what is to happen afterwards, nobody has an idea. Though the Tories have made up their minds to be defeated, they show no symptom of mitigated feelings towards Peel and the Government, but the contrary. The debate presents hardly any argument on their side, but bitter lamentations and reproaches, and quotations from former speeches or addresses of the Ministers who are now abandoning them. On the other hand, the Liberals, while they support Peel, encourage and confirm the Tories in their indignation and resentment,

and they abuse the Government quite as lustily, not for what they are doing now, but for all they have been saying and doing for the last four years. The whole of the press takes the same line, the Tory and Whig papers naturally; and the *Times* chuckles and sneers, and alternately attacks and ridicules Whigs, Protectionists, and Peelites.

The real fact is that Peel is not obnoxious to blame for what he has *done*; it is very fair for party men to attack him on this score, but he is easily defensible on it. But nothing can excuse all that he and his colleagues have *said*. When the best excuse their conduct admits of is made for them, it will be found that their language, the opinions and the arguments they have put forth, do not correspond with the excuse; and though as a Free Trader I rejoice at the repeal of the Corn Laws, I must own that if I belonged to Peel's party I should feel the same disgust and indignation they all do. Then there is no denying the immensity of the moral mischief that has been done. It is very remarkable that I am the only person who has defended Peel and made any apology for him whatever. It is impossible that hundreds of people, members of both Houses of Parliament, and the whole press should go on day after day crying out against treachery and deceit and a violation of public honour, and not produce a deep and strong impression.

February 18th.—The night before last Peel made a very grand speech, vindicating himself in a very high tone, making out a very good case for his measure *at this time*, and dealing in details with his usual skill. It was certainly one of his most successful efforts, and Charles Villiers told Clarendon it was one of the finest speeches he ever heard in Parliament. It served, however, to widen the breach between himself and the Tory party.

While Peel was making this great speech in the House of Commons, Stanley was making a very different sort of speech in the Lords. There he denounced the measure

in strong terms, exhibited a bitter feeling, and a disposition to put himself at the head of the Protectionists and throw out the measure. Such was the impression he gave, and his speech was rapturously hailed both there and elsewhere. It filled with alarm all the moderate people, and encouraged the violent. It is, however, quite impossible to conjecture what he will do when it comes to the point. It is difficult to decide whether his object is ambition and power, or only sport and mischief. As to his forming a Government, he is himself quite as unfit as the rest are incompetent.[1] There is probably not a public man in the country who inspires so little confidence. His speech, however, has made the cauldron boil more hotly than ever, and increased the doubt whether the measure will pass.

February 25th.—The debate drags on, this being the third week of it. The Protectionists are very proud of the fight they have made, which in point of fact has been plausible and imposing enough, though for the most part consisting of sarcasms and assaults upon the Ministers and their supporters, and with a very slender portion of argument mixed therewith. Their great hero, Disraeli, spoke on Friday for two hours and a half, cleverly and pointedly; it was meant to be an argumentative speech, and to exhibit his powers in the grave line. Accordingly there was very little of his accustomed bitterness and impertinent sarcasms on Peel, but a great deal of statistical detail and reasoning upon it. The Protectionists thought it very fine, but in reality it was poor and worthless; and on Monday night Sir George Clerk, who is no great orator, made a very complete exposure of the fallacy of his arguments and the inaccuracy of his facts.

These last few days we have been occupied with the Indian news, which has superseded the interest of the debate. Nobody knows what to think of it, the slaughter so dreadful, the success so equivocal, and the conduct of the authorities so questionable. At all events it was a

[1] In fact he formed three Governments.

great feat of arms as far as bravery and resolution go; but we seem to have been surprised, and it appears monstrous that a Sikh army should be provided with a *matériel* so superior to ours, an artillery with which ours could not cope.[1]

March 1st.—On Friday night at three o'clock, after twelve nights' debate, the House divided and the Government measure was carried by 97; but for the delay and some casualties the majority would have topped 100. George Bentinck, who had all along threatened to speak, and had gone through a most laborious preparation, and was armed at all points with statistical details, wound up the debate in a speech of three hours' length, which was listened to with great impatience, restrained only by consideration for a speaker so unused to address the House. As his speech consisted entirely of statistical details, it was, as might have been expected, intolerably tiresome, and he committed an enormous error in judgment in rising at twelve o'clock at night on the last day, when everybody was weary, exhausted, sick of the debate, and eager for the division. Nothing would have then gone down but a smart, brilliant, Israelitish philippic, if even that would. It was wonderful that the House was so enduring as it was, but everybody I have seen acknowledges that it was, all things considered, a very remarkable performance, exhibited great power of mind, extraordinary self-possession and clearness, and proving beyond a doubt that if he had for the last twenty years devoted himself to business instead of to horse-racing, if he had cultivated his mind and practised himself in the business of the House of Commons, he might have taken a high place in political life. My testimony as regards him is beyond suspicion, for we are not friends, and I have no doubt it is true he has wasted energies and misused talents which, properly

[1] The expedition against the Sikhs had led to some of the fiercest and most sanguinary battles ever fought by the British in India. The battle of Aliwal, here referred to, was fought on January 28th. The Sikhs were finally defeated a few weeks later.

exercised, would have conferred on him an honourable fame, and made his career creditable and useful.

Cobden made an extraordinary speech last night, but one of the ablest I ever read, and it was, I am told, more striking still to hear, because so admirably delivered. The general opinion at Brooks's yesterday was, that this division would make the Lords pass the bill. On the whole, but with much hesitation, I incline to think so too; but it is very doubtful.

March 18th.—Few events or matters worth recording. John Russell, without consulting anybody, according to his custom, gave notice of a motion upon Ireland, having made up his mind, though very reluctantly, not to oppose the Coercion Bill.[1] I met him one morning at Lord Clarendon's, and talked to him about this Bill. I told him I did not see how he could take on himself the responsibility of opposing it; and he acknowledged that he did not see it very well either; but he then broke out with a bitterness beyond description against the Government, which he said was the greatest curse to Ireland, and that while they were in office no good was possible there. I did not think it worth while to dispute with him; but just asked him what it was they had done or left undone? He said, "Their policy of first truckling to the Orangemen, insulting, and then making useless concessions to, the Catholics, without firmness or justice." Nothing, in short, but what was vague and unmeaning.

In the House of Commons, the Protectionists are bent on delay, and on not allowing the Bill to go up to the House of Lords before Easter. They are now *the* Opposition; they have elected George Bentinck their leader, and Beresford and Newdegate whippers-in.

[1] The state of Ireland at this time was appalling. A Coercion Bill was introduced by Lord St. Germans in the House of Lords, when he stated that during the years 1844-1845 there had been 242 cases of firing at the person, 1,048 cases of aggravated assault, 710 robberies of arms, 79 bands of men appearing in arms, 2,306 cases of threatening letters, and 737 of attacking houses.

Stanley, by all accounts, declares himself more and more their leader in the Lords; and means to urge them on. Meanwhile, as the debates go on, the arguments which go forth to the country, the statistical details, and the progress of famine and pestilence in Ireland, strengthen the Government case, and produce effects on the public mind. The farmers in many places are more and more anxious for a settlement, and Peel's fame and the notion of his capacity for affairs extend.

March 21st.—The Tariff was got through last night, George Bentinck making a speech of two hours and a quarter. From never having spoken, he never now does anything else, and he is completely overdoing it, and, like a beggar set on horseback, riding to the devil. Stanley, in the House of Lords, declared his intention to oppose the Bill; but he tells his friends he will neither lead an Opposition nor make a Government. As the time advances, the division in the House of Lords looks more promising for Government. The delay which the Protectionists have caused has been of great service to the measure, for the longer the debates continue, the more effect is produced by the speeches in Parliament, the statistics published, and the able articles in the press.

March 29th.—Everything here is in a disturbed, doubtful, and uneasy state; people angry, perplexed, and dissatisfied. The second reading was carried on Friday night, after four nights' debate, by 88—nine less than the first great division.

The state of parties is curious and full of difficulty. The Protectionists are bent upon turning Peel out, and if possible grow more, rather than less, bitter. On Friday this was especially apparent; no Prime Minister was ever treated as Peel was by them that night, when he rose to speak. The Marquis of Granby rose at the same time, and for five minutes they would not hear Peel, and tried to force their man on the House, and to make the Prime Minister sit down. The Speaker alone decided it, and

called on Peel. When he said he knew they could turn him out, they all cheered *savagely*. Then the Whigs are just as eager to be in active opposition again; so that between the two parties—the rage and vengeance of the one, and the habitual rivalry of the other—his fall is certain. At present Peel holds office for the sole purpose of carrying *the* Bill. The Whigs are guarding him, while he is doing this work, ready to turn against him the moment he has done it, and then, this great contest over, the Protectionists will either join the Whigs in their first onset, or leave him to his fate. *They* do not care what happens so long as they can break up this Government; they do not care how public business can be carried on, or by whom; whether a strong or a weak Government can be formed. Revenge is their sole object.

April 4th.—The delay that the Protectionists have contrived to make in the Free Trade measures is proving fatal to their cause, for it is now past a doubt that a great change has been produced over all the country *among the farmers*. They do not care for, do not dread, the repeal of the Corn Laws, but they do most particularly wish to have the question settled. The evidences of this change are not to be mistaken, and many of the Protectionists admit it. They find to their astonishment that there is no depreciation in landed property, that there is no difficulty in letting farms, and that rents are generally rising rather than falling.

May 3rd.—At Newmarket all last week. Stanley was there joking and *chaffing* all the time, but I could not hear that he talked seriously upon politics; he was always with George Bentinck. The Palmerstons are come back from Paris, after a successful visit, excepting only his foolish letter to Louis Philippe.[1] They say, however, now

[1] King Louis Philippe had been fired at by a man named Lecomte, who was executed for the crime, whilst Lord and Lady Palmerston were in Paris, upon which Lord Palmerston wrote a letter to the King congratulating him on his escape. This was considered impertinent from a private person—no longer a Minister—who was only casually in Paris.

that he wrote it because it was suggested to him by *somebody* (meaning somebody about the Court) that it would be well taken; but it was a great mistake of his, and is thought very ridiculous here.

May 7th.—The day before yesterday I met Sir Robert Peel in the Park, and for the first time for many years had some communication with him. He was in high spirits; asked me what I heard and what I thought of the Lords. I told him I believed they were prepared to pass the second reading of his Corn Bill, and meant to muster their strength in Committee to perpetuate the 5*s.* duty. He said he believed so too, but thought they would not carry it, because he did not think Stanley would be a party to it, and that he is not prepared to accept office and make a Government, as he must be if he did this. I told him that the Protectionists had no object or desire but to drive him out, and if they could only succeed in this, they cared not who came in, whether there was a good or bad, or strong or weak Government. He said he was quite aware of it, and that they could have no difficulty in getting him out; that there never had been known in the history of this country such a state of things, with three parties neither of which had sufficient strength to stand alone. The case it most resembled was that of Lord Shelburne's Government before the Coalition, a state of things which was brought about by its weakness; that what was wanting was *a man,* and if Lord John had been what last year he believed him to be, there would have been no difficulty. This was remarkable enough from him, and I have no doubt it is what he tells the Queen; there is a great deal of truth in it.

May 11th.—I was with Graham for two hours yesterday, and talked about the whole state of affairs, telling him their real condition and the strenuous endeavours that were making to retain a fixed duty. He said, come what might, he and Peel would be no parties to it. He is convinced that Stanley will and must take the Govern-

ment if he succeeds in making this alteration in the Committee of the Lords. I told him I was convinced he did not mean to try to form a Government. Graham thinks he would be lost as a public man if he shrank from it. I said Lord Derby with 60,000*l.* a year, and the finest debater in Parliament, could never be lost.

May 21st.—Last week the debate in the House of Commons came to a close at last, wound up by a speech of Disraeli's, very clever, in which he hacked and mangled Peel with the most unsparing severity, and positively tortured his victim. It was a miserable and degrading spectacle. The whole mass of the Protectionists cheered him with vociferous delight, making the roof ring again; and when Peel spoke, they screamed and hooted at him in the most brutal manner. When he vindicated himself, and talked of honour and conscience, they assailed him with shouts of derision and gestures of contempt. Such treatment in a House of Commons where for years he had been an object of deference and respect, nearly overcame him. The Speaker told me that for a minute and more he was obliged to stop, and for the first time in his life, probably, he lost his self-possession; and the Speaker thought he would have been obliged to sit down, and expected him to burst into tears. They hunt him like a fox, and they are eager to run him down and kill him in the open, and they are full of exultation at thinking they have nearly accomplished this object. It is high time such a state of things should finish. To see the Prime Minister and leader in the House of Commons thus beaten and degraded, treated with contumely by three-fourths of the party he has been used to lead, is a sorry sight, and very prejudicial to the public weal. He is no longer able to conduct the business of the country in Parliament. It matters not what the Government proposes; the Protectionists are ready to oppose anything and everything for the mere pleasure of beating it, and defeats are only prevented by the grudging, lukewarm,

casual support of the Whigs, who, many of them, desire no better than to see the Government in difficulties. Such is the deplorable state of things in the House of Commons.

June 1st.—So entirely occupied with Epsom all last week, that I had not a moment of time to attend to politics. I must, therefore, now that I have an interval of leisure, narrate briefly what I ought to have recorded at the time more in detail. On May 21st, I mentioned the sanguine hopes and expectations of the Protectionists, which were suddenly and entirely overthrown by a bold, judicious, and successful move of John Russell's. It reached his ears, from various quarters, that certain proceedings, very like intrigues, were going on, principally hatched at Palmerston House, and that it was confidently asserted by Protectionists and by Whigs who wanted to coalesce with the Protectionists, that a compromise and a coalition would certainly be brought about, to which he (John Russell) would be a party. He resolved at once and decisively to crush these hopes, and put an end to such reports. He accordingly begged Lord Lansdowne to convoke a meeting of Whig Peers at Lansdowne House, for the purpose of deciding what they should do. This was very unpalatable to the malcontents; but Lord Lansdowne did it. The meeting was attended by about sixty Peers, all who were in London, and by John Russell, Labouchere, and Palmerston. Lord John made a very stout speech announcing his intention to support the measure *in toto,* saying he had once been for a fixed duty, which would then have settled the question, but would not do so now; and after the course Peel had taken, it would be inconsistent with his personal and political honour to be a party to any attempt to alter or mutilate it. This meeting and the result of it was speedily bruited through the town, and nothing could exceed the despair and mortification of the Protectionists at the news. It at once extinguished the hopes even of the most sanguine.

The Duchess of Beaufort, of all men or women the most violent, owned to me that their game was up; their depression was in exact proportion to their previous elation.

On the Monday came on the debate in the Lords, very creditably conducted. Stanley made, by the acknowledgment of everybody, a magnificent speech. Palmerston told me it was far the best he ever made, and that nobody could make a better. Lord Lansdowne told somebody it was the finest speech he ever heard in Parliament. He spoke for three hours—with the exception of a few strong expressions—restraining his temper, and speaking of his former colleagues in decent and respectful terms. Ashburton spoke well on his side; on the other, the two best speeches were Clarendon's and Dalhousie's; both very good, particularly the latter. He will be a very leading man, for he is popular, pleasing, and has a virgin, unsoiled reputation, nothing to apologise for, and nothing to recant; and he is a good man of business and an excellent speaker.[1] The majority was pretty much what was expected, and is considered conclusive as to the Committee.

June 14th.—All last week at Ascot at a house of Lady Mary Berkeley's with a racing party. I won the Emperor's Cup with Alarm, but won little more than 2,000*l.* on it: small compensation for the loss of the Derby last year, which would have made me independent and allowed me to quit office and be my own master. It was a moment of excitement and joy when I won this fine piece of plate, in the midst of thousands of spectators; but that past, there returned the undying consciousness of the unworthiness of the pursuit, filling my thoughts, hopes, and wishes to the exclusion of all other objects and occupations, agitating me, rendering me incapable of application, thought, and reflection, and paralysing my power of reading or busying

[1] He was now just thirty-four. In the following year he was appointed Governor-General of India by the Whig Government; an office which he held with great ability for nine years, but returned from India in broken health and died in 1860, at the age of forty-eight.

myself with books of any kind. All this is very bad and unworthy of a reasonable creature. I ought to throw off these trammels, and abandon a pursuit so replete with moral mischief to me. Ibrahim Pacha was at Ascot on the Cup day, and desired to shake hands with me when I won the Cup. He is a coarse-looking ruffian, and his character is said not to belie his countenance.

The past week has been occupied by the Irish Coercion Bill in the House of Commons, on which George Bentinck made a furious and outrageous speech, attacking Peel with a coarseness and virulence which disgusted all but those to whom scurrility and insolence are particularly palatable. Stanley was very much annoyed at it, and nothing could be more injurious to the Protectionist party than such a speech from their elected leader. The gist of it was an accusation of his having "hunted Mr. Canning to death" nineteen years ago. Peel replied on Friday night with a moderation that savoured of lowness of tone, and, as the House was with him, he had a fine opportunity for annihilating George Bentinck, if he had chosen to do so. He treated him much too leniently, but he vindicated himself in the matter of Canning with great success, and he is really indebted to his opponent for having given him the opportunity of doing so.

Stanley got a tremendous dressing on Friday night from Grey, and still more from Brougham, who spoke, they say, in his very best House of Commons style, cutting up Stanley with admirable wit, and keeping the House of Lords in a roar at his expense for three-quarters of an hour, the very thing that would annoy him the most. He had been very arrogant about his own speech, talking of nobody having answered it, though the many fallacies it contained had been exposed and refuted over and over again.

Clarendon told me yesterday that John Russell had done himself an injury by letting it be seen how anxious he is to go back into office, and that what the Speaker had said

to me about his cold and uncordial support of Peel was felt and disliked by many others. He is not aware how little he is regarded in the country in comparison with Peel, or, if aware of it, the consciousness rankles in his mind, and embitters his naturally sour feelings against Peel. While Peel is thus tottering and about to fall, there is a disposition in the great towns, London included, to get up a manifestation in his favour, and to present addresses to him begging him not to resign.

June 19th.—A day or two after Peel's speech in reply to George Bentinck, Disraeli came down and renewed the fight, not without effect, treating Peel's defence of himself as an attack on George Bentinck, who could not speak again. Dizzy undertook to speak for him. It was a labour of love to him, and he accordingly delivered a bitter philippic against Peel, reviewing the charge of George Bentinck and supporting it with a mass of fresh evidence culled out of Hansard, and worked very adroitly into a plausible and formidable attack, and again putting Peel on his defence. It was to the last degree virulent, but very able, and considerably effective. Peel rose (as it was said very much annoyed), begged the House to suspend its judgment, and promised a future and full explanation. The Protectionists have ever since been uproarious, and their papers have teemed with articles abusive of Peel. The Whigs, though more reserved and decorous in their language, are not indisposed to chime in, and treat the matter as a serious blow very damaging to Peel, and in short rejoice greatly in the injury which they think his character sustains, and whisper to the same effect as the Protectionists go bawling about. Meanwhile Peel has buckled on his armour, and declared that to-night he will make his defence. It is certainly a great occasion, and he has always rejoiced in personal altercation. If he has a clear conscience and a good case, this is the moment for his firing with effect upon his assailants, and he ought to take a far higher tone than he has ever yet done.

It is at all events a curious and exciting exhibition, and wonderfully interesting to see how he comes out of it.

June 20th.—Though ill with the gout, I made shift to hobble down to the House of Commons to hear Peel's defence last night. It was very triumphant, crushing George Bentinck and Disraeli, and was received with something like enthusiasm by the House. George Bentinck rose, in the midst of a storm of cheers at the end of Peel's speech, which lasted some minutes, in a fury which his well-known expression revealed to me, and, with the dogged obstinacy which super-eminently distinguishes him, and a no less characteristic want of tact and judgment, against all the feelings and sympathies of the House, endeavoured to renew and insist upon his charges. Nothing could be more injurious to himself and his party. I never heard him speak before, and was induced to stay for five minutes out of curiosity. I was surprised at his self-possession and fluency, and his noise and gesticulation were even greater than I was prepared for. John Russell spoke handsomely of Peel, and so did Morpeth, which was very wise of them and will be very useful. Nothing could be more miserable than the figure which the choice pair, George Bentinck and Disraeli, cut; and they got pretty well lectured from different sides of the House, but not half so well as they ought and might have been. However, this affair has been of great service to Peel, and sheds something of lustre over his last days. The abortive attempt to ruin his character, which has so signally failed and recoiled on the heads of his accusers, had gathered round him feelings of sympathy which will find a loud and general echo in the country.

July 4th.—The day after I went to the House of Commons, I was much worse, and an attack of fever and gout came on, such as I never had in my life before. It was during the worst of my illness that the divisions took

place in both Houses, and Peel's resignation.[1] Peel fell with great *éclat,* and amidst a sort of halo of popularity; but his speech on the occasion, and a great occasion it was, if he had made the most of it, gave inexpressible offence, and was, I think, very generally condemned. Almost every part of it offended somebody; but his unnecessary panegyric of Cobden, his allusion to the selfish monopolists, and his clap-trap about cheap bread in the peroration,[2] exasperated to the last degree his former friends and adherents, were unpalatable to those he has kept, were condemned by all parties indiscriminately, and above all deeply offended the Duke of Wellington. With this exception his conduct has been admirable, and has won the esteem of his successors. Such a transfer of power from one Minister to another the world never saw before—no rivalry, no mortification, no disappointment, no triumph, no coldness; all has been civility, cordiality, and the expression of feelings, not merely amicable, but cordial.

Lord John Russell went to Peel and was with him an hour. The Duke of Bedford told me the conversation was most curious; on Peel's part, cordial and unreserved, open beyond anything that Lord John could have expected, telling him everything that it could be useful to him to know, much more than he need have done; unqualified promises of support, and, in short, everything that was most handsome and satisfactory. He said he would tell

[1] The third reading of the Corn Bill was carried in the House of Lords on June 25th; but on the same night the Government was defeated in the House of Commons on the second reading of the Irish Bill " by a coalition between the Whigs seeking office and the Protectionists seeking revenge " (Trevelyan). Four days later Peel announced that he had resigned office, and that Lord John Russell had accepted it.

[2] The concluding passage to which C. G. here refers has also been very greatly admired:—" I shall leave a name execrated by every monopolist who maintains Protection for his own individual benefit; but it may be that I shall leave a name sometimes remembered with expressions of goodwill in the abodes of those whose lot it is to labour and to earn their daily bread by the sweat of their brows, when they shall recruit their exhausted strength with abundant and untaxed food, the sweeter because no longer leavened with a sense of injustice."

me more details another day. Not long after, Lord John called on the Duke of Wellington, who received him with equal frankness and cordiality, talked over everything that had passed, said that his own political career was at an end, that his age and the progress of events would deter him from ever taking a part any more, that he should speak no more in the House of Lords, except upon matters relating to his own department, or such questions as Gough's and Hardinge's pensions; talked of Peel, and said he did not believe he contemplated ever coming back to office, and did not think he ever could. This conversation was just as satisfactory as the other. About the same time Clarendon had a conversation with Aberdeen similar in spirit and meaning. Aberdeen told him that they might count upon both his support and Peel's; that though it was impossible to foresee every political contingency and necessity that might occur, both he and Peel quitted office with a resolution never to take it again; that they were no longer young, and the labours and anxieties of office were so great that they had no desire ever again to encounter them.

The Protectionists don't seem to know what to do; they are more indignant than ever with Peel; they are disgusted at their overtures not being accepted by the Whig Government; they are provoked exceedingly at places having been offered to Dalhousie, Sidney Herbert, and Lincoln, thus marking more strongly the determination of John Russell to look for support to Peel and his friends, and not to them. Nevertheless their organ and whipper-in, Major Beresford, told one of the Whig people (to be told to Lord John) that after having contributed to drive Peel out, and thereby forced the Government on Lord John, they should not feel justified in raising any opposition to his Government, so that, in fact, for the present there is no Opposition of any sort or kind; everybody seems to be acquiescent, and the swords are universally sheathed. So curious a change in so short a time was never seen. A few weeks

ago hundreds of people fancied Peel would never go out, they could not tell why, but they insisted that the difficulty of forming another Government, and its weakness when formed, would be insurmountable. If Lord John came in, how was he to stay in? everybody asked, and the most sanguine Whigs did not pretend to answer and explain how, and generally professed no wish to turn out Peel. Well, Lord John comes in, forms a very strong Government with unparalleled facility, receives every assistance and every assurance of support from the Ministers he has turned out, finds himself not only without an organised Opposition in Parliament, but without an enemy or a malcontent in any quarter. His advent to power is received, in the country at least, with acquiescence, if not with delight; he has no difficulties to encounter, no legacy of embarrassments to perplex him, and as far as all appearances go, his Government is, and for some time at least promises to be, the strongest the country has ever seen.

The Grove, September 7th.—I came here on Friday; half the Cabinet are here. John Russell, the Woods, the Greys, Macaulay, very agreeable; capital talk, Macaulay in great force. We have been doing our best to persuade John Russell to induce the Queen to go to Ireland, but he is very obstinate and will not hear of it; he gives the worst reasons in the world, but there is no moving him.

Woburn Abbey, September 16th.—To London last Monday week, on Wednesday to Bretby, on Monday to this place. It makes me sad to see Bretby and the mode of life there: idleness, folly, waste, and a constant progress to ruin; a princely fortune dilapidated by sheer indolence, because the obstinate spoiled owner will neither look into his affairs, nor let anybody else look into them. He lies in bed half the day, and rises to run after pleasure in whatever shape he can pursue it; abhors business, and has no sense of duty; suffers himself to be cheated and governed by an agent, and thus drifts away to destruction.

Such is the heir of the famous Lord Chesterfield, and the destiny of his great estate. Here we have a very different prospect. This great and magnificent place, which is like a kingdom, is regulated with an order and an economy, without parsimony, which is worthy and pleasant to behold. When the details are looked into, the whole thing is truly vast and grand. Such magnificence in house, park, and gardens, such buildings all over the estate, farmhouses fit for gentlemen and intended for men of education and knowledge, vast workshops where everything is done that is required for the property, carpenters, ironmongers, painters, and glaziers, three hundred artificers in the employment of the Duke, and paid every Saturday night. All this presents a striking contrast to the other establishment, and the consequence is that the Duke of Bedford is every day making his colossal fortune greater and greater.

Lord John went away the day I came. He is in high spirits, on good terms with the Queen, and well satisfied with the political aspect of his affairs.

CHAPTER VI

THE LAST OF THE WHIGS

(1847-52)

1847

February 6th.—I called on Graham yesterday, and sat with him for two hours and a half, discussing *res omnes*. He is not very well satisfied with the Government, though wishing to keep them in rather than let in the Protectionists; but he thinks they are inclined to curry favour with the Protectionists, and they are disgusted (he and Peel) at the soft sawder that is continually bandied backward and forward between John Russell and George Bentinck, which nettles Peel very much; and they both think, considering the avowed sentiments of George Bentinck towards him and his conduct, that it is very insulting to Peel. He thinks they don't take an independent line enough, and ominously hinted that if they meant to try to obtain the support or the forbearance of George Bentinck and Co. they must abide by the consequences as far as Peel and his friends were concerned. He thinks the aspect of affairs very threatening both abroad and at home, Stanley evidently looking to the Government and ready to try and form one, but saying "he does not desire it." Stanley must now be ready to tear his hair at having quitted the House of Commons, for with all his great power of speaking (never greater than now) he is lost in

the House of Lords where it is all beating the air. Then in the House of Commons he must trust to George Bentinck and Disraeli: the former with an intemperance and indiscretion ever pregnant with dangerous dilemmas; and the other with a capacity so great that he cannot be cast aside, and a character so disreputable that he cannot be trusted. The Duke of Wellington would give Stanley every support, and would bring Dalhousie with him if Dalhousie was not afraid of embarking in such a concern and with such associates. What Stanley and his party would like best would be to get Palmerston to join them and be leader in the House of Commons, which Palmerston would himself delight in if he dared run the risk. At this moment, however, everything is in a fearful state of uncertainty, and the weakness of the Government and their total want of power are lamentably apparent.

February 15th.—Called on Friday morning at Apsley House and had a long talk with Arbuthnot. The Duke came into the room, stayed a very little while, but excited himself talking about Spain and the Treaty of Utrecht, the pother about which he declared was "all damned stuff." Arbuthnot told me he was most anxious for the prosperity of this Government. Arbuthnot did not confirm what Graham said about the Duke's leaning to Stanley; on the contrary, he talked of Stanley's being lost amongst such associates as he has; he talked with bitterness of Peel's conduct and the breaking up of the party, and said he was quite sure he would never come into office again; he gave me a more detailed account of his parting request to the Queen, when he said, after begging her never to ask him to take office again, that he could not help remembering that Mr. Pitt, Mr. Fox, and Mr. Canning had all died in office, and victims of office; that he did not dread death, and this recollection would not deter him; but when he recollected also that Lord Castlereagh and Lord Liverpool had also died in office, the one a maniac and the other an idiot, that recollection

did appal him, and he trembled at the idea of encountering such a fate as theirs.

February 22nd.—On Friday there was a fight and a division, in which the Government beat Stanley by eight. He probably did not make great exertions, but, on the other hand, not one of the Peelite peers, members of the late Government, voted with him. The whole affair was characteristic of Stanley, and, as such, is worth recording. He had resolved to attack the Sugar measure of the Government by proposing to refer it to a committee, and he sent for his peers to come up and support him. Clarendon asked him if he really intended to do this, and suggested he had better inform himself of the merits of the question before he decided. He agreed, and they sent Wood, the Chairman of the Excise, to him, who was with him for two hours, explained everything, and satisfied him the measure was unobjectionable. After this Clarendon asked him again if he still meant to bring on his motion. "Oh, yes," he said, "I mean to give you a gallop. It is a long time since you have had one, and it will do you good. Besides, I have brought my people up, and I must give them something to do now they are come." If he had got a majority he would have been more perplexed than the Government, and this is the man the peers are ready to follow and to make Prime Minister.

February 25th.—I did not think anything could surprise me about Palmerston or his colleagues—the audacity of the one or the endurance of the other; but I was surprised yesterday. In the morning I went to the Euston Station to meet the Duke of Bedford and bring him to Belgrave Square. I then told him the state of affairs at Paris,[1] what I had said to Lord John and Lord

[1] There had been a long and complicated dispute between the two Governments over the question of the marriage of the Queen of Spain—a dispute which the Duke of Wellington regarded as "all damned stuff." Greville, however, who had just come back from a kind of unofficial mission to Paris, where he had spent some three weeks at the

Lansdowne, and entreated him to try and do something and get something done. On Saturday last there was as usual a dinner at Palmerston's, where John Russell dined. At night, Clarendon had some talk with Beauvale, who asked him how long this state of things was to go on, and if he was not aware of the danger of it; that it was no use to speak to Palmerston, but he thought *he* (Clarendon) might do something, and that he had just been talking to St. Aulaire[1] on the subject. There they parted; but on Sunday morning he received a note from Beauvale saying that he found matters were much more serious than he had been aware of, and by a communication he had had from St. Aulaire that morning he learnt that Palmerston had formally announced to him that *unless Normanby*[2] *received an immediate and satisfactory reparation the intercourse between the two countries should cease.* This was done by Palmerston without any concert with, and without the knowledge of, his colleagues; and though John Russell, *the Prime Minister,* dined with him the same day, he did not think proper to impart to him what he had done. Clarendon then resolved to act without loss of time, but he first went to call on Charles Wood, where he found John Russell. He opened on the subject of the state of the French quarrel and its possible consequences, and said, "What should you say if Palmerston was to make a communication to St. Aulaire that unless reparation was offered to Normanby, all intercourse between France and England should cease?" "Oh no," said John, "he won't do that. I don't think there is any danger of such a thing." "But he has done it," said Clarendon;

British Embassy, seeing leading Frenchmen and getting all the information he could, believed the affair to be far more serious, and that there was considerable danger of the two countries drifting into war. In conversations with Lord John Russell and Lord Lansdowne, who had sent for him on his return, he had described his view of the situation.

[1] French Ambassador in London.

[2] Our Ambassador in Paris, with whom C. G. had been staying.

"the communication has been made, and the only question is whether St. Aulaire has or has not forwarded it to the French Government." This at once roused Lord John, and he instantly wrote to St. Aulaire requesting him, if he had not sent this communication to his Government, to suspend doing so. Fortunately it was not gone. What passed between Lord John and Palmerston I do not know, but the result has been a more moderate instruction to Normanby from both of them.

I met Sir Robert Peel yesterday and walked with him some time. I have not had so much conversation with him for years. He praised the Budget, lamented the state of foreign affairs, and talked of Palmerston as everybody else does. I said we were always in danger from him, and he must know how difficult it was to control him. He said, "I am only afraid that Lord John does not exert all the authority and determination which, as Prime Minister, he ought to do." I said, he did it *by flashes*, but not constantly and efficiently.

Yesterday young Mr. Walter was brought to the office and introduced to me. Old Walter is dying, and his son is about to succeed (in fact has succeeded) to the throne of the *Times*, and to all the authority, influence, and power which the man who wields that sceptre can exercise. He seems mild, sensible, and gentlemanlike. Though it was the first time we ever met, he talked to me with great openness about the affairs of the paper and the people connected with it. I was surprised to hear from him that my original friend Barnes, who left behind him a great reputation, was (though a good scholar) an idle boy, who never wrote a line in the paper, and never had anything to do with any one of the articles which all the world attributed to him.

March 8th.—At the Stud House on Thursday and Friday. There I read one evening a part of one of my journal books, and I am glad I made the experiment, because I discovered how trivial, poor, and uninteresting

the greater part of it is. I had read it over myself the night before, and did not find this out; but when I came to read it aloud, I saw at once that such was the case, with a few things worth hearing scattered about it, but on the whole dull. This has satisfied me that a very careful revision of the whole is necessary, and a selection of such parts as may hereafter be deemed readable.

March 13th.—On Thursday night "Cracow"[1] came on again, when George Bentinck made a long, violent, foolish speech, running counter to everybody's sentiments, and extravagantly praising the three Great Powers[2] who had perpetrated the deed. Peel followed in a speech full of sense and judgment, and very good for the Government, the whole of whose conduct in this matter he warmly supported. Nothing can exceed the disgust and despair of the Protectionists at the extravagance and folly of their leader, but they have got him, and cannot get rid of him; they are in a regular fix, and every day becoming more disorganised and discontented. Meanwhile he, by all accounts, improves in manner and facility, which only makes him the more dangerous because he is full of increased confidence in himself, and pours forth with the utmost volubility the nonsense with which his head is full. I met Lyndhurst at dinner the other day, whom I have not seen for a long time, and he began talking in his usual offhand style: said that George Bentinck had ruined the party, and, if it was not for him and for Peel, that the Conservatives would all come together again. I asked Lyndhurst what could be expected of any party of which Stanley was the head, to say nothing of George Bentinck, and he owned he was utterly unfit; still, Lyndhurst has a hankering after patching up the party.

March 23rd.—For the last week the accounts from Ireland have been rather better, but the people are, without any doubt, perishing by hundreds. The people of

[1] The annexation of Cracow by the Russian Government.
[2] Austria, Russia and Prussia.

this country are animated by very mixed and very varying feelings, according to the several representations which are put before them, and are tossed about between indignation, resentment, rage, and economical fear on the one hand, and pity and generosity on the other; and the circumstances of the case, which will appear fabulous to after ages, will account for this. There is no doubt whatever that, while English charity and commiseration have been so loudly invoked, and we have been harrowed with stories of Irish starvation, in many parts of Ireland the people have been suffered to die for want of food, when there was all the time plenty of food to give them, but which was hoarded on speculation. But what is still more extraordinary, people have died of starvation with money enough to buy food in their pockets. I was told the night before last that Lord de Vesci had written to his son that, since the Government had positively declared they would not furnish seed, abundance of seed had come forth, and, what was more extraordinary, plenty of potatoes; and Labouchere told me there had been three coroner's inquests, with verdicts "starvation," and in each case the sufferers had been found to have considerable sums of money in their possession, and in one (if not more) still more considerable sums in the savings bank: yet they died rather than spend their money in the purchase of food.

March 31st.—George Bentinck made another exhibition in the House of Commons the night before last in the shape of an attack on Labouchere[1] more violent and disgusting than any of his previous ones. He seems to have lost all command over his temper, and his indiscretion and arrogance have excited a bitterness against him not to be described. The Protectionists are overwhelmed with shame and chagrin, and they know not what to do: he has ruined them as a party; he was hooted even by those who sat behind him, and all the

[1] Chief Secretary for Ireland.

signs of disapprobation with which he was assailed only excited and enraged him the more. The Government are now anxious to dissolve as soon as they possibly can, justly thinking that the time is very ripe for them.

April 2nd.—My birthday: a day of no joy to me, and which I always gladly hasten over. There is no pleasure in reaching one's fifty-third year and in a retrospect full of shame and a prospect without hope; for shameful it is to have wasted one's faculties, and to have consumed in idleness and frivolous, if not mischievous, pleasures that time which, if well employed, might have produced good fruit full of honour and of real, solid, permanent satisfaction. And what is there to look forward to at my time of life? Nothing but increasing infirmities, and the privations and distresses which they will occasion. With regard to that great future, the object of all men's hopes, fears and speculations, I reject nothing and I admit nothing. I believe in God, Who has given us in the wonders of creation irresistible—to my mind, at least, irresistible—evidence of His existence. All other evidences offered by men claiming to hear divine legations and authority are to me imperfect and inconclusive. To the will of God I submit myself with implicit resignation. I try to find out the truth, and the best conclusions at which my mind can arrive are really truth to me. However, I will not write an essay now and here. Sometimes I think of writing on religious subjects among the many others which it occurs to me to handle. Ever since I wrote my book on Ireland, I have been longing to write again, and for more than one reason: first, the hope of again writing something that the world may think worth reading; secondly, because the occupation is very interesting and agreeable inasmuch as it furnishes a constant object and something specific to do; and thirdly, because I find that nothing but having a subject in hand which renders enquiry and investigation in some particular line necessary is sufficient to conquer idleness.

Mere desultory reading does not conquer it, and there is a want of satisfaction in reading without an object. Why then do I not write, when I am conscious that I have a very tolerable power of expressing myself? It is because I am also conscious that I want knowledge, familiarity with books, recollection sufficiently accurate of the little I have read, and that facility of composition which extensive information and the habit of using it alone can give. It is when this struggle is going on in my mind between the desire to write and the sense of incapacity, that I feel so bitterly the consequences of my imperfect education, and my lazy, unprofitable habits. But no more of this now. To-morrow I am going to Newmarket to begin another year of the old pursuits.

April 30th.—Troubles and difficulties of various kinds have not diminished since I wrote last. The state of Ireland continues not only as bad, but as unpromising as ever, and, in addition, there is the great misfortune, public and private, of the approaching death of Lord Bessborough, the Lord-Lieutenant. His illness was very sudden, at least the dangerous symptoms were, and he is dying amidst universal sympathy and regret.

The other night the Enlistment Bill was debated in the House of Lords, and the Government got a small majority by the aid of the Peelite peers. The Opposition were full of eagerness and heat on this Bill and quite persuaded that the Duke of Wellington was with them. He had certainly given them to understand that he was so. Last week Stanley and Richmond were at Newmarket, and one day after dinner at the Duke of Rutland's we talked it over. I said they would find the Duke was not opposed to the Bill. "Then," said Stanley, "he must be very much changed since I talked to him about it. There can be no secret as to what passed, because three or four people were present. I said to him, 'Pray, sir, what is the necessity for this Bill?' and he said, 'I'll tell you: they have got a d—d good army, and they want to make

it a d—d bad one.' " This, which was very characteristic, might very well convince Stanley and the rest that he was against Grey's measure, as, in fact, and in spite of this support, he really is, but he came to an agreement with the Government and promised to speak in favour of the Bill. So he did, but he spoke in such a way that though the Opposition were surprised and vexed at his supporting it at all, they saw pretty clearly that he did not like it, and they accordingly were not deterred from voting against it. Ellesmere told me yesterday that the Government must not attempt to try any fresh experiments with the army, for if they did the Duke would certainly resign.

June 7th.—More than a month[1] has elapsed since I have written anything, and from the usual cause, that of having been occupied with Epsom, Ascot, and Newmarket. The principal events which have occurred have been the deaths of Bessborough and O'Connell, which took place almost at the same time, within a day or two of one another. The departure of the latter, which not long ago would have excited the greatest interest and filled the world with political speculations, was heard almost with unconcern, so entirely had his importance vanished; he had in fact been for some time morally and politically defunct, and nobody seems to know whether his death is likely to prove a good or an evil, or a mere matter of indifference. The death of Bessborough excited far greater interest, and no man ever quitted the world more surrounded by sympathy, approbation, respect, and affection, than he did. During his last illness, which he himself and all about him knew to be fatal, he was surrounded by a numerous and devoted family, and the people of Dublin universally testified their regard for him, and their grief at losing him. He continued in the uninterrupted possession of his faculties almost to the last

[1] In this interval Lord Clarendon was made Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, where he remained five years—through a very critical period.

hour of his existence, and he calmly discussed every matter of public and private interest, in conversation with his children and friends, or dictating letters to John Russell and his colleagues at home. He expired at eleven o'clock at night; at nine he felt his pulse and said he saw the end was approaching. He then sent for all his family, seventeen in number, saw them and took leave of them separately, and gave to each a small present he had prepared, and then calmly lay down to die; in less than two hours all was over. They say that his funeral was one of the finest and most striking sights possible from the countless multitudes which attended it, and the decorum and good feeling which were displayed.

The death of O'Connell, I have said, made little or no sensation here. He had quarrelled with half of his followers, he had ceased to be the head of a great party animated by any great principle, or encouraged to pursue any attainable object; the Repeal cause was become despicable and hopeless without ceasing to be noisy and mischievous. It is impossible to question the greatness of his abilities or the sincerity of his patriotism. His dependence on his country's bounty, in the rent that was levied for so many years, was alike honourable to the contributors and the recipient; it was an income nobly given and nobly earned. Up to the conquest of Catholic Emancipation his was certainly a great and glorious career. What he might have done and what he ought to have done after that, it is not easy to say, but undoubtedly he did far more mischief than good, and exhibited anything but a wise, generous, and patriotic spirit. In Peel's Administration he did nothing but mischief, and it is difficult to comprehend with what object and what hope he threw Ireland into confusion, and got up that Repeal agitation, the folly and impracticability of which nobody must have known so well as himself.

June 19th.—The other day I met John Russell in the Park as he was going to Apsley House by appointment

with the Duke. He said he was going on important business (it was about the Indian appointments), and he asked me if I thought he had better say anything to him or not about the Statue.[1] I said "Better not." The Duke of Bedford told me after that it was very fortunate advice I gave Lord John, for if he had said anything there would have been an explosion. The Duke said to Arbuthnot, when Lord John wrote to say he wished to see him, "What can he want? what can he be coming about? do you think it is about the Statue?" and then he went off on that sore subject, and said he should place his resignation in Lord John's hands! However, Lord John said nothing about it, and the Duke was put into great good humour by being consulted about the Indian affairs; and he said afterwards that he only wished they would get the pedestal made, put the Statue up, and have done with it. But it is curious, as showing how sensitive and irritable he is become, how the strong mind is weakened. He is, however, very happy on the whole, in excellent health, and treated with the greatest deference and attention by everybody. The Queen is excessively kind to him. On Monday his granddaughter was christened at the Palace, and the Queen dined with him in the evening. She had written him a very pretty letter expressing her wish to be godmother to the child, saying she wished her to be called Victoria, which name was so peculiarly appropriate to a granddaughter of his. All these attentions marvellously please him.

July 13th.—The Cambridge installation[2] went off with prodigious *éclat,* and the Queen was enchanted at the enthusiastic reception she met with; but the Duke of

[1] The equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington (by Wyatt), which stood for a time on the top of the archway opposite Apsley House. It was the first equestrian statue ever erected in this country to a subject, and on this account, amongst others, there was a long controversy at which the Duke was much annoyed. The statue in 1884 was removed to Aldershot, where it now stands.

[2] Of Prince Albert as Chancellor of the University.

Wellington was if possible received with even more enthusiasm. It is incredible what popularity environs him in his latter days; he is followed like a show wherever he goes, and the feeling of the people *for him* seems to be the liveliest of all popular sentiments; yet he does nothing to excite it, and hardly appears to notice it. He is in wonderful vigour of body, but strangely altered in mind, which is in a fitful uncertain state, and there is no knowing in what mood he may be found; everybody is afraid of him, nobody dares to say anything to him; he is sometimes very amiable and good-humoured, sometimes very irritable and morose. Then he is astonishing the world by a strange intimacy he has struck up with Miss ——— ———,[1] with whom he passes his life, and all sorts of reports have been rife of his intention to marry her. Such are the lamentable appearances of decay in his vigorous mind, which are the more to be regretted because he is in most enviable circumstances, without any political responsibility, yet associated with public affairs, and surrounded with every sort of respect and consideration on every side—at Court, in Parliament, in society, and in the country.

October 23rd.—After many weeks, or months, during which from idleness or unexplainable repugnance I have never written a line, I at last resume my pen, less for the purpose of writing the history of these past weeks than to begin again to record what occurs to me. Stirring weeks they have been, and full of interest of the most lively and general description. In the midst of all the agitation that has prevailed at home and abroad, intrigues and quarrels and wars begun or threatened in various countries,

[1] Miss Burdett Coutts—afterwards the Baroness Burdett-Coutts—who had inherited the wealth of her grandfather, the Banker, and was said to be "the richest heiress in all England." The Duke was now seventy-eight; she was thirty-three. About three years later a grand entertainment, which she gave in his honour, "provoked much public notice." (D.N.B.) But the Duke remained a widower till his death; and the Baroness, many years afterwards, married her secretary.

we have been absorbed by the great panic in the money market, which is still at its height, and of which no man ventures to predict, or thinks he can see, the termination. There never was a subject on which such diversified opinions prevail. Men are indeed pretty well agreed as to the cause of the present distress, and in admitting that it is the result of over-speculation, and of the Railway mania which fell upon the country two years ago. But the great contest is as to the share Peel's Bill [1] of 1844 has had in aggravating and keeping up the state of distress and difficulty in which trade and commerce are involved, and whether this Bill ought to be presently relaxed by the authority of Government or not. On these points the greatest disputes and varieties of opinion exist. Charles Wood has, however, been stout and resolute from the first, and quite determined not to consent to any interference. There have been some different opinions, and some shades of difference, some doubts, amongst the members of the Cabinet, though I do not know the particulars of them; but yesterday the Cabinet broke up, having terminated their deliberations, and resolved *as matters now stand* not to do anything. My own belief is that this will prove a sound resolution, and that they would only have aggravated the evil by interference.

The most remarkable circumstance is the intense interest and curiosity which are felt about Peel's opinions and intentions. Everybody asks with anxiety what he says, what he thinks, what he will do. His vanity may well be gratified by the immense importance which is attached to his opinions and to the course he may take and recommend; his power seems to be as great out of office as it ever was in office; nothing was ever so strange or anomalous as his position. Half the commercial world attributes the distress and danger to his Bill; he is liked by nobody. The Conservatives detest him with unquenched hatred, and abuse him with unmitigated

[1] His Currency Bill.

virulence. The Whigs regard him with a mixture of fear, suspicion, and dislike, but treat him with great deference and respect. There is a party which is called by others and by itself, but not (publicly at least) acknowledged by him as his party; it is far from numerous, and too weak for substantive power. He has never opened his lips on the great questions of the day, and is an oracle shrouded in mystery. It would seem as if a man thus abandoned by the majority of his former political friends and adherents, without personal attachments and following, an object of hatred to one party and of suspicion to the other, the country at large or a great proportion of it attributing to his financial measures the distress by which all are afflicted or endangered, could by no possibility occupy any great and important position in the country: nevertheless he does. All eyes are turned upon him as if by a sort of fascination. If the country could be polled to decide who should be Minister, he would be elected by an immense majority. There is a prevalent opinion that he *must* return to power; nobody knows when or how, but the notion is that the present men are weak, that the public necessities and perils are great, and if a crisis of difficulty and danger should arrive, that Peel is the only man capable of extricating the country from it. The consequence of all this is that his *prestige* and his influence are enormous.

November 21st.—The state of Ireland is awful. I have written to Clarendon repeatedly, urging him to ask for great powers. He was reluctant, and wanted to try the force of the law as it is, and the Cabinet were not disposed to adopt strong coercive measures; but the public voice loudly demands coercion and repression, and Lord Lansdowne told me yesterday he was resolved to act in accordance with the general feeling. Parliament never met in more difficult and disturbed times: complete disorganisation, famine and ruin in Ireland; financial difficulty, general alarm and insecurity here; want of

capital, want of employment. It requires all one's faith in the general soundness and inherent strength of "the thing" (as Cobbett called it) to silence one's apprehensions. Then Colonial distress is impending, by which I am likely to be personally affected to the extent perhaps of half what I possess. I thank God that I regard this contingency with the utmost tranquillity or insensibility. I should not like it, but if the necessity arises I hope and believe I can make the necessary sacrifices and changes in my habits without repining outwardly or inwardly. I have not heard or known much lately that is worth recording, and I am in one of my fits of disinclination to write.

December 1st.—I went to the House of Lords the night Parliament opened, and heard Stanley's speech. It lasted above two hours, was a declaration of war, very slashing and flashing, and drew forth vehement cheers from the Lords behind him. It was a regular Stanleyan speech, just like himself, and exhibits all his unfitness for the great functions of government and legislation: not but what there was much truth in a great deal he said, especially about Ireland. The next day George Bentinck bellowed and gesticulated for two hours in the House of Commons with the same violence but without the same eloquence as Stanley. Everybody looked with impatience for the Irish measures, and everybody expected (most people earnestly desiring) that they should be as strong as they could be made.

December 7th.—The Irish measures were introduced, and everybody was surprised they were not stronger. Peel supported the Government, and there was hardly any opposition. The Government people tell everybody that Clarendon is satisfied with the measures, thinks they will prove effective, and his name and authority silence objections. The day after Grey's speech I met Peel in the Park. He was in high force and good humour, and looking very fresh and well. After talking of some other things, I said, "You supported the Government very

handsomely in their Irish measure." He replied, "Yes, and I mean to support them; but they have made a great mistake and missed a great opportunity; Parliament and the country would have confided to the Lord-Lieutenant any powers the Government chose to ask for; they have totally misunderstood the state of Ireland and the feeling and opinion of this country."

December 15th.—The Chancellor is very ill and not likely ever to sit again on the Woolsack. Great speculation, of course, about his successor (which people fancy will be Campbell or Rolfe), and Brougham is evidently not without hopes of clutching the Great Seal himself. He has been attending assiduously at the Judicial Committee and behaving marvellously well, so attentive, patient, and laborious, everybody is astonished; but the Duke of Bedford writes me word he has had letters from him expressing the utmost anxiety to see him and talk to him *on a matter of great importance which he can speak of to nobody else,* not even to Lord John or to Lord Lansdowne, and signing himself, "Yours most affectionately, H. B."! This is very amusing.

December 24th.—I went yesterday to St. George's Hospital to see the chloroform tried. A boy two years and a half old was cut for a stone. He was put to sleep in a minute; the stone was so large and the bladder so contracted, the operator could not get hold of it, and the operation lasted above twenty minutes, with repeated probings by different instruments; the chloroform was applied from time to time, and the child never exhibited the slightest sign of consciousness, and it was exactly the same as operating on a dead body. A curious example was shown of what is called the *étiquette* of the profession. The operator (whose name I forget) could not extract the stone, so at last he handed the instrument to Keate, who is the finest operator possible, and he got hold of the stone. When he announced that he had done so, the first man begged to have the forceps back that he might draw it

out, and it was transferred to him; but in taking it he let go the stone, and the whole thing had to be done over again. It was accomplished, but not of course without increasing the local inflammation, and endangering the life of the child. I asked Keate why, when he had got hold of the stone, he did not draw it out. He said the other man's "dignity" would have been hurt if he had not been allowed to complete what he had begun! I have no words to express my admiration for this invention, which is the greatest blessing ever bestowed on mankind, and the inventor of it the greatest of benefactors, whose memory ought to be venerated by countless millions for ages yet to come. All the great discoveries of science sink into insignificance when compared with this. It is a great privilege to have lived in the times which saw the production of steam, of electricity, and now of ether—that is of the development and application of them to human purposes, to the multiplication of enjoyments and the mitigation of pain. But wonderful as are the powers and the feats of the steam-engine and the electric telegraph, the chloroform far transcends them all in its beneficent and consolatory operations.

1848

Bowood, January 7th.—I came here on Tuesday to meet the Duke of Bedford, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lord Devon, Lord Auckland, etc.

Great talk of George Bentinck's resignation of the leadership of the Opposition. John Russell and his colleagues are very sorry for it; nobody can think of a successor to him, and, bad as he is, he seems the best man they have. It seems they detest Disraeli, the only man of talent, and in fact they have nobody; so much so, that Wood thinks they will be obliged to go back to George Bentinck; a very strange state of things! George Bentinck and Stanley disagree on many points, especially on taxation; nevertheless this party, thus acephalous and feeble, have

really been fancying they could come into office, and their notion is that if the dissolution had been delayed they would have had a majority, and would have come in. The Duke of Beaufort told Bessborough so very seriously, and Lady Jersey told me the same thing, and that George Bentinck had promised her son Francis a place at the India Board! These things are hardly credible, but they are nevertheless true.

Brocket, January 22nd.—I came here this afternoon, Melbourne having at last invited me. I have been intimately acquainted with him for thirty-five years, and he never before (but once to dinner) asked me into his house. He expects people to come, and at dinner to-day he proclaimed his social ideas and wishes. "I wish," he said, "my friends to come to me whenever they please, and I am mortified when they don't come." I told him he ought to send out circulars to that effect. He is well and in good spirits, and ready to talk by fits and starts, very anti-Peel and anti-Free-trade, rattled away against men and things, especially against several of his old friends in particular. As usual, he put forth some queer sayings, such as that "Nobody ever did anything very foolish except from some strong principle," he had remarked that. He said very little about the Hampden quarrel,[1] only that he "thought Lord John might have avoided it." He said he had wished to make Arnold [2] a bishop, but somebody told him if he did he thought the Archbishop would very likely refuse to consecrate him; so he gave up the idea without finding out what the Archbishop thought of it.

January 26th.—Lady Beauvale gave me an account of the scene at dinner at Windsor when Melbourne broke out against Peel (about the Corn Laws). She was sitting next Melbourne, who was between her and the Queen; he said pretty much what I have somewhere else stated.

[1] The controversy over the appointment of Dr. Hampden, who was accused of heterodox opinions, as Bishop of Hereford.

[2] Dr. Arnold, the famous headmaster of Rugby, who also held some very heterodox opinions.

and he would go on though it was evidently disagreeable to the Queen, and embarrassing to everybody else. At last the Queen said to him, " Lord Melbourne, I must beg you not to say anything more on this subject now; I shall be very glad to discuss it with you at any other time," and then he held his tongue. It is however an amiable trait in her, that while she is austere to almost everybody else, she has never varied in her attachment to him, and to him everything has always been permitted; he might say and do what she liked. Now she constantly writes to him, never forgets his birthday.

February 8th.—There was a meeting yesterday at Lord Stanley's to choose a leader, but they parted without doing anything. Stanley said it was not for him to point out a leader to the members of the House of Commons, and he eulogised George Bentinck, who has taken his place on the back benches. They are to meet again to-morrow, and it is supposed Granby[1] will be their choice! Except his high birth he has not a single qualification for the post; he is tall and good-looking, civil and good-humoured, if these are qualifications, but he has no others; and yet this great party can find no better man.

February 10th.—The Protectionists met yesterday and elected Granby, all the world laughing at their choice. It appears that the reports of George Bentinck's easy and good-humoured retirement are not true. There was an angry correspondence, much heat, and considerable doubt about the successor; some being for Stafford, the majority for Granby, in the proportions of 60 to 40.

February 13th.—On Friday I was with Graham for a long time, who talked of everything, affairs at home and abroad. He expressed a doubt if the Ministers were up to their work and capable of coping with all their difficulties, said Peel was " more *sullen* than he had seen him," and had the same doubts, but nevertheless was more

[1] Lord Granby, eldest son of the Duke of Rutland, and brother to Lord John Manners, a member of the young England group.

than ever resolved never to take office. He hoped, however, that Lord John might bring forward the state of the nation on Friday, and by making a great speech upon it show he was up to his situation; talked a good deal of colonial matters, and said the change in our commercial policy brought about the necessity of a great one in our colonial policy, that we ought to limit instead of extending our colonial empire, that Canada must soon be independent.[1]

February 28th.—The French Revolution has driven for the time every other subject out of thought, and so astounding has the event been, so awful and surprising from its inconceivable rapidity and the immensity of the operation, that every mind has been kept in a restless whirl and tumult incompatible with calm reflection; while from the quick succession of events crowding on each other, all dashed with lies, false reports, exaggerations, and errors, it has been almost impossible to sit down and give a clear, connected, and true account of what has happened; to jot down from hour to hour all that one hears would only have been to say one moment what must have been unsaid the next. The facts develop themselves and the fictions are cast aside; but the time is not yet arrived for completing this historical process. There are people alive who remember the whole of the first Revolution, and we of middle age are all familiar with the second; but this, the third, transcends them both, and all other events which history records, in the astonishing political phenomena which it displays. The first Revolution was a long and gradual act, extending over years, in which the mind traces an elaborate concatenation of causes and effects. The second was not unexpected; the causes were working openly and ominously; and at last the great stroke so rashly attempted, and by which the contest was provoked, was only the

[1] Compare Disraeli's view of the matter: "These wretched colonies will all be independent too in a few years, and are a millstone round our necks."—(Disraeli to Lord Malmesbury, August 13th, 1852.)

concluding scene of a drama which for a long preceding time had been in a state of representation before the world. In 1789 everybody saw that a revolution was inevitable; in 1830 everybody thought that it was probable; but in 1848, up to the very moment at which the explosion took place, and even for a considerable time after it (that is, considerable in reference to the period which embraced the whole thing from first to last), no human being dreamt of a revolution and of the dethronement of the King. The power of the Government appeared to be immense and unimpaired. The King was still considered one of the wisest and boldest of men, with a thorough knowledge of the country and the people he ruled; and though his prudence and that of his Ministers had been greatly impugned by their mode of dealing with the question of Parliamentary reform, the worst that anybody anticipated was the fall of Guizot's Cabinet, and that reform of some sort it would be found necessary to concede. But no one imagined that the King, defended by an army of 100,000 men and the fortifications of Paris (which it was always said he had cunningly devised to give himself full power over the capital), was exposed to any personal risk and danger.

When therefore this great and sudden insurrection took place, sweeping everything before it with the irresistible speed and violence of a hurricane, everybody here stood aghast; but for the first two days no one anticipated the final catastrophe. At Paris, from the King downwards, all seem to have lost their presence of mind and judgment. A host of people, and among them Emile Girardin, rushed to the Tuileries, told the King his life was menaced, and advised him to abdicate; he refused. The people about him, and his own son amongst them (Duc de Montpensier), pressed him, and he signed the act of abdication. Still the crowd pressed on, and the palace was unprotected. He resolved, or was persuaded, to fly; and with the Queen and such of his family as were with him he quitted the palace with such precipitation that they had no time to take any-

thing, and they had scarcely any money amongst them. They proceeded to Dreux, where they separated, and as yet no one knows where the King is, or where those of his family are who are not yet arrived in England.

No monarchy or monarch ever fell with such superhuman rapidity. There is something awful and full of fear and pity in the contemplation of such a tremendous vicissitude: of a great King and a numerous and prosperous family, not many hours before reposing in the security of an apparently impregnable power, suddenly toppled down from this magnificent eminence and laid prostrate in the dust, covered with ignominy and reproach, and pursued by terror and grief. All at once the whole edifice of grandeur and happiness fell to the ground; it dissolved, and, like the baseless fabric of a vision, left not a rack behind. The flight was undignified. It would be hard to accuse Louis Philippe of want of courage, of which he has given on various occasions many signal proofs; but he certainly displayed no resolution on this occasion. It is very doubtful whether his person would have been injured; the people have evinced no thirst for blood. At all events it is certain that he descended from the throne in a manner which, if it is cruel to call it ignominious, was not rendered captivating or affecting by any of those touching or striking circumstances which often environ and decorate the sacrifice of fallen majesty.

Louis Philippe has been seventeen years on the throne; in many respects a very amiable man, and, though crafty and unscrupulous as a politician, and neither beloved nor respected, he has never done anything to make himself an object of the excessive hatred and bitter feelings which have been exhibited against him and his family. The mob, though, on the whole, moderate and good-humoured, have been violent against his person, and they plundered the Palais Royal, invaded the Tuileries, and burnt Neuilly to show their abhorrence of him. This manifestation is a cruel commentary on his reign and his character as King.

London, March 5th.—The fugitives have all arrived here day by day, with the exception of the Duchesse d'Orléans and her children, who are supposed to be in Germany. The King and Queen came yesterday from Newhaven, where they landed; Madame de Lieven and Guizot the day before, the one from Paris, the other through Belgium; they were in the same train (leaving Paris at seven o'clock on Thursday night), but neither knew the other was there. The King, as soon as he reached England, wrote a letter to the Queen, in which he gave her to understand that he considered all as over with him, and he said that it was the *Comte de Neuilly* who thanked her for all her past and present kindness to himself and his family. It was a very good letter (Lord Lansdowne tells me), and the Queen was much moved by it.

Yesterday I saw Madame de Lieven, and heard her narrative, both personal and historical. With the sufferers, as with the spectators, the predominant feeling is one of intense astonishment amounting to a sort of incredulity; every one repeats (as well they may) that nothing that history has recorded, or fiction invented, ever approached this wonderful reality, wonderful in every way, in its whole and in all its parts. There is nothing in it that is not contrary to every antecedent probability, to all preconceived notions of the characters of the principal actors, and to the way in which almost everybody concerned might have been expected to act. The beginning, the middle, and the end of the contest have been equally wonderful: the conduct of the old Government and the conduct of the new; the events of months or years crammed into a few days or hours; the whole change so vast and complete, made as at the stroke of an enchanter's wand. France, on Monday, February 22nd, a powerful, peaceful, and apparently impregnable Monarchy; on Wednesday, 24th of the same month, the whole of her Royalty scattered over the face of the earth, and France become a Republic no less powerful and peaceful; the authority of the latter form

of government as generally acknowledged as that of the former was a week before; and an able, vigorous, and despotic Government established in the name of the people, which was, with universal consent and approbation, and the admiration even of those whom it had displaced, discharging every legislative as well as executive function.

In all this great drama Lamartine stands forth pre-eminently as the principal character; how long it may last God only knows, but such a fortnight of greatness the world has hardly ever seen; for fame and glory with posterity it were well for him to die now. His position is something superhuman *at this moment*; the eyes of the universe are upon him, and he is not only the theme of general admiration and praise, but on him almost alone the hopes of the world are placed. He is the principal author of this Revolution; they say that his book has been a prime cause of it;[1] and that which he has had the glory of directing, moderating, restraining. His labour has been stupendous, his eloquence wonderful. When the new Government was surrounded by thousands of armed rabble, bellowing and raging for they knew not what, Lamartine contrived to appease their rage, to soften, control, and eventually master them; so great a trial of eloquence was hardly ever heard of. Then from the beginning he has exhibited undaunted courage and consummate skill, proclaiming order, peace, humanity, respect for persons and property. This improvised Cabinet, strangely composed, has evinced most curious vigour, activity, and wisdom; they have forced everybody to respect them; but Lamartine towers above them all, and is the presiding genius of the new creation. He has acted like a man of honour and of feeling too. He offered the King an escort; he wrote to Madame Guizot

[1] Alphonse Lamartine, poet, historian and orator, was one of the leading men of letters of his day. His "Histoire des Girondins," published in the previous year, is the book here referred to. After the fighting in June his influence collapsed; and he died twenty-one years later, at the age of seventy-nine, in poverty and complete obscurity.

and told her her son was safe in England, and caused the report of this to be spread abroad that he might not be sought for; and, moreover, he sent to Guizot to say if he was not in safety where he was he might come to his house. When he first proposed the abolition of the punishment of death he was overruled; but the next day he proposed it again, and declared if his colleagues would not consent he would throw up his office, quit the concern, and they might make him if they pleased the first victim of the law they would not abolish. All this is very great in the man who the Duc de Broglie told me was so bad, "un mauvais livre par un mauvais homme," and consequently all France is praying for the continuation of the life and power of Lamartine; and the exiles whom he has been principally instrumental in driving from their country are all loud in praise and admiration of his humanity and his capacity.

March 6th.—I called on Guizot yesterday; found several people there, and Delessert, who was telling his story and all that had happened to him. I said Lamartine had done very well. He said yes, and praised him, though not very cordially; and he added that he was a man who had always wanted to be in the first place, and had never been able to accomplish it. Guizot said all this could not last; that France had no desire for a Republic; everybody had adhered from fear or prudence. He expected, however, that there would be a great battle in the streets of Paris within a few days between the Republicans and the Communists, in which the former would prevail, because the National Guard would support the former.[1]

March 10th.—Yesterday I saw Southern and Mrs. Austin, both just arrived from Paris. They have each been writing letters the last two or three days in the *Times*, which are excellent descriptions of the state of affairs in France. Nothing can be more deplorable than it all is, and daily getting worse: no confidence, no

[1] His prediction was exactly accomplished, only a good deal later.

work, and everything threatening frightful financial and commercial difficulties, and a general expectation of confusion, violence, and bloodshed. They both agree that all France abhors this Revolution, but notwithstanding the bitter and universal regret that it has occasioned, and will still more hereafter, that nobody thinks of endeavouring to restore the monarchy in any way or under any head. The King was not so unpopular as Guizot, and they confirm all previous impressions, that not only he might have been saved, but that nothing but a series of fatal and inconceivable blunders and the most deplorable weakness could have upset him. The causes of this prodigious effect were ludicrously small. Southern declares there were not above 4,000 armed men of the populace actually employed; but the troops were everywhere paralysed, boys carried off the cannon from the midst of them without resistance.

March 12th.—Yesterday Lady Granville and Lady Georgiana Fullerton went to Claremont to see the Royal Family. The Queen was gone to town, but they were received by the King, who talked to them for an hour and gave them a narrative of his adventures, which they related to me last night. It was very curious, that is, curious as an exhibition of his character. He described his flight, and all his subsequent adventures, his travels, his disguises, his privations, the dangers he incurred, the kindness and assistance he met with, all very minutely. They said it was very interesting, and even very amusing; admirably well told. He was occasionally pathetic and occasionally droll; his story was told with a mixture of the serious and the comic—sometimes laughing and at others almost crying—that was very strange. It struck them that he was very undignified, even vulgar, and above all that he seemed to be animated with no feeling towards his country, but to view the whole history through the medium of *self*. He said of the French, "Ils ont choisi leur sort; je dois supporter le mien." He gave a very

different account of what passed from that of Guizot. He said he was in personal danger when he was on horseback reviewing the National Guard on Thursday morning; that they pressed round him, shouting for reform. He cried out, " Mais vous l'avez, la réforme; laissez-moi passer donc "; and that he was obliged to spur his horse through the mob, and got back to the Tuileries with difficulty. He said he had *posé la question* of resistance to Guizot, who had refused to entertain it, said that he could not give orders to fire on the National Guards. Their two statements are quite irreconcilable, and thus occur historical perplexities and the errors and untruths which crowd all history. It appears that the Royal Family have no money, the King having invested his whole fortune in France, and beggary is actually staring them in the face. The King evinced no bitterness except in speaking of the English newspapers, especially the *Times*; and he attributed much of his unpopularity, and what he considers the unjust prejudices against him, to the severity of their *personal* attacks on him! Curious enough this; but as he felt these philippics so acutely why did he not take warning from them?

John Russell made his appearance in the House on Friday, but as they were not to divide he did not stay. Wilson (of the " Economist ") made a very fine speech; Disraeli very amusing, and Gladstone very good. It was a great night for Free Trade, which Wilson and Gladstone vindicated with great ability. The Government have been sadly vexed at an article in the *Times* on Friday, speaking of them, and Lord John especially, very contemptuously. The truth is, the *Times* thinks it has sniffed out that they cannot go on, and wants, according to its custom, to give them a shove; but matters are not ripe for a change yet, nor anything like it.

March 14th.—The Government had a capital division last night, and Lord John made a very good and stout speech. In France everything is going down hill at

railroad pace. This fine Revolution, which may be termed the madness of a few for the ruin of many, is already making the French people weep tears of blood. Hitherto there has been little or no violence, and fine professions of justice and philanthropy; up to this time, not a month from the beginning, the account may be thus balanced: they have got rid of a King and a Royal Family and the cost thereof; they have got a reform so radical and complete, that it can go no further; they have repealed some laws and some taxes which were obnoxious to different persons or different classes, but none of which were grievous or sensibly injurious to the nation at large.

Meanwhile, the other side of the account presents some formidable items for a political balance sheet. They have got a Government composed of men who have not the slightest idea how to govern, albeit they are men of energy, activity, and some capacity. The country is full of fear and distrust. Ruin and bankruptcy are stalking through the streets of the capital. The old revolutionary principles and expedients are more and more drawn forth and displayed by the present rulers; they are assuming despotic power, and using it without scruple; they confer it on their agents; they proclaim social and political maxims fraught with ruin and desolation, and incompatible with the existence of any Government. In short, all is terror, distress, and misery, both material and moral; everybody fleeing away from the turbulent capital, and hiding what money he can collect; funds falling, everything depreciated in value, the shops unfrequented, no buyers, tranquillity still doubtfully preserved by factitious means, but the duration of which no one counts upon. As the embarrassment and suffering increase, so will the clouds continue to gather, and at last the storm will burst —but how, when, and where, with what fury, whom it will spare, or whom sweep away, none can venture to predict. Such, however, is the state of the capital, the heart of everything; while the provinces are motionless,

and seem to wait with patient resignation the unfolding of events.

March 16th.—I dined with Madame de Lieven *tête-à-tête* the day before yesterday. Our talk, of course, was almost entirely about French affairs. I asked her whether she thought, as many here do, that if the *émeute* had been put down by violence, the throne must have fallen, as the King could not have reigned in the midst of bloodshed. She said the Ministers would have gone out, but the throne would have been safe. She said something to me (as Lord Campbell did) about writing memoirs, and that my curious position—so intimate with so many persons of all parties and descriptions, and being so much in the confidence of all—gave me peculiar advantages for doing so. She knew I had written Journals, and I told her it was so, but in a very loose and casual way, and I asked her if she had not written. She said, "Beaucoup."

March 20th.—Everything in France gets more serious and alarming every day. The clubs of Paris are omnipotent, the National Guards are *écrasés*, the Provisional Government makes a show of independence, and Lamartine makes fine speeches; but they are at the mercy of the Parisian mob, whose organisation is wonderful.

March 25th.—Nothing is more extraordinary than to look back at my last date and see what has happened in the course of *five days*. A tenth part of any one of the events would have lasted us for as many months, with sentiments of wonder and deep interest; but now we are perplexed, overwhelmed, and carried away with excitement, and the most stupendous events are become like matters of every-day occurrence. Within these last four or five days there has been a desperate battle in the streets of Berlin between the soldiers and the mob; the flight of the Prince of Prussia; the King's convocation of his States; concessions to and reconciliation with his people; and his invitation to all Germany to form a Federal State;

and his notification of what is tantamount to removing the Imperial Crown from the head of the wretched *crétin* at Vienna, and placing it on his own.

Next, a revolution in Austria; an *émeute* at Vienna; downfall and flight of Metternich,[1] and announcement of a constitutional *régime*; *émeutes* at Milan; expulsion of Austrians, and Milanese independence; Hungary up and doing, and the whole empire in a state of dissolution. Throughout Germany all the people stirring; all the sovereigns yielding to the popular demands; the King of Hanover submitting to the terms demanded of him; the King of Bavaria abdicating; many minor occurrences, any one of which in ordinary times would have been full of interest and importance, passing almost unheeded. To attempt to describe historically and narratively these events as they occur would be impossible if I were to attempt it; and it is unnecessary, because they are chronicled in a thousand publications, from which time and enquiry will winnow out the falsehoods, and leave a connected, intelligible, and tolerably accurate story. It is only therefore left to me to save some small fragments of facts or sentiments which would otherwise be swept down the stream and lost for ever, whenever such come across me.

France marches on with giant strides to confusion and ruin; Germany looks better; and there still appear to be some influences whose strength and authority are unimpaired, and the passion for reconstituting a German nationality may still save her from anarchy. It is very surprising that as yet in no country have single master-minds started forward to ride on these whirlwinds and direct the storms. In the midst of the roar of the revolutionary waters that are deluging the whole earth, it is grand to see how we stand erect and unscathed.

[1] Metternich had been, ever since the Congress of Vienna in 1814, one of the most influential of European Ministers. He was regarded by his admirers as the greatest exponent of the policy of "stability" for securing peace in Europe, and by his enemies as the incarnation of obscurantism and oppression.

It is the finest tribute that ever has been paid to our Constitution, the greatest test that ever has been applied to it, and there is a general feeling of confidence, and a reliance on the soundness of the public mind, though not unmixed with those doubts and apprehensions which the calmest and the most courageous may feel in the midst of such stupendous phenomena as those which surround us.

March 26th.—I dined yesterday with Palmerston to meet Guizot and Madame de Lieven! Strange dinner, when I think of the sentiments towards each other of the two Ministers, and of all that Guizot said to me when I was at Paris last year! However, it did all very well. I thought Palmerston and Guizot would have shaken each other's arms off, and nothing could exceed the cordiality or apparent ease with which they conversed. There was not the slightest symptom of embarrassment; and though Guizot's manner is always stiff, pedantic, and without the least approach to *abandon*, he seemed to me to exhibit less of these defects than usual. There were the Granvilles, Clanricardes, and Harry Vane; Temple, Holland, and Beauvale came in the evening. I am glad Palmerston asked him to dinner, especially after what passed in reference to *the exiles*, and the impertinent remonstrances from Paris.

March 31st.—Nothing new these last few days; Ireland getting more and more serious, and a strong opinion gaining ground that there will be an outbreak and fighting, and that this will be on the whole a good thing, inasmuch as nothing will tame the Irish agitators but a severe drubbing. Everybody now thinks there must be a war somewhere, out of such immense confusion and excitement.

April 2nd.—There is nothing to record but odds and ends; no new revolution, no fresh deposition. Madame de Lieven told me yesterday what she had heard from Flahault of the outbreak at Vienna and the downfall of

Metternich. When the people rose and demanded liberal measures, they were informed that the Council would be convened and deliberate, and an answer should be given them in two hours. The Council assembled, consisting of the Ministers and the Archdukes. The question was stated, when Metternich rose and harangued them for an hour and a half without appearing nearly to approach a close. On this the Archduke John pulled out his watch and said, "Prince, in half an hour we must give an answer to the people, and we have not yet begun to consider what we shall say to them." On this Kolowrath said, "Sir, I have sat in Council with Prince Metternich for twenty-five years, and it has always been his habit to speak thus without coming to the point." "But," said the Archduke, "we must come to the point, and that without delay. Are you aware, Prince," turning to Metternich, "that the first of the people's demands is that you should resign?" Metternich said that he had promised the Emperor Francis on his deathbed never to desert his son, the present Emperor, nor would he. They intimated that his remaining would be difficult. Oh, he said, if the Imperial Family wished him to resign, he should feel that he was released from his engagement, and he was ready to yield to their wishes. They said they did wish it, and he instantly acquiesced. Then the Emperor himself interposed and said, "But, after all, I am the Emperor, and it is for me to decide; and I yield everything. Tell the people I consent to all their demands." And thus *the Crétin*[1] settled it all; and the great Minister, who was in his own person considered as *the Empire*, and had governed despotically for forty years, slunk away, and to this hour nobody knows where he is concealed.

There has been, however, something of a pause on the

[1] This Emperor was generally regarded as next thing to an idiot. At the end of the year he abdicated in favour of his nephew, Francis Joseph, a lad of sixteen, who remained Emperor until his death—during the Great War—some seventy years later.

Continent for some days, which gives us leisure to look inwards and consider our own situation. We are undisturbed in the midst of the universal hubbub, and the surface of society looks smooth and safe: nevertheless there is plenty of cause for serious reflection and apprehension. It is the fashion to say that this country is sound; that the new-fangled theories which are turning continental brains find no acceptance here; but the outward manifestations are not entirely to be relied upon. Ireland never was in so dangerous a state; not the less so because the Repealers and Republicans are so mad or so wicked, and the masses so ungrateful and stupid. It is in vain that we prove to demonstration that the Irish would gain nothing by separation from England, and that we point to our superhuman exertions in the famine as a proof of our good feeling. Our remonstrances and the violent appeals of the Irish leaders are addressed to vast masses who, in spite of all we have done for them, are in the lowest state of misery and starvation; it is not surprising that millions who are in this state should listen to the pernicious orators who promise to better their condition by the Repeal of the Union and the overthrow of English power. When men are so low and miserable that they cannot be worse off, and they see no prospect of being better off under the existing state of things; when they are ignorant and excitable, and continually acted upon by every sort of mischievous influence, it would be strange indeed if they were not as turbulent and disaffected as we find them.

April 5th.—I saw Graham this morning for a short time, he is greatly alarmed at the aspect of affairs both at home and abroad; he thinks the temper of the masses here very serious. The Chartist meeting on Monday next makes him uneasy, and he has talked much to George Grey[1] and the Speaker about precautions. The state of the law is very doubtful, and it is a nice question whether

[1] Sir George Grey, the Home Secretary.

to prevent a procession to the House of Commons or not. The expressions of the Act about seditious assemblies are ambiguous.

April 6th.—Ireland now absorbs all other interests. I saw Grey yesterday, who told me they did not mean to do anything till after Monday next, but then they would. It has not yet been determined whether they should stop the Chartists from entering London or not, but a Cabinet was to be held to decide the matter to-day.[1] He thought they should prevent their crossing the bridges. I saw the Duke in the morning at Apsley House in a prodigious state of excitement; said he had plenty of troops, and would answer for keeping everything quiet if the Government would only be firm and vigorous, and announce by a proclamation that the mob should not be permitted to occupy the town. He wanted to prevent *groups* from going into the Park and assembling there, but this would be impossible.

April 9th.—All London is making preparations to encounter a Chartist row to-morrow: so much that it is either very sublime or very ridiculous. All the clerks and others in the different offices are ordered to be sworn garrisons. I went to the police office with all my clerks, in special constables, and to constitute themselves into messengers, etc., and we were all sworn. We are to pass the whole day at the office to-morrow, and I am to send down all my guns; in short, we are to take a warlike attitude. Colonel Harness, of the Railway Department, is our commander-in-chief; every gentleman in London is become a constable, and there is an organisation of some sort in every district.

Newmarket, April 13th.—Monday passed off with surprising quiet, and it was considered a most satisfactory demonstration on the part of the Government, and the

[1] The Great Chartist meeting was to be held on Kennington Common on April 10th, and a huge procession was to march to the House of Commons to present the Chartist Petition.

peaceable and loyal part of the community. Enormous preparations were made, and a host of military, police, and special constables were ready if wanted; every gentleman in London was sworn, and during a great part of the day, while the police were reposing, they did duty. The Chartist movement was contemptible; but everybody rejoices that the defensive demonstration was made, for it has given a great and memorable lesson which will not be thrown away, either on the disaffected and mischievous, or the loyal and peaceful; and it will produce a vast effect in all foreign countries, and show how solid is the foundation on which we are resting. We have displayed a great resolution and a great strength, and given unmistakable proofs, that if sedition and rebellion hold up their heads in this country, they will be instantly met with the most vigorous resistance, and be put down by the hand of authority, and by the zealous co-operation of all classes of the people. The whole of the Chartist movement was to the last degree contemptible from first to last. The delegates who met on the eve of the day were full of valour amounting to desperation; they indignantly rejected the intimation of the Government that their procession would not be allowed; swore they would have it at all hazard, and die, if necessary, in asserting their rights. One man said he loved his life, his wife, his children, but would sacrifice all rather than give way.

In the morning (a very fine day) everybody was on the alert; the parks were closed; our office was fortified, a barricade of Council Registers was erected in the accessible room on the ground-floor, and all our guns were taken down to be used in defence of the building. However, at about twelve o'clock crowds came streaming along Whitehall, going northwards, and it was announced that all was over. The intended tragedy was rapidly changed into a ludicrous farce. The Chartists, about 20,000 in number, assembled on Kennington Common. Presently Mr. Mayne appeared on the ground, and sent one of his

inspectors to say he wanted to speak to Feargus O'Connor.[1] Feargus thought he was going to be arrested and was in a terrible fright; but he went to Mayne, who merely said he was desired to inform him that the meeting would not be interfered with, but the procession would not be allowed. Feargus insisted on shaking hands with Mayne, swore he was his best of friends, and instantly harangued his rabble, advising them not to provoke a collision, and to go away quietly—advice they instantly obeyed, and with great alacrity and good-humour. Thus all evaporated in smoke. Feargus himself then repaired to the Home Office, saw Sir George Grey, and told him it was all over, and thanked the Government for their leniency, assuring him the Convention would not have been so lenient if they had got the upper hand. Grey asked him if he was going back to the meeting. He said No; that he had had his toes trodden on till he was lame, and his pocket picked, and he would have no more to do with it. The petition was brought down piecemeal and presented in the afternoon. Since that there has been an exposure of the petition itself, covering the authors of it with ridicule and disgrace. It turns out to be signed by less than two millions, instead of by six as Feargus stated; and of those, there were no end of fictitious names, together with the insertion of every species of ribaldry, indecency, and impertinence. The Chartists are very crestfallen, and evidently conscious of the contemptible figure they cut; but they have endeavoured to bluster and lie as well as they can in their subsequent gatherings, and talk of other petitions and meetings, which nobody cares about.

London, April 15th.—Every account from every quarter proves the wonderful effect produced by the event of Monday last. Normanby writes me word that it has astonished and disappointed the French more than

[1] Originally proprietor of the *Northern Star*, a well-known Chartist paper, he was now the recognised leader of the movement. He claimed descent from the ancient kings of Ireland, and his appearance and manners were adapted to his pedigree.

they care to admit; and it has evidently had a great effect in Ireland, where Smith O'Brien is gone back in doleful dumps at his rebuff at Paris, and his reception in the House of Commons. Clarendon writes word that if there is any outbreak, which he now doubts, it will probably be after a great tea-party they were about to have on Smith O'Brien's return. The Government have gained some credit and some strength by this affair, as well as by their (at last) bringing fresh measures of a protective character into Parliament.

May 3rd.—Yesterday arrived the news of Smith O'Brien's affair at Limerick,[1] which was hailed with great satisfaction. Ever since the Bill passed there has been a manifest falling off in the violence and determination of the Patriots; they have quailed under the force of Government, and nothing can be more paltry than the figure they are now cutting compared with their boastings and menaces the other day.

May 7th.—The Limerick affair and discomfiture of the Young Irelanders has given a great blow to the whole rebellious faction, put Clarendon in spirits, and for the time cleared the horizon, and dispelled all chance of disturbance or outbreak. People jump to the conclusion (and the press takes that line) that the agitation is entirely at an end, and Ireland about to become peaceable, if not satisfied.

Meanwhile everything is improving here. Within the last week there is a manifest revival of trade both in Lancashire and Yorkshire, and the magnificent weather which has succeeded the long course of rain and cold promises as good a harvest as the farmers can desire.

May 30th.—The account of Mitchell's conviction[2] has

[1] On April 29th an affray took place at Limerick between the Old and Young Irish Repealers. Meagher delivered one of his most impassioned speeches. But the " moral force " O'Connellites attacked and beat the other party.

[2] On May 24th, Mitchell, one of the leaders of the Young Ireland Party, was tried and convicted under the Coercion Act, and sentenced to fourteen years' transportation.

given great satisfaction here, and compensated for the defeats in the other cases. The good of it is that the Government have proved to the Irish and to the world that they have the means of punishing these enormous offenders, and that they will not be able to pursue their turbulent and factious course with impunity. The three hundred imitators whom Mitchell announced as ready to encounter similar martyrdom will probably not be forthcoming. So far as the system of terror is concerned, which is the only one we can now employ, it is a great and happy event, but it will not contribute to the regeneration of the country, and will probably augment the fund of accumulating hatred against English connexion.

June 1st.—I learn to my great astonishment that all the Queen's former attachment to Louis Philippe and the French Royal Family has revived in greater force than ever; she says the marriages are not to be thought of any more. Nothing but the extraordinary good sense of Prince Albert and the boundless influence he has over her keeps her affectionate feelings under due restraint; but for him she would have made all her household go to Claremont, and when the French Royal Family have come to visit her she has received them as King and Queen, and one day one of the children went up to Louis Philippe and called him "Your Majesty," which had no doubt been done by the Queen's commands. I take it for granted that they have persuaded the Queen that their ruin has been the work of Palmerston, for this is what they always say, and possibly they believe it.

June 3rd.—The Government are now getting seriously uneasy about the Chartist manifestations in various parts of the country, especially in London, and at the repeated assemblings and marchings of great bodies of men. Le Marchant told me that two or three months ago, when he was at the Home Office, he received accounts he thought very alarming of the wide-spreading disaffection of the people, and particularly of the enormous increase of cheap

publications of the most mischievous and inflammatory character, which were disseminated among the masses and eagerly read; and lately, accounts have been received from well-informed persons, whose occupations lead them to mix with the people, clergymen—particularly Roman Catholic—and medical men, who report that they find a great change for the worse amongst them, an increasing spirit of discontent and disaffection, and that many who on the 10th of April went out as special constables declare they would not do so again if another manifestation required it. The speeches which are made at the different meetings are remarkable for the coarse language and savage spirit they display. It is quite new to hear any Englishmen coolly recommend assassination, and the other day a police superintendent was wounded in the leg by some sharp instrument. These are new and very bad symptoms, and it is impossible not to feel alarm when we consider the vast amount of the population as compared with any repressive power we possess. The extent and reality of the distress they suffer, the impossibility of expecting such masses of people to be eternally patient and forbearing, to restrain all their natural impulses, and endure tamely severe privations when they are encouraged and stimulated to do otherwise, and are thus accessible to every sort of internal and external temptation—all these considerations may well beget a serious presentiment of danger. What we principally want is a strong Government which shall obtain public confidence and respect, and which may have a chance of conciliating, satisfying, and keeping in check public opinion. This the divisions and subdivisions of parties, and the enduring enmities and vindictive feelings of the Conservatives, effectually prevent. The only strong Government that could be formed would be a Liberal one under Peel, and the Protectionists would rather encounter the chances of revolution than see the man whom they detest so bitterly at the head of affairs again.

June 10*th*.—The Government have at last taken strong measures against the Chartists; but in spite of the arrest of some of their leaders, another demonstration is expected on Monday, for which great preparations are to be made. These demonstrations are getting a great bore, besides being very mischievous. The townspeople, who are thus perpetually alarmed, are growing very angry, and the military are so savage that Lord Londonderry told the Duke of Wellington he was sure, if a collision took place, the officers of his regiment would not be able to restrain their men. Many people think that a severe chastisement of these mobs will alone put a stop to their proceedings, and that it will be better the troops should be allowed to act and open fire upon them. This is an extremity which must be avoided if possible, but anything is better than allowing such an evil as this to go on increasing. But if these multitudes of discontented men can be daunted into submission, fearful considerations remain behind. We have an enormous overgrown population, a vast proportion of which are in undeniable misery and distress, and are soured and exasperated by their sufferings. To expect such beings to be reasonable, and still more to be logical, is to expect a moral impossibility. They are neither able to comprehend nor disposed to listen to the long processes of argument by which it might be demonstrated to them that all the prevailing misery and distress are attributable to causes over which Government has no control, and which no legislation can counteract: the unhappy state of the world, the confusion which prevails everywhere, the interruption of regular industry, the disturbance of the ordinary course of social life, and the universal poverty and suffering react upon this country and to a certain degree undermine the broad foundations on which our social and political fabric stands. We are not indeed yet shaken from our equilibrium, but there is a restlessness, an apprehension, a heaving and struggling, which appear

like warnings and forerunners of a possible earthquake. We seem to have got into another stage of existence, our world is almost suddenly altered, we deal with new questions, men seem to be animated with fresh objects; what are called politics, international questions and the strife of parties, sink into insignificance; society is stirred up from its lowest depths, and we are obliged to turn our eyes and thoughts and faculties to the vast spectacle that is laid bare before us—and an appalling and awful spectacle it is which may well make the most thoughtless reflect, and turn levity and indifference into seriousness and fear.

June 13th.—John Russell was highly delighted with Peel's speech on Friday, says he behaved most handsomely, and that he is not like the same man. The virulence and immortal hate of his quondam friends was exhibited in the most indecent manner on this occasion. When he rose to speak they tried to hoot and bellow him down, and at the head of these vulgar clamourers was a Judge, the Recorder Law; it was a very disgraceful scene, and shows what an incorrigible faction they are.

The expected Chartist demonstration yesterday ended in smoke, both here and in the provinces; nevertheless great preparations were made of military, police, and special constables. It rained torrents the whole day, which probably would have been enough to prevent any assemblages of people; but the determined attitude of the Government and the arrests that have taken place intimidated the leaders. Everybody had got bored and provoked to death with these continued alarms, but it is now thought that we shall not have any more of them. The Chartists themselves must get tired of meeting and walking about for nothing, and they can hardly fail to lose all confidence in their leaders, whose actions so ill correspond with their promises and professions.

June 24th.—We are on the brink of a crisis and one of a most fearful nature. This sugar question is going to destroy this Government, as former sugar questions have

destroyed former Governments. Until yesterday I was satisfied that Government would not think it necessary to resign if beaten on Pakington's amendment,[1] and Hobhouse, whom I met the other day, seemed to think they need not. Many of them, however, thought differently, and yesterday there was a Cabinet, at which they came to a unanimous resolution to resign. The Duke of Bedford thought as I had done, and strongly urged Lord John not to resign; this he told me yesterday morning, but that he had not been able to convince him. After I saw him I went to Graham; I found him in great alarm at the state of affairs and the prospect of the country. He said that he expected the Government would be beaten, and that he did not see how they could go on if they were; he approved of their resigning; that it was a vote of censure or want of confidence, and that in fact they had lost all hold of the House of Commons. He looked on Stanley's coming into office as inevitable. I asked him what his Cabinet would be: he supposed principally Peel's old Cabinet with George Bentinck and Disraeli; and he then descanted on all the evils and dangers to be apprehended from their assumption of power however brief, much as he did in our former conversation; the great impetus it would give to reform, and the vast power the Radical and subversive interest would acquire; in fact, his anticipations are of the most serious and gloomy character—foreseeing the downfall of the Church, the House of Lords, and the Crown itself. There was a most scandalous scene in the House of Commons last night, originating in the virulence of George Bentinck's attack on Hawes; but I know nothing of it as yet but from the newspaper report.

June 25th.—Everybody was full of the scene in the House of Commons, which seems to have been to the

[1] An amendment to the Government Bill for reducing the sugar duties. It was moved by Sir John Pakington on June 19th, but the Government after ten days' debate succeeded in defeating it.

last degree deplorable and disgraceful, calculated to bring the House of Commons into contempt. Everybody behaved ill; nothing could exceed the intemperance of George Bentinck's attack on Grey and Hawes, accusing them in terms not to be mistaken of wilful suppression of documents, and then the most disgraceful shuffling and lying to conceal what they had done and escape from the charges against them. On the other hand, John Russell lost his temper; and, as gentlemen in that predicament usually do, at the same time lost his good taste and good sense. He twitted George Bentinck with his turf pursuits, and managed to make what he said appear more offensive than it really was intended to be. This brought Disraeli to the defence of his friend, and he poured forth a tide of eloquent invective and sarcasm which was received with frantic applause by his crew; they roared and hooted and converted the House of Commons into such a bear-garden as no one ever saw before. When Hawes got up to defend himself they would not hear him, and attempted to bellow him down with groans and "ohs," spurning all sense of justice and decency. It was grief and scandal to all reasonable men. Peel sat it out and never uttered a word, but he cheered Hawes when he was speaking.

June 26th.—The state of the Government is like that of a sick man, the bulletins of whose health continually vary, one hour better with good hopes, another worse. Yesterday it looked up. Tufnell's list presented a chance of success; he had sixty-nine doubtfuls, and they now think a good many of these will vote with Government. Graham told me yesterday he had thought Government sure to be beaten, but he now found more people were disposed to go with Peel than he had believed, and that he now rather expected a majority. Many are waiting to hear Peel's speech, and will be guided by him. Everybody is talking, however, of what is to be done, and whom the Queen is to send for. We were kept all

yesterday in a state of intense curiosity by the news of the fighting in the streets of Paris.[1]

June 30th.—The details which reach us of the extraordinary contest which has just taken place at Paris are equally horrible and curious. Hitherto we have been struck with the absence of that ferocity which distinguished the first Revolution, and the little taste there seemed for shedding blood; but the ferocity of the people broke out upon this occasion in the most terrible examples. There was a savage rancour about this exceeding the usual virulence of civil contests; the people not only murdered, but tortured their prisoners. Since the victory the prisoners have been executed by hundreds, and with hardly any form of trial; indeed, no trial was possible or necessary, they were rebels taken *en flagrant délit*, at once rebels and prisoners of war. Although distress and famine were the prime causes of this great struggle, it is remarkable that there was no plundering or robbery; on the contrary, they were strictly forbidden and apparently never attempted. It is the only example, so far as I know, that history records of a pitched battle in the streets of a great capital between the regular army and the armed civil power on one side, and the populace of the town militarily armed and organised also on the other, nobody knowing how the latter were organised or by whom directed. Colonel Towneley, who came from Paris last night, told me that it is believed that the old Municipal Guard, who were disbanded by the Provisional Government after the Revolution, had a great deal to do with it, but that the skill with which the positions had been chosen or fortified was perfect.

[1] The great uprising of the revolutionary party in Paris took place on June 23rd. The city was declared in a state of siege, and General Cavaignac commanded the operations of the troops. The battle lasted three days, and the losses on both sides were enormous. The Archbishop of Paris was killed in front of a barricade while appealing for peace. It was one of the most sanguinary contests in the whole course of the Revolution. At last the troops were victorious, and General Cavaignac was placed at the head of the Government.

Prodigies of valour seem to have been performed on both sides, and the incidents were to the last degree romantic. An Archbishop appearing as a minister of peace in the midst of the fray, and mounting the barricades to exhort the living and to bless the dying amidst the din and fury of the contest, and then perishing a martyr to his attempt to stop the effusion of blood; women mixing in the contest, carrying ammunition and supplies, daring everything, their opponents shrinking from hunting these Amazons, and at last being obliged to fire upon them in self-defence; the strange artifices employed to convey arms and cartouches. The Garde Mobile, composed of the *gamins de Paris*, signalised themselves with peculiar heroism, and it is fortunate that they were on the side of the Government instead of on that of the people. There was one boy, not above fifteen or sixteen, a frightful little urchin, who scaled three barricades one after another and carried off the colours from each; Cavaignac embraced him and gave him the Legion of Honour from his own person, and he was carried in triumph and crowned with laurels to a great banquet of his comrades. But it would be endless to write down the particulars of a contest which fills the columns of every newspaper now, and will be recorded in innumerable books hereafter.

July 5th.—Since the division on Pakington's motion the Government stock has considerably risen, and they are now generally considered safe for the present and for some indefinite time to come; they will probably get their Sugar Bill through. The funds are rapidly rising, the harvest promises to be good, and on the whole our prospects are considerably improved within the last week. The state of the Continent, though still bad enough, is somewhat more promising; there appears to be something of a lull from exhaustion and perplexity, there is a chance of the Danish quarrel being arranged. The great victory in Paris, the establishment of a strong military

Government, and the evident determination of the Assembly to promote the cause of law and order, and to put down all the wild theories which have been in the ascendant for the last three months, have largely tended to brighten the political sky; and this example may encourage others to act with the same vigour and in the same spirit. The whole world is influenced by all that is done at Paris. But in the midst of this improved prospect we have enough to disturb our tranquillity; it will be impossible for a long time for the Continent to be restored to a healthy state, and its disturbed and impoverished condition fearfully reacts upon us, and paralyses that foreign trade on which not merely the prosperity but the subsistence of vast masses of our population depends. We cannot therefore look forward to anything but great distress and suffering in our manufacturing population; and this, together with Ireland, is enough to keep us in hot water.

July 31st.—At Goodwood all last week, but I found no time to write or do anything there. The day after we arrived we were startled by the intelligence of the rebellion in Ireland having actually broken out; it was not, however, believed, and turned out to be a mere hoax. Instead of breaking out, it has not shown a symptom of vitality, and all the swaggering and boasting and the dreadful threats and exhibition of physical force have absolutely shrunk into nothing and evaporated before the formidable preparations and determined attitude of the Government. The leaders are skulking about nobody knows where; the clubs are either suppressed or self-dissolved; the people exhibit no disposition to rise; the sound and fury which were echoed and re-echoed from the clubs and meetings, and through the traitorous press, have been all at once silenced. The whole thing is suddenly become so contemptible as to be almost ridiculous.

Clarendon will, I take it, have been astonished at the

result corresponding so little with the beginnings of this Irish manifestation. He evidently considered an outbreak as imminent and almost certain.

I dined at Holland House yesterday, and sat next to old Sir Robert Adair, eighty-five years old, but with mind very fresh. He lived in great intimacy with all the "great of old, who still rule our spirits from their own," and I believe possesses a great store of anecdotes of bygone days. He gave me an account of young Burke's preventing the reconciliation between his father and Fox, which, however, is too well known to require repetition; but he told me how the Duke of Portland[1] came to be put at the head of the Whig party on the death of Lord Rockingham in 1782, which I had not heard before. There was a meeting of the party to choose their chief; the Duke of Richmond put forth his pretensions, but he was so great a Radical (having views of Parliamentary Reform not only far beyond those of any man of that day, but beyond the Reform we have actually got), that they were afraid of him; and Charles Fox got up and said that he thought he, as leader of the House of Commons, had claims at least as good as the Duke of Richmond's, but that they ought both of them to waive their own claims, and in his judgment the man they ought to place at their head was the Duke of Portland. This compromise was agreed to, but the Duke of Richmond was so disgusted that he joined Lord Shelburne. My grandfather was a very honourable, high-minded, but ordinary man; his abilities were very second-rate, and he had no power of speaking; and his election to the post of leader of the great Whig party only shows how aristocratic that party was, and what weight and influence the aristocracy possessed in those days; they would never have endured to be led by a Peel or a Canning. Adair

[1] The third Duke of Portland, C. G.'s grandfather, was twice Prime Minister, once for a few months only in 1783, and again at the end of his life in 1807. He died in 1809, when Greville—whose childhood was spent in his place at Bulstrode—was fifteen years old.

told me that old Lord George Cavendish expressed the greatest indignation at their party being led by Burke in the House of Commons, and it was this prevalent feeling, together with the extraordinary modesty of Burke, who had no vanity for himself, though a great deal for his son, which accounts for the fact, so extraordinary according to our ideas and practice, that though Burke led the Whig party in the House of Commons for four or five years, when that party came into power he was not offered a place in the Cabinet, but put in a subordinate office, which he condescended to accept, seeing men so immeasurably inferior to himself occupying the highest posts.

August 5th.—In Ireland there has hardly been a semblance of resistance; flight and terror and sulky submission have been the order of the day. Meanwhile the military preparations and arrangements have not been relaxed, and the arrests have been multiplied. Hitherto the search for O'Brien and the other leaders has been fruitless, and it is currently reported that the former has escaped; letters have been written with detailed accounts of his escape, but this is believed to be only a trick to facilitate it. The rebellion is effectually suppressed, but the state of Ireland is lamentable, and a great and long futurity of difficulties and evils may be expected. Very few arms have been taken; they are all hid by the peasantry, to be drawn forth when occasion offers itself.

August 16th.—Went on Saturday with Lord Lansdowne and Granville to Stowe:[1] it was worth seeing, but a sorry sight; a dull, undesirable place, not without magnificence. The garden front is very stately and palatial; the house full of trash mixed with some fine things; altogether a painful monument of human vanity,

[1] The Duke of Buckingham being ruined, all the contents of the great house of the Grenvilles at Stowe were sold by auction. All London went to see the place, the furniture, and the curiosities. Even the deer in the park were for sale. Many years later the house and park were also sold, and Stowe is now a "public school."

folly, and, it may be added, wickedness, for wickedness it is thus recklessly to ruin a great house and wife and children.

The brilliant success of the Austrians and the disgraceful termination of Charles Albert's campaign[1] has produced a fresh interest in foreign affairs and great anxiety as to the result of the offered mediation of England and France. Palmerston's conduct throughout the Milanese war has been very extraordinary, but I will pronounce no positive opinion on it till I am better informed of all the hidden circumstances in which the question has been involved. What appears is this: some time ago the Austrians invited our mediation, sent Hummelauer over here for that purpose, and were prepared to make great sacrifices to settle the question. Palmerston refused; he thought the Austrian cause was irretrievably ruined, that all Italy would be lost to them, and he wished that result to take place. Old Radetzky *cunctando restituit rem,* and the tide of war was on a sudden victoriously rolled back, and the King of Sardinia completely baffled. Then Palmerston stepped in with his offer of mediation when there were no longer any parties to mediate between, or matters to mediate about, losing sight of his own conduct in the Swiss affair, when after the defeat of the Sunderbund he declared that the quarrel was decided and no mediation was necessary. He is now on the best possible terms with Cavaignac, and acting cordially with France.

August 20th.—On Wednesday night Disraeli made a very brilliant speech on foreign affairs in the House of Commons, and Palmerston a very able reply which was received with great applause and admiration. It was, however, only a simulated contest between them; for Dizzy, while pretending to attack Palmerston with much

[1] On July 25th the Piedmontese army was defeated by the Austrian, under Marshal Radetzky, near Verona, and again three days later at Gotto. Milan capitulated on August 5th, and thus ended, for the time, the hopes of independence of Italy.

fire and fury, did not in reality touch him on difficult points. In reference to the mediation, Palmerston had with his usual good luck received on the morning of the debate a communication from the Austrian Minister stating the desire of his Court to avail itself of our mediation, which he employed with great effect.

September 5th.—We had a Council yesterday for the parting Speech, and to-day this long session, the longest and most tedious ever known, closes. On Wednesday last, Disraeli with a great flourish of trumpets and note of preparation delivered an oration *à la* Lyndhurst, of three hours long, to which John Russell made a pretty good reply. Dizzy's speech was very sparkling and clever, but it was, after all, nothing but a theatrical display, without object or meaning but to show off his own powers. It was prefaced by a sort of advertisement that the great actor would take his benefit that morning on the stage of St. Stephen's; an audience was collected, and he sent word to Delane that he was going to speak in order that he might have one of his best reporters there. He quizzed Charles Wood[1] unmercifully, and showed up a good many of the blunders and really stupid things which the Government did in the course of the session.

September 22nd.—No sooner was Parliament up than every creature took flight, and London became more empty and deserted than ever I saw it.

September 28th.—I was about to record my own proceedings and such other scraps as occurred to me, when my mind was diverted from all other topics by the intelligence of the death of George Bentinck.[2] This event was so strange and sudden, that it could not fail to make a very great sensation in the world, and so it did. It would be false and hypocritical were I to pretend that it affected me personally with any feeling of affliction, but

[1] Chancellor of the Exchequer.

[2] Lord George Bentinck died suddenly on September 21st while walking in the park at Welbeck.

I can say with truth that I was much shocked, and that I was sincerely sorry for it. I was sorry for the heavy blow thus inflicted on his father and his family, and it was impossible not to regard with compassion and something of regret the sudden termination of a career which promised to be one of no small prosperity and success. He was in truth a very remarkable man, of very singular character and disposition, and his history is one very much out of the common way. I am in one respect better, and in another worse, fitted to describe him than any other person, for nobody knew him so intimately and so well as I once did, nobody is so well acquainted with his most private thoughts and feelings as well as with his most secret practices; but, on the other hand, I should never be deemed an impartial biographer of a man from whom I had been so long and completely estranged, and between whom and myself there existed such strong feelings of alienation and dislike. Nevertheless, I will try to describe him as I think he really was, nothing extenuating, and nothing setting down in malice. The world will and must form a very incorrect estimate of his character; more of what was good than of what was bad in it was known to the public; he had the credit of virtues which he did not possess, or which were so mixed with vices that if all had been known he would have been most severely reproached in reference to the matters in which he has been the most loudly and generally bepraised; but his was one of those composite characters, in which opposite qualities, motives, and feelings were so strangely intermingled that nothing but a nice analysis, a very close and impartial inspection of it, can do him justice. He has long been held up as the type and model of all that is most honourable and high-minded; "iracundus, inexorabilis, acer," indeed, but the lofty and incorruptible scorner of everything mean and dishonourable, and the stern exposer and scourger of every species of delinquency and fraud, public or private. Oh for the inconsistency

of human nature, the strange compound and medley of human motives and impulses, when the same man who crusaded against the tricks and villainies of others did not scruple to do things quite as bad as the worst of the misdeeds which he so vigorously and unrelentingly attacked! But it is only possible to make his character intelligible by a reference to certain passages of his life, especially to his transactions and connexions with myself.

He was brought up at home under a private tutor, was not studious in early life, and very soon entered the army. I do not remember whether he went to a public school. He soon distinguished himself in the army by his great spirit and courage, and by that arrogance which was his peculiar characteristic, and which never deserted him in any situation or circumstance in which he was placed. I well remember his getting into a quarrel which would have led to a duel, if his father had not got me to go to the Duke of York, by whose interposition the hostile collision was prevented.[1] I have, however, forgotten both the name of his antagonist and the merits of the case. He very soon quitted the army, and when Mr. Canning became Prime Minister he made George his private secretary. It has been said that Canning predicted great things of him if he would apply himself seriously to politics, but I do not know whether this is true. It is certain that after Canning's death, although by no means indifferent to public affairs, he took no active or prominent part in them, and the first development of his great natural energy took place in a very different field. He fell desperately in love,[2] and he addicted himself with extraordinary vivacity to the turf. At this time and for a great many years we were most intimate friends, and I was the depositary of his most secret thoughts and feelings. This passion, the only one he ever felt for any woman, betrayed

[1] He had a great many quarrels, and at last he fought a duel, in which Admiral Rous was his second, who knows all the details of it.—Author's note.

[2] With the Duchess of Richmond.

him into great imprudence of manner and behaviour, so much so, that I ventured to put him on his guard. I cannot now say when this occurred, it is so long ago, but I well recollect that as I was leaving Goodwood after the races I took him aside, told him it was not possible to be blind to his sentiments, that he was exposing himself and her likewise; that all eyes were on him, all tongues ready to talk, and that it behoved him to be more guarded and reserved for her sake as well as his own. He made no reply, and I departed. I think I repeated the same thing to him in a letter; but whether I did or no, I received from him a very long one in which he confessed his sentiments without disguise, went at great length into his own case, declared his inability to sacrifice feelings which made the whole interest of his existence, but affirmed with the utmost solemnity that he had no reason to believe his feelings were reciprocated by her, and that not only did he not aspire to *success*, but that if it were in his power to obtain it (which he knew it was not), he would not purchase his own gratification at the expense of her honour and happiness. I allude to this to show the terms of intimacy on which he and I were, and likewise to do justice to the purity and unselfishness of his devotion, for I am certain that all he said to me was true. He was, however, not of a very warm temperament, and this may perhaps materially diminish the virtue and the value of his high-flown and self-immolating sentiments; but let them pass for what they are worth.

The first time I ever knew him much occupied with politics was during the great Reform battles in 1831 and 1832, when he was member for Lynn. He took much the same views that I did, and was very anxious to modify the Reform Bill and render it a less Radical measure. I remember that he and his father did not coincide in their opinions. The Duke was frightened out of his wits, dreaded the loss of his vast property, and thought that the only safe policy was unconditional submission to the roar

for Reform. Hating the measure in his heart, he was against any endeavour to arrest its progress; and he was not at all pleased with George for the part which he took. The latter, however, to do him justice, was never afraid of anybody or anything; and he sturdily but deferentially adhered to his own opinion in opposition to the Duke's. Meanwhile, he constantly attended Newmarket, and it was not long before he began to have horses of his own, running them, however, in my name. The first good racehorse he possessed was "Preserve," which I bought for him in 1833, and she, alas! was the cause of our first quarrel, that which was made up in appearance, but in reality never. Of course in this quarrel (which took place in August, 1835) we both thought ourselves in the right. Till then not an unkind word had ever passed between us, nor had a single cloud darkened our habitual intercourse; but on this occasion I opposed and thwarted him, and his resentment broke out against me with a vehemence and ferocity that perfectly astounded me, and displayed in perfection the domineering insolence of his character. I knew he was out of humour, but had no idea that he meant to quarrel with me, and thought his serenity would speedily return. I wrote to him as usual, and to my astonishment received one of his most elaborate epistles, couched in terms so savage and so virulently abusive, imputing to me conduct the most selfish and dishonourable, that I knew not on reading it whether I stood on my head or my heels. I was conscious that his charges and insinuations were utterly groundless, but what was I to do? I could not tamely endure such gross and unwarrantable insults, and I could not challenge my uncle's son. In this dilemma I consulted a friend, and placed the letter in his hands; he went to him, and (not I believe without great difficulty) he persuaded him to *ask* to withdraw his letter. It was agreed that the letter should be destroyed, and that there should be no ostensible quarrel between us; but it was evident that our turf

connexion could no longer subsist, and accordingly it was instantly dissolved, and other arrangements were made for his stud.

Then commenced his astounding career of success on the turf; he soon enlarged the sphere of his speculations, increased his establishment, and ultimately transferred it all to John Day at Danebury, where he trained under all sorts of different names, it being a great object with him to keep his father in ignorance of his proceedings.[1] He and I met upon civil but cool terms, according to the agreement; but in about two years we began to jumble into intimacy again, and at length an incident happened which in great measure replaced our relations on their former footing. My horse "Mango" was in the St. Leger, and I wanted to try him. John Day told me he was sure Lord George would gladly try him for me. I proposed it to him, and he instantly assented. We went down together and tried the horse. "Mango" won his trial, won the St. Leger, and George won 14,000*l.* on the race. All this contributed to efface the recollection of past differences, and we became mutually cordial again.[2] With me the reconciliation was sincere. I had forgiven his behaviour

[1] Some years before he had lost 11,000*l.* at Doncaster, which he could not pay. The Duke was greatly annoyed, but paid the money for him, exacting a promise that he would not bet any more on the turf. Of course, he never dreamt of his keeping racehorses.

[2] It was not long after this that a very important incident in his turf life occurred. The Duke, his father (the most innocent of men), had his curiosity awakened by seeing a great number of horses running in the names of men whom he never saw or heard of. These were all his son's aliases. He asked a great many questions about these invisible personages, to the amusement of all the Newmarket world. At last it was evident he must find out the truth, and I urged George to tell it him at once. With reluctance and no small apprehension he assented, and mustering up courage he told the Duke that all those horses were his. The intimation was very ill received; the Duke was indignant. He accused him of having violated his word; and he was so angry that he instantly quitted Newmarket and returned to Welbeck. For a long time he would not see George at all; at last the Duchess contrived to pacify him; he resumed his usual habits with his son, and in the end he took an interest in the horses, tacitly acquiesced in the whole thing, and used to take pleasure in seeing them and hearing about them.—Author's note.

to me, and desired no better than to live in amity with him for the rest of my life; whether it was equally sincere on his part he alone knew, but I very much doubt it. We continued, however, to live very well together up to the time when he brought out the famous "Crucifix," when, without any fresh quarrel, our intimacy became somewhat less close in consequence of my perceiving a manifest intention on his part to keep all the advantage of her merits to himself without allowing me to participate in them. Still we went on, till the occurrence of the notorious "Gurney affair," on which he and I took opposite sides, and in which he played a very conspicuous and violent part. While this was going on we were brought into personal collision at Newmarket in a matter relating to the revision of the rules of the Jockey Club, when his arrogance and personal animosity to me broke out with extraordinary asperity. There was still no regular and avowed quarrel till the spring following, when at a meeting of the Jockey Club I made a speech in opposition to him which he chose to construe into an intentional insult, and the next time he met me he cut me dead. I made several attempts, as did our mutual friends, to do away with this impression and to effect a reconciliation, but he refused to listen to any explanation or overture, and announced his resolution not to make it up with me at all. From that time our estrangement was complete and irreparable. He was now become the leviathan of the turf; his success had been brilliant, his stud was enormous, and his authority and reputation were prodigiously great.

In 1844 he became still more famous by his exertions in detecting the "Running Rein" fraud, and in conducting the "Orlando" trial. There can be no doubt that the success of that affair was in great measure attributable to his indefatigable activity, ingenuity, and perseverance. The attorney in the cause was amazed at the ability and dexterity he displayed, and said there was no sum he

would not give to secure the professional assistance of such a coadjutor. He gained the greatest credit in all quarters by his conduct throughout this affair, which was afterwards increased by his manner of receiving a valuable testimonial, subscribed for the purpose of honouring and rewarding his exertions: he refused to accept anything for himself, but desired the money might be applied towards the establishment of a fund to reward decayed and distressed servants of the turf, which was eventually denominated "The Bentinck Fund." [1] He was exceedingly self-willed and arrogant, and never could endure contradiction; and whatever he undertook he entered into with an ardour and determination which amounted to a passion. As he plunged into gaming on the turf, he desired to win money, not so much for the money, as because it was the test and the trophy of success; he counted the thousands he won after a great race as a general would count his prisoners and his cannon after a great victory; and his tricks and stratagems he regarded as the tactics and manœuvres by which the success was achieved. Not probably that the money itself was altogether a matter of indifference to him: he had the blood of General Scott in his veins, who won half a million at hazard, and the grandson most likely *chassait un peu de race*. But to do him justice, if he was "alieni appetens," he was "sui profusus." Nobody was more liberal to all his people, nor more generous and obliging in money matters to his friends, and I am inclined to think that while he was taking to himself the mission of purifying the turf, and punishing or expelling wrong-doers of all sorts, his own mind became purified, and (though I do not know it) I should not wonder if he looked back with shame and contrition to all the schemes, plots, and machinations to which, in the ardour of his racing pursuit, he had been a party. What makes me

[1] Here follow several details of racing transactions which are again referred to below, and which disclosed, in C. G.'s opinion, "a systematic course" of falsehood and fraud.

think that it was less the base desire of pecuniary gain than the passionate eagerness of immense success which urged him on, is the alacrity with which he cast away his whole stud, at a moment when it promised him the most brilliant results and most considerable profits, as soon as another passion and another pursuit had taken possession of his mind; one in which there was not only no pecuniary benefit in view, but the occupation of which obliged him to neglect his turf concerns so entirely that he lost a great deal of money in consequence.

This brings me to his very extraordinary political career. I well remember, in the winter of 1845, when Peel's intentions began to be known or suspected, what indignation he expressed and what violent language he used about him. As soon as Parliament met he began to take an active part amongst the Protectionist malcontents, and he devoted much time to getting up the *pro* Corn Law case. He had never studied political economy, and knew very little on the subject, but he was imbued with the notions common to his party that the repeal of the Corn Laws would be the ruin of the landed interest; he therefore hated the Anti-Corn Law League, and—considering that the first and most paramount of duties was to keep up the value of the estates of the order to which he belonged, and that Peel had been made Minister and held office mainly for that purpose—he considered Peel's abandonment of Protection, and adoption, or rather extension, of Free Trade, as not only an act of treachery, but of treason to the party which claimed his allegiance, and he accordingly flung himself into opposition to him with all his characteristic vehemence and rancour. Still neither he himself nor anyone else anticipated the part he was about to play, and the figure he was destined to make. One of the men whom he was in the habit of talking to, was Martin, Q.C., and he told him that he had a great mind to speak on the Corn Law debate, but that he did not think he could; he had had no experience and could not

trust himself.[1] Martin told me this. I said I thought he could; that I had been much struck with a speech he had made at the Jockey Club, when he had spoken for two hours, and in a way which satisfied me he had *speaking in him*. Martin went and told him this, which struck him very much, and it decided him (so Martin told me) to make the attempt. His *début* in the House of Commons was a remarkable exhibition, and made a great impression at the time: not that it was a very good, still less an agreeable speech; quite the reverse. He chose the worst moment he possibly could have done to rise; the House was exhausted by several nights of debate and had no mind to hear more. He rose very late on the last night, and he spoke for above three hours; his speech was ill-delivered, marked with all those peculiar faults which he never got rid of; it was very tiresome; it contained much that was in very bad taste; but in spite of all defects it was listened to, and it was considered a very extraordinary performance, giving indications of great ability and powers which nobody had any idea that he possessed.

The rest of his career is well known. He brought into politics the same ardour, activity, industry, and cleverness which he had displayed on the turf, and some of the same cunning and contrivances too. He never was and never would have been anything like a statesman; he was utterly devoid of large and comprehensive views, and he was no pursuer and worshipper of truth. He brought the mind, the habits, and the arts of an attorney to the discussion of political questions; having once espoused a cause, and embraced a party, from whatever motive, he worked with all the force of his intellect and a superhuman power of application in what he conceived to be the interest of that party and that cause. No scruples, moral or personal, stood for a moment in his way; he went into evidence,

[1] He told Martin that he had carefully and elaborately got up the case, but he could not make the speech, and he begged him to find a man who would use his materials and speak for him. The man found, he undertook to provide him with a seat in Parliament.

historical or statistical, not to inform himself and to accept with a candid and unbiassed mind the conclusions to which reason and testimony, facts, and figures, might conduct him, but to pick out whatever might fortify his foregone conclusions, casting aside everything inimical to the cause he was advocating, and seizing all that could be turned to account by any amount of misrepresentation and suppression he might find it convenient to employ. It was thus he acted in the West India Committee; his labour and application were something miraculous; he conducted the enquiry very ably, but anything but impartially; having had no political education, and being therefore unimbued with sound principles on fiscal and commercial questions, he had everything to learn; and having flung himself headlong into the Protectionist cause, he got up their case just as he did that of "Orlando" or "Running Rein," and ran amuck against everything and everybody on the opposite side.

Against Peel he soon broke out with indescribable fury and rancour. Such was the attack he made upon him about his conduct to Canning, which has been since ascribed to his attachment to the latter, and a long-cherished but suppressed resentment at Peel's behaviour to him. Nothing could be more ridiculously untrue; he did not care one straw for Canning, alive or dead, and he did not himself believe one word of the accusations he brought against Peel; but he thought he had found materials for a damaging attack on the man he detested, and he availed himself of it with all the virulence of the most vindictive hatred. It was a total failure, and he only afforded Peel an opportunity of vindicating himself once for all from an imputation which had been very generally circulated and believed, but which he proved to be altogether false. The House of Commons gave Peel a complete triumph, and George Bentinck was generally condemned; nevertheless, with more courage and bull-dog perseverance than good taste and judgment, he returned to the charge, and instead

of withdrawing his accusations, renewed and insisted on them in his reply. This was just like him; but though his conduct was very ill advised, I well remember thinking his reply (made too against the sense and feeling of the House) was very clever.

I have always thought that his conduct in selling his stud all at one swoop, and at once giving up the turf, to which he had just before seemed so devoted, was never sufficiently appreciated and praised. It was a great sacrifice both of pleasure and profit, and it was made to what he had persuaded himself was a great public duty. Notwithstanding his arrogance and his violence, his constant quarrels and the intolerable language he indulged in, he was popular in the House of Commons, and was liked more or less wherever he went. He was extremely good-looking and particularly distinguished and high-bred; then he was gay, agreeable, obliging, and good-natured, charming with those he liked, and by whom he was not thwarted and opposed. His undaunted courage and the confident and haughty audacity with which he attacked or stood up against all opponents, being afraid of no man, inspired a general sentiment of admiration and respect, and his lofty assumption of superior integrity and his resolute determination to expose and punish every breach of public honour and morality were quietly acquiesced in, and treated with great deference by the multitude who knew no better, and were imposed on by his specious pretensions. I have not the least doubt that, for his own reputation and celebrity, he died at the most opportune period; his fame had probably reached its zenith, and credit was given him for greater abilities than he possessed, and for a futurity of fame, influence, and power which it is not probable he ever would have realised. As it is, the world will never know anything of those serious blemishes which could not fail to dim the lustre of his character; he will long be remembered and regretted as a very remarkable man, and will occupy a conspicuous place in the history of his own time.

October 20th.—One day the week before last, I dined with D'Orsay to meet Louis Blanc.[1] Nobody there but he and I. We had a great deal of talk. He is very gay, animated, and full of information, takes in very good part anything that is said to him, and any criticisms on his Revolution and the Provisional Government. He told me the Revolution had not ruined France; that the ruin was already consummated, and the Revolution only tore away the veil which concealed it.

November 11th.—George Bentinck's servant called on me the other morning, and told me that he had a strong impression his Lord would have soon thrown up politics and taken to racing again as suddenly as he took to the former; that his interest in the turf continued to be very great; and that his disappointment at the failure of the West Indian attempt had been excessive, having been confident of success, and of turning out the Government upon it. This man gave me many details of his labours and exertions, all corresponding with what I had heard before. He often sat up all night, never got any air or exercise, and passed his whole time between his own house and the House of Commons, writing, reading, and seeing people, often as many as twenty or thirty in a day.

Just after writing the above I saw the correspondence which took place between George Bentinck and Bankes on his giving up the leadership, from which it was evident that the labour and anxiety had already begun to make no inconsiderable inroad on his constitution, and that he was quite conscious of the risk he incurred by continuing his parliamentary and political career with the same intensity.

November 29th.—Lord Melbourne died on Friday night

[1] One of the early prophets of Socialism; had been a leading member of the Provisional Government, but after the disastrous failure of the National Workshops, for which he was held responsible, he escaped to England and was sentenced to deportation. He remained in exile in England for more than twenty years, but returned in 1871 to take part in the founding of the Third Republic.

at Brocket, without suffering pain, but having had a succession of epileptic fits the whole day, most painful and distressing to his family collected about him.

It is a difficult thing to write a good article upon Melbourne, one which shall delineate his character with impartiality and discrimination, and describe fairly and truly his political career. I have known a great deal of him in the course of my life, but I never lived in real intimacy with him; and as he at no time seemed to have much inclination for my company, though we were always very good friends, I saw but little of him; but every now and then we had something to say to each other, and at rare intervals we met on intimate and confidential terms. He was certainly a very singular man, resembling in character and manner, as he did remarkably in feature, his father, the late Lord Egremont.[1] He was exceedingly handsome, when first I knew him, which was in 1815 or thereabouts. It was at this period that the irregularities of his wife[2] had partly estranged him from her, though they were not yet separated, and he was occasionally amused by her into condonation of her amours, and into a sort of half-laughing, half-resentful reconciliation. They lived in this queer way. He, good-natured, eccentric, and not nice; she, profligate, romantic, and comical. Both were kept together, as they had been brought together, by the influence and management of their common relations and connexions; but it was during this period that he devoted himself with ardour to study, and that he acquired the vast fund of miscellaneous knowledge with which his conversation was always replete, and which, mixed up with his characteristic peculiarities, gave an extraordinary zest and pungency to his society. His taste for reading and

[1] It was always believed that William Lamb and Lady Cowper (afterwards Lady Palmerston) were not the children of their putative father, but of Lord Egremont, who was notorious for the number of his illegitimate offspring.

[2] Lady Caroline Lamb, daughter of the Earl of Bessborough, celebrated for her passion for Byron and her subsequent quarrel with him.

information, which was confirmed into a habit by the circumstances of these years, continued to the end of his life, unbroken, though unavoidably interrupted by his political avocations. He lived surrounded by books, and nothing prevented him, even when Prime Minister, and with all the calls on his time, to which he was compelled to attend, from reading every new publication of interest or merit, as well as frequently revelling amongst the favourite authors of his early studies. His memory was extremely retentive, and amply stored with choice passages of every imaginable variety, so that he could converse learnedly upon almost all subjects, and was never at a loss for copious illustrations, amusing anecdotes, and happy quotations. This richness of talk was rendered more piquant by the quaintness and oddity of his manner, and an ease and naturalness proceeding in no small degree from habits of self-indulgence and freedom, a licence for which was conceded to him by common consent, even by the Queen herself, who, partly from regard for him, and partly from being amused at his ways, permitted him to say and do whatever he pleased in her presence. He was often paradoxical, and often coarse, terse, epigrammatic, acute, droll, with fits of silence and abstraction, from which he would suddenly break out with a vehemence and vigour which amused those who were accustomed to him, and filled with indescribable astonishment those who were not. From education and turn of mind, and from the society in which he was bred and always lived, he was a Whig; but he was a very moderate one, abhorring all extremes, a thorough Conservative at heart, and consequently he was only half identified in opinion and sympathy with the party to which he belonged when in office; he often dreaded and distrusted his colleagues, and was secretly the enemy of the measures which his own Government originated, and of which he was obliged to take the credit or bear the obloquy. No position could be more false than the position in which Melbourne was

often placed, and no man ever was more perplexed and tormented than he was by it, for he was remarkably sensitive; and most of the latter years of his administration were passed in a state of dissatisfaction with himself and with all about him. He hated the Reform Bill, which he was obliged to advocate. He saw, indeed, that Reform had become irresistible, and therefore he reconciled it to his conscience to support the Bill; but he had not sufficient energy of character or strength of will to make a stand against the lengths which he disapproved, and he contented himself with those indirect attempts to modify it which I have narrated in their proper place. It was probably his personal popularity, and the reluctance of Lord Lansdowne to take so laborious a post, which led to his being made Prime Minister on the resignation of Lord Grey, for there never was a man more incapable of exercising the vigilance and supremacy which that office demands.

It was upon the accession of the Queen that his post suddenly grew into one of immense importance and interest, for he found himself placed in the most curious and delicate position which any statesman ever occupied. Victoria was transferred at once from the nursery to the throne—ignorant, inexperienced, and without one human being about her on whom she could rely for counsel and aid. She found in her Prime Minister and constitutional adviser a man of mature age, who instantly captivated her feelings and her fancy by his deferential solicitude, and by a shrewd, sagacious, and entertaining conversation, which were equally new and delightful to her. She at once cast herself with implicit confidence upon Melbourne, and, from the first day of her reign, their relations assumed a peculiar character, and were marked by an intimacy which he never abused; on the contrary, he only availed himself of his great influence to impress upon her mind sound maxims of constitutional government, and truths of every description that it behoved her to learn. His loyal

devotion soon warmed into a parental affection, which she repaid by unbounded manifestations of confidence and regard. He never scrupled to tell her what none other would have dared to say; and in the midst of that atmosphere of flattery and deceit which kings and queens are almost always destined to breathe, and by which their minds are so often perverted, he never scrupled to declare boldly and frankly his real opinions, strange as they sometimes sounded, and unpalatable as they often were, and to wage war with her prejudices and false impressions with regard to people or things whenever he saw that she was led astray by them.

It is notorious that he committed two great errors in judgment, both of which were attended with disastrous consequences, and I believe that in both cases his discretion was misled by his feelings, and that it was his care for her ease and happiness which betrayed him into these fatal mistakes. The first was the Flora Hastings affair, the scandal of which he might certainly have prevented; the other was the Bedchamber quarrel when her reluctance to part with him, and his tenderness for her, overruled his better judgment, and made him adopt a course he must have known to be both impossible and wrong. In these affairs (especially the first), Melbourne must have suffered torments, for his tender solicitude for the Queen, and the deep sense of his own responsibility, were sure to weigh heavily upon him.

It would be rendering imperfect justice to Melbourne's character to look upon him rather as a courtier than as a statesman, and to fancy that he made his political principles subordinate to his personal predilections. He was deeply attached to the Queen, but he had all the patriotism of an English gentleman, and was jealous of the honour and proud of the greatness of his country. He held office with a profound sense of its responsibilities; there never was a Minister more conscientious in the distribution of patronage, more especially of his ecclesiastical patronage. He was

perfectly disinterested, without nepotism, and without vanity; he sought no emoluments for his connexions, and steadily declined all honours for himself. The Queen often pressed him to accept the Garter, but he never would consent, and it was remarked that the Prime Minister of England was conspicuous at Court for being alone undecorated amidst the stars and ribands which glittered around him.

At the time Melbourne left office he was only an occasional guest at Court, but the Queen continued to correspond with him constantly, and gave him frequent proofs that her regard for him was undiminished. He took very little part in politics after 1841, and it was not long before his health began to give way. He had been so completely absorbed by the Court, that for many years he had been almost lost to society; but as soon as he was out of office, he resumed his old habits, and was continually to be found at Holland House, at Lady Palmerston's, and with a few other intimate friends. There he loved to lounge and sprawl at his ease, pouring out a rough but original stream of talk, shrewd, playful, and instructive. His mind seems all his life long, and on almost every subject, to have been vigorous and stirring, but unsettled and unsatisfied. It certainly was so on the two great questions of religion and politics, and he had no profound convictions, no certain assurance about either. He studied divinity eagerly and constantly, and was no contemptible theologian; but he never succeeded in arriving at any fixed belief, or in anchoring himself on any system of religious faith. It was the same thing in politics. All the Liberal and Constitutional theories which he had ever entertained had been long ago more than realised, and he was filled with alarm at the prospect of their further extension. All his notions were aristocratic, and he had not a particle of sympathy for what was called progressive reform. He was a vehement supporter of the Corn Laws, abused Peel with all the rancour of a Protectionist, and

died in the conviction that his measures will prove the ruin of the landed interest.

On the formation of Lord John Russell's Government, he was mortified at not being invited to take a share in it. It was evident that he was conscious of, and bitterly felt, the decay of his own powers, and the insignificance to which he was reduced. He would, if he could, have disguised this from himself and others, but it preyed on his mind, and made him very unhappy, and often apparently morose. Sometimes his feelings would find vent in these lines from the "Samson Agonistes," which he would repeat with a sad memory of the past, and sense of the present:

> So much I feel my general spirit droop,
> My hopes all flat, nature within me seems
> In all her functions weary of herself,
> My race of glory run, and race of shame
> And I shall shortly be with them that rest.

Taking him altogether, he was a very remarkable man in his abilities and his acquirements, in his character and in his career, with virtues and vices, faults and merits, curiously intermingled, and producing as eccentric results as society has not often beheld.

December 2nd.—The death of Charles Buller[1] has occurred when he can be ill spared to the party of which he was rapidly becoming an important member, and to the country which he was capable of serving. He is a great social and a great public loss, more especially in days of mediocrity and barrenness like the present. His abilities were of a very high order, and though he loved the world and its pursuits, he had great powers of application. Few people were more agreeable and entertaining in society, and he had a very gentle and affectionate disposition. He was perhaps the most popular member of the House of Commons. By universal acknowledgment he was an admirable speaker, full of matter, lucid, never dull, and generally very amusing, so that he never rose without

[1] Formerly secretary to Lord Durham.

being sure of an attentive and favourable audience; and had he not been snatched away thus suddenly, " while his hopes were as warm and his desires as eager as ours," he would have become an eminent man. As it is he has left behind him a memory cherished for his delightful social qualities, and a vast credit for undeveloped powers.

Bowood, December 20th.—The result of the French election for President has astonished the whole world.[1] Everybody thought Louis Napoleon would be elected, but nobody dreamt of such a majority. Great alarm was felt here at the probable consequences of Cavaignac's defeat and the success of his rival, and the French funds were to rise if Napoleon was beaten, and to fall if he won. The election has taken place: Napoleon wins by an immense majority, the funds rise, confidence recovers, and people begin to find out that the new President is a marvellous proper man. I really believe that the foolish affair of the tame eagle in 1840 was the principal cause of the contempt with which he was regarded here; added to this, he led an undistinguished life in this country, associating with no conspicuous people, and his miserable failure in the Chamber when he attempted to speak there, confirmed the unfavourable impression. But Van de Weyer, who is here, says that he has long known him and well, that he is greatly underrated here, and is really a man of considerable ability. And now there is a pretty general opinion that he will be Emperor[2] before long.

1849

London, January 2nd.—This *Annus Mirabilis,* as it may well be called, is at last over, and one cannot but feel glad

[1] On December 20th Louis Charles Napoleon Bonaparte was proclaimed President of the French Republic. He was elected by 5,534,520 votes, General Cavaignac having 1,448,302 votes.

[2] He became Emperor as the result of the *coup d'état* two years later.

at getting rid of a year which has been so pregnant with every sort of mischief. Revolutions, ruin, sickness, and death have ravaged the world publicly and privately; every species of folly and wickedness seems to have been let loose to riot on the earth. It would be easy to write a great deal of wise matter, but very little that is new, on these topics. If ever mankind is destined to learn by its own experience, to look at beginnings, middles, and endings, to see what comes of what, and to test the virtue, wisdom, and utility of plausible maxims and high-sounding phrases, this has been the time for mankind's going to school and studying the lessons put before it. We have seen such a stirring up of all the elements of society as nobody ever dreamt of; we have seen a general Saturnalia —ignorance, vanity, insolence, poverty, ambition, escaping from every kind of restraint, ranging over the world and turning it topsy-turvy as it pleased. Democracy and philanthropy have never before (or hardly ever) had their own way without let or hindrance, *carte blanche* to work out their own great and fancy designs. This time they leave behind them—and all Europe exhibits the result—a mass of ruin, terror, and despair. Nothing strikes one more than the poverty of invention as well as the egregious folly of the new patriots all over the world. They can think of nothing but overturning everything that exists, and of reconstructing the social and political machine by universal suffrage. To execute the most difficult task which the human mind can have set before it, the task which demands the highest qualities of knowledge, experience, and capacity, it is thought enough to invite masses of men with strong passions and prejudices, without even any of that practical knowledge which might serve, though inadequately, to enable them to play their part in this prodigious operation. Universal suffrage is to pick out the men fit to frame new Constitutions, and when the delegates thus chosen have been brought together—no matter how ignorant, how stupid, how in

every way unfit they may be—they expect to be allowed to have their own absurd and ruinous way, and to break up at their caprice and pleasure all the ancient foundations, and tear down the landmarks of society; and this havoc, and ruin, and madness are dignified with the fine names of constitutional reform.

At length a reaction began. Vienna first, and Berlin afterwards, were reduced to obedience, and the tide is now flowing back. It is impossible to speculate on the final result, but for the present at least the disgust and abhorrence of the brutal excesses committed under the pretence of a spurious liberalism are intense and apparently increasing.

February 7th.—Parliament opened last Thursday, and the Government began the campaign very victoriously. A great flourish of trumpets had been sounded to announce the attack which Lord Stanley was to make, especially on the vulnerable point of the foreign policy, and the Government and their friends were not at all easy as to the result. Stanley's was one of the worst speeches he ever made, ill put together and arranged, full of ignorance, and consequently of misrepresentations and misstatements. Lord Lansdowne made a very able and judicious reply. The Government got a majority of two in a division which Stanley most unwisely forced on, and the affair ended in a general opinion that the Ministers had much the best of it, and that Stanley had been signally defeated.

In the Commons Government was equally triumphant. There had been a great deal of squabbling among the Protectionists about their leadership, some wanting Herries, some Granby, and some Disraeli, and when Parliament met there was nothing settled. Stanley had written a flummery letter to Disraeli, full of compliments, but suggesting to him to let Herries[1] have the lead. Disraeli,

[1] A highly respected member of the party, now over seventy, who more than twenty years before had been Chancellor of the Exchequer for a few months in goody Goderich's administration, and since then had held various subordinate offices in various Tory Governments.

brimful of indignation against Stanley and contempt for Herries, returned a cold but civil answer, saying he did not want to be leader, and that he should gladly devote himself more to literature and less to politics than he had been able to do for some time past. Meanwhile Herries declined the post, and Granby with Lord Henry Bentinck[1] insisted on Disraeli's appointment, both as the fittest man, and as a homage to George Bentinck's memory. I saw a note from Disraeli a day or two ago, saying he had received the adhesions of two-thirds of this party. In the House of Commons he appeared as leader, for he moved Stanley's Amendment, which was sent to him so late that he placed Stanley's draft in his own handwriting in the Speaker's hands. He made a clever speech with some appearance of attacking Palmerston in earnest. The debate was adjourned, and the next night Palmerston made one of the cleverest, most impudent, and most effective speeches that ever was heard. It took vastly with the House, threw his opponents into confusion, and he came out of the *mêlée* with flying colours. The Opposition have committed nothing but blunders, and the Government have naturally reaped the benefit of them, and they are in a high state of elation.

February 9th.—On Wednesday night the Government found themselves in a great dilemma. When Charles Wood proposed his grant of 50,000*l.*[2] he had no idea of meeting with any opposition, for he told me he was not sure whether he should *give* the Irish 50,000*l.* or 100,000*l.*; but the English members and constituencies have become savage and hard-hearted towards the Irish, and one after another of all parties jumped up and opposed the grant. Graham said he was for giving it, with the understanding that it should be the last, whereas Charles Wood proposed it as the first of a series of grants. Nobody knows whether

[1] Heir to the Duke of Rutland, and brother to Disraeli's friend, Lord John Manners.

[2] For the relief of the famine in Ireland.

it will be carried or not, but it is quite certain that nothing more will be given, let the consequences be what they may. Meanwhile the state of things is monstrous and appalling.

Ireland is like a strong man with an enormous cancer in one limb of his body. The distress is confined to particular districts, but there it is frightful and apparently irremediable. It is like a region desolated by pestilence and war. The people really are dying of hunger, and the means of aiding them do not exist. Here is a country, part and parcel of England, a few hours removed from the richest and most civilised community in the world, in a state so savage, barbarous, and destitute, that we must go back to the Middle Ages or to the most inhospitable regions of the globe to look for a parallel. Nobody knows what to do; everybody hints at some scheme or plan to which his next neighbour objects. Most people are inclined to consider the case as hopeless, to rest on that conviction, and let the evil work itself out, like a consuming fire, which dies away when there is nothing left for it to destroy. All call on the Government for a plan and a remedy, but the Government have no plan and no remedy; there is nothing but disagreement among them; and while they are discussing and disputing, the masses are dying. God only knows what is to be the end of all this, and how and when Ireland is to recover from such a deplorable calamity.

March 16th.—I have been entirely occupied with the labour and trouble of migration from Grosvenor Place to Bruton Street, where I took up my abode yesterday evening, and the consequence is that I have not found time to write a line about passing events.[1]

March 30th.—Yesterday came the news of the defeat of the Sardinians[2] and the abdication of Charles Albert, which

[1] He removed from 40 Grosvenor Place to a suite of rooms in Lord Granville's house in Bruton Street, in which he passed the rest of his life.

[2] On March 12th the King of Sardinia, Charles Albert, under the influence of the War Party in Italy, gave notice to bring the armistice to an end on the 20th. Three days later he was decisively defeated by

was received with universal joy, everybody rejoicing at it except Palmerston, who will be excessively provoked and disappointed, though he will not venture, and is too clever, to show it. Clarendon had a conversation with him a few days ago, in which he told Palmerston how much he wished that Radetzky might crush the King of Sardinia, when Palmerston did not disguise the difference of his own opinions, and his wishes that the Austrians might be defeated. I certainly never saw a more general expression of satisfaction than the intelligence of Radetzky's victory excited here.

June 3rd.—The Duke of Bedford told me a few days ago that the Queen had been again remonstrating about Palmerston more strongly than ever. This was in reference to the suppressed Austrian despatch which made such a noise. She then sent for John Russell, and told him she could not stand it any longer, and he must make some arrangement to get rid of Palmerston. This communication was just as fruitless as all her preceding ones. I don't know what Lord John said, he certainly did not pacify her, but as usual there it ended.

August 14th.—I saw Lord Lansdowne last night, just returned from Ireland, having had an escape on the rail-road, for the train ran off the rail. He said nothing could surpass the success of the Queen's visit [1] in every respect; every circumstance favourable, no drawbacks or mistakes, all persons and parties pleased, much owing to the tact of Lord Clarendon, and the care he had bestowed on all the arrangements and details, which made it all go off

Radetzky at Novara, and abdicated in favour of his son, Victor Emmanuel, who was obliged to make peace on terms dictated by Radetzky; with the result that the emancipation of Italy was delayed for ten years. The general satisfaction was due, of course, to the fact that the Italians were regarded as the aggressors and as a danger to the peace of Europe.

[1] The only visit made by a sovereign to Ireland since that of George IV to Dublin in 1820.

so admirably. The Queen herself was delighted, and appears to have played her part uncommonly well. All the accounts represent the material prospects of the country to be better.

London, September 15th.—On Monday, the 3rd, on returning from Hillingdon, I found a summons from John Russell to be at Balmoral on Wednesday 5th at half-past two, for a Council, to order a Prayer for relief against the cholera. No time was to be lost, so I started by the five o'clock train, dined at Birmingham, went on by the mail train to Crewe, where I slept; breakfasted the next morning at Crewe Hall, which I had never seen, and went on by the express to Perth, which I reached at half-past twelve. I started on Wednesday morning at half-past six, and arrived at Balmoral exactly at half-past two. It is a beautiful road from Perth to Balmoral, particularly from Blairgowrie to the Spital of Glenshee, and thence to Braemar. Much as I dislike Courts and all that appertains to them, I am glad to have made this expedition, and to have seen the Queen and Prince in their Highland retreat, where they certainly appear to great advantage. The place is very pretty, the house[1] very small. They live there without any state whatever; they live not merely like private gentlefolks, but like very small gentlefolks, small house, small rooms, small establishment. There are no soldiers, and the whole guard of the Sovereign and the whole Royal Family is a single policeman, who walks about the grounds to keep off impertinent intruders or improper characters. Their attendants consisted of Lady Douro and Miss Dawson, Lady and Maid of Honour; George Anson and Gordon; Birch, the Prince of Wales's tutor; and Miss Hildyard, the governess of the children. They live with the greatest simplicity and ease. The Prince shoots every morning, returns to luncheon, and then they walk or drive. The Queen is running in and

[1] The present castle of Balmoral was not then built. The house at this time was simply that of a Scotch laird.

out of the house all day long, and often goes about alone, walks into the cottages, and sits down and chats with the old women. I never before was in society with the Prince, or had any conversation with him. On Thursday morning John Russell and I were sitting together after breakfast, when he came in and sat down with us, and we conversed for about three-quarters of an hour. I was greatly struck with him. I saw at once (what I had always heard) that he is very intelligent and highly cultivated, and moreover that he has a thoughtful mind, and thinks of subjects worth thinking about. He seemed very much at his ease, very gay, pleasant, and without the least stiffness or air of dignity.

I had a walk on Wednesday with Aberdeen, who came over for the Council. He said the Government were going on very well *in all respects but one,* but he admitted that it was impossible to get rid of Palmerston, and therefore Lord John could do nothing but defend him; that Peel would not attack him in the House of Commons, as nothing would induce him to do anything to weaken the present Government, though he disapproved of Palmerston's conduct as much as Aberdeen himself. He said that Peel thought of nothing but the progress and development of his Free Trade measures; that the present Government alone could and would carry them out, and therefore he strenuously supported them, being perfectly conscious that he had no party, and consequently no power.

John Russell and I left Balmoral, and travelled together as far as Perth on Friday morning. We discussed Palmerston, his policy, his character, and his conduct, fully and freely. Lord John endeavoured to argue the Spanish and Sicilian cases, but he really had nothing to say in defence of Palmerston, or in opposition to my charges and assertions; and by degrees, as we talked on, he came to admit that Palmerston was justly chargeable with the faults that I had imputed to him.

In the course of our conversation Lord John told me

something about the famous despatch of July 19th,[1] curiously illustrative of his *laisser aller* way of doing business. After acknowledging it was very injudicious, he said, "I remember the despatch was brought to me on a Sunday morning, just as I was going to church. I read it over in a hurry; it did not strike me at the moment that there was anything objectionable in it, and I sent it back. If I had not gone to church, and had paid more attention to it, it would not have gone"; and upon this despatch, thus carelessly read and permitted to go, hinged the quarrels with France and with Spain, the Montpensier marriage, and not impossibly, though indirectly, the French Revolution itself.

1850

London, January 16th.—Since I first began to keep a journal I do not believe so long an interval has ever elapsed as between the last time I wrote anything and now. Without there having been any matter of great importance, there have been fifty small things I might have recorded at least as interesting as one half that these books contain; but I know not why, I have never felt the least inclination, but, on the contrary, a considerable aversion, to the occupation. I have over and over again resolved to recommence writing, and as often have failed from an inexplicable repugnance to execute my purpose. I am at last induced to take up my pen to put down what has taken place in the case of Gorham and the Bishop of Exeter, because this is a matter which excites great interest, which will not speedily be forgotten, and on which it is desirable there

[1] In this despatch on the subject of the marriage of the Queen of Spain, Lord Palmerston named the Coburg Prince as one of the candidates for her hand.

should be some authentic account, especially in respect to those parts of the proceedings which are not publicly known.[1]

January 23rd.—If I had not been too lazy to write about anybody or anything, I should not have suffered the death of Lord Alvanley to pass without some notice. The world, however, has no time to think of people who are out of its sight, and a long illness which had confined him entirely, and limited his society to a few old friends, caused him to be forgotten, and his departure out of life to be almost unobserved. There was a time when it would have been very different, during those many years when his constant spirits and good humour, together with his marvellous wit and drollery, made him the delight and ornament of society. He was so gay, so natural, so irresistibly comical, he diffused such cheerfulness around him, he was never ill-natured; if he quizzed anybody and bantered them, he made them neither angry nor unhappy; he had an even and constant flow of spirits, and till his health became impaired you were *sure* of him in society. What Burke says with a sort of mock modesty of himself, was true of Alvanley—he had "read the book of life for a long time, and other books a little!" For the first years of his life he was too entirely plunged in dissipation and debauchery to repair in any way the deficiencies of a neglected education; later, he read a good deal in a desultory way, and acquired a good store of miscellaneous information. For the last four years of his life he was

[1] Here follows a long account of this famous case, of which the facts were briefly these: The Bishop had refused to institute Gorham to a vicarage on the ground that his views on baptism were heretical. Gorham had appealed to the Ecclesiastical Court of Arches, which decided against him. He then appealed to the Privy Council—a Secular Court though it contained ecclesiastical assessors—which decided that Gorham's views were sound, and that the Bishop must institute him. To the High Church party the judgment was a stunning blow. Gladstone believed that "the death of the Church of England" was "among the alternative issues of the Gorham case." His friends Manning and Hope and many others joined the Church of Rome.

afflicted with painful diseases, and his sufferings were incessant and intense. He bore them all with a fortitude and a cheerfulness which never failed him, and which excited universal sympathy and admiration.

February 2nd.—The Session opened on Thursday, and Ministers got a great victory in the House of Lords the same night, and yesterday another in the House of Commons so signal and decisive as to leave no uncertainty in respect to the agricultural questions, or the stability of the Government. Nothing could be more shocking than the contrast between the rage and fury, the denunciations and determinations of the Protectionists all over the country for months past, and the moderate language and abstinences from all specific demands on the part of the leaders in both Houses. Stanley, who has never said or written a syllable during the recess, and kept aloof from all agitation, made a very reasonable speech, disclaiming any wish to interrupt the experiment, which he was sure would fail, and only requiring that if it did fail, we should retrace our steps. In the other House, Disraeli was very bad, and there was no possibility of making out what he meant or was driving at. Cobden was very good, and had much the best of him. All this disunion and weakness ended in good divisions, an exposure of the weakness and inefficiency of the Tory party, and apparently putting the Government at their ease and into smooth water.

February 14th.—This Greek question[1] is the worst scrape into which Palmerston has ever got himself and his colleagues. The disgust at it here is universal with those who think at all about foreign matters; it is past all doubt that it has produced the strongest feelings of indignation against this country all over Europe, and the Ministers themselves are conscious what a disgraceful figure they cut, and are ashamed of it.

[1] The affair of Don Pacifico, a Gibraltar Jew, whose claim against the Greek Government was supported by Lord Palmerston by means of a blockade of the Piræus.

February 22nd.—On Wednesday, as I was crossing the Park, I fell in with Sir Robert Peel, and turned back with him to Charles Wood's, where he was going, after which we went towards his home, and walked up and down behind Whitehall for half an hour or more, talking of all sorts of things.

He spoke of foreign affairs, and did not spare Palmerston. He reviewed the general course of our proceedings, and especially the Greek affair, which he thought very bad; but what was still worse, was our having sent our fleet into the Dardanelles, having no right to do so, and then asserting we were driven there by stress of weather, which was a pretence and a falsehood. This was very disgraceful, and the use to which our fleet had been put very shameful.

Last night I met Clarendon at dinner at Bath House, when I told him what had passed between Peel and me. He then gave me an account of what had passed between the Queen and Prince and himself. He dined at the Palace on Tuesday. The moment he came into the drawing-room after dinner the Queen exploded, and went with the utmost vehemence and bitterness into the whole of Palmerston's conduct, all the effects produced all over the world, and all her own feelings and sentiments about it. He could only listen and profess his own almost entire ignorance of the details. After she had done Prince Albert began, but not finding time and opportunity to say all he wished, he asked him to call on him the next day. He went and had a conversation of two hours and a half, in the course of which he went into every detail, and poured forth without stint or reserve all the pent-up indignation, resentment, and bitterness with which the Queen and himself have been boiling for a long time past. He commented on Palmerston's policy and conduct much in the same terms in which the *Times* does, and as I and others do. But what he enlarged upon with the strongest feeling was the humiliating position in which the Queen

was placed in the eyes of the whole world. Prince Albert said he knew well enough the Constitutional position of the Sovereign of this country, and that it was the policy and measures which the nation desired and approved which the Government must carry out; but that the nation disapproved of Palmerston's proceedings, and so did his own colleagues, Lord Lansdowne particularly; yet by their weak connivance he was allowed to set at defiance the Sovereign, the Government, and public opinion, while the Queen could get neither redress nor support from John Russell, and was forced to submit to such degradation.

February 23rd.—The division in the House of Commons on Thursday night was hailed with vociferous cheers by the Protectionists, who considered it a great victory and the harbinger of future success.[1] Everybody was taken by surprise, for though it was known that the Opposition would muster strong, nobody imagined there would be so small a majority as twenty, the Government expected about forty. Graham spoke very well, and so did Gladstone *in reply to him*, the part the latter took exciting a considerable sensation. Disraeli was good, both in his opening speech and reply. Graham told me he was much improved, and his taste and tone far better than formerly. Peel was long and heavy, talked of himself too much, and made one of those defences of his former conduct which he might as well let alone, for they are superfluous with one half of the House and country, and useless with the other. He had much better, as Disraeli told him, do like Cosmo de Medici, and leave his character to posterity; he unwisely enough noticed a very warm and unjust attack which Henry Bentinck had made upon him at some public meeting. Henry Bentinck, like a true member of his family and own brother to George, instead of recanting

[1] On February 19th Disraeli moved for a Committee to revise and amend the Poor Laws in order to give relief to the agricultural classes. Gladstone spoke and voted for the motion, which was only defeated by a small majority.

or apologising, insinuated his disbelief in what Peel said, and was as offensive as the clamour and displeasure of the House and his own inarticulateness allowed him to be.

February 28th.—Before Clarendon left town he saw John Russell, and told him all that had passed between him and the Prince, and that he was quite certain it had been said to him for the express purpose of its being repeated to Lord John. He also told him that it was fit he should understand the strong and unusual feeling that existed on this subject, assuring him that he had not met with one single individual of any party or condition who did not regard it with disgust and displeasure.

March 8th.—I met Brunnow[1] a few days ago coming from Palmerston, where he had been (though he did not say so) to present the Emperor's indignant note. He was laughing as he always does when he speaks of Palmerston; said of this affair, " que c'était une bêtise; qu'il ne pouvait pas faire comprendre à Palmerston l'humiliation de l'affaire." So far from acknowledging this, or evincing the least sign of regret or shame, when Hume asked him a question in the House the other night, he replied with the utmost effrontery, and with rather more than his usual insolence and audacity. As on every occasion, the House laughed and nobody said a word. All that relates to him, his character, conduct, and career, will hereafter form one of the most curious passages in history and the most astounding and unaccountable.

March 9th.—Yesterday judgment was given in Gorham's case at the Council Office. The crowd was enormous, the crush and squeeze awful. Langdale read the judgment well, and the people who heard it (at least those I talked to) thought it able and judicious; but of course all the highflyers and Puseyites will be angry and provoked, and talk of schisms and secessions, which will be, I am firmly convinced, *bruta fulmina.*

[1] The Russian ambassador.

May 19th.—There is the devil to pay about this Greek affair, and at last there seems a tolerable chance of Palmerston coming to grief: "*Tant va la cruche à l'eau*," etc. Yesterday morning the Duke of Bedford came here and gave me an account of the state of affairs. It seems Brunnow had written a long letter to John Russell, couched in very temperate terms, but setting forth all his complaints of Palmerston's behaviour, and especially of the language of that part of the press which was avowedly under his control and direction, in reference to Russia, and he asked Lord John to call upon him, he being confined with a cold. Lord John sent this letter to Palmerston, accompanied with one from himself, in which he said that he (Palmerston) well knew how much he disliked such articles and such use of the press, and a good deal more indicative of displeasure. Palmerston wrote an answer defending himself, and the very same evening there appeared in the *Globe* another article not less offensive than the preceding ones, greatly to the indignation of Lord John. He called on Brunnow, who repeated what he had before said in his letter, and announced that he must go away, for he would not stay here to be on bad terms with Palmerston, and it was impossible for him to remain on good terms. All this, together with what had already passed, had raised Lord John's resentment and disgust to a high pitch, and the Duke said that Lord John had at last resolved not to stand it any longer, although (he added) he could not feel complete confidence in his firmness and resolution after all he had seen on various occasions.

Lord John said that the first thing to be done was to settle this matter as they best might; that they must support Palmerston's assertions, to which they were bound to give credit; but that when this business was concluded, in about a month perhaps, he would bring matters to a crisis, that is, announce to Palmerston that he could not go on in the Foreign Office. Lord John is at present

very angry, and therefore very stout, but I never can feel sure of him.

May 25th.—The morning before yesterday the Duke of Bedford came here again. He had seen Lord John since, and heard what passed with the Queen. She was full of this affair, and again urged all her objections to Palmerston. This time she found Lord John better disposed than heretofore, and he is certainly revolving in his mind how the thing can be done. He does not by any means contemplate going out himself, or breaking up the Government. What he looks to is this, that the Queen should take the initiative, and urge Palmerston's removal from the Foreign Office. She is quite ready to do this as soon as she is assured of her wishes being attended to.

June 18th.—The great debate in the House of Lords came off last night in the midst of immense curiosity and interest.[1] The House was crowded in every part; I never saw so many Peers present, nor so many strangers. There were various opinions about the result, but the Government was the favourite. Bear Ellice offered to lay two to one they had a majority. Most people thought the same, but everybody was agreed that go which way it would, the division would be a very close one, and the majority small. Malmesbury, Stanley's whipper-in, counted on fifteen on his side. Stanley spoke for two hours and three-quarters. He has made more brilliant speeches, but it was very good, moderate and prudent in tone, lucid, lively and sustained. I heard him, and then was so tired of standing, I was obliged to go away, and did not return. I never was more amazed than at hearing the division, never having dreamt of such a majority; *reste à savoir* what Government (and Palmerston especially) will do. If he was disposed to take a great line he would go at once

[1] On a resolution moved by Lord Stanley censuring the Government for their coercive measures against the commerce and people of Greece. The debate lasted all night. The division resulted in a majority of 37 against the Government.

to the Queen and resign, at the same time begging her not to accept the resignation of his colleagues if they tendered it. This would be creditable to him, and he owes them all the reparation in his power for the hot water he has kept them in, and the scrapes he has made for them for many years. They have over and over again allowed themselves to be dragged through the mire for him, and since they have refused now and heretofore to separate themselves from him, the least he can do is to separate himself from them, and to insist upon being the only sacrifice.

June 21st.—John Russell made his statement last night, giving the reasons why he did not resign, quoting two precedents, one above a century ago, and one in 1833, for not resigning in consequence of an adverse vote of the House of Lords. I concur in the constitutional doctrine he laid down on that score, but the rest of what he said was very imprudent and ill-judged. He has now committed himself more than ever to Palmerston, and has thrown down a defiance to all Europe, announcing that they will make no difference whatever in their administration of foreign affairs.

June 24th.—Nothing of course thought of but the division on Roebuck's motion.[1] The general opinion is that there will be a majority of about forty, but nobody knows what Peel will say or do, and many votes are quite uncertain.

June 29th.—I have been for two days in the country, while the great debate was going on. Palmerston came out the second night with prodigious force and success. He delivered an oration four hours and three-quarters

[1] A resolution applauding the foreign policy of the Government, to countervail the recent vote of the Lords. "A great and memorable debate followed, in which Lord Palmerston delivered his ablest speech, and Sir Robert Peel his last. The debate ended by a Ministerial majority of 46, so that, for the time, the supporters of Lord Palmerston were completely victorious; yet in that majority a large number of votes were given by those who most condemned his high-handed proceedings."—Reeve's note.

long, which has excited unusual admiration, boundless enthusiasm amongst his friends, and drawn forth the most flattering compliments from every quarter. It is impossible to deny its great ability; parts of it are strikingly eloquent and inimitably adroit. It was a wonderful effort to speak for nearly five hours without ever flagging, and his voice nearly as strong at last as at first. The ability of it is the more remarkable, because on an attentive and calm perusal of it, the insufficiency of it as an answer and a defence against the various charges which have been brought against him is manifest; but it is admirably arranged and got up, entirely free from the flippancy and impertinence in which he usually indulges, full of moderation and good taste, and adorned with a profusion of magnificent and successful clap-traps. The success of the speech has been complete, and his position is now unassailable. John Russell may save himself the trouble of considering, when this is all over, how he may effect some change involving the withdrawal of the Foreign Office from Palmerston's hands, for they are now all tied and bound to him in respect to the future as completely as to the present and the past. Graham's and Gladstone's speeches were the best on the other side. Peel was very moderate, and refused to go into the details or to attack the Government on them. The majority of forty-six was rather more than was expected by either party.

July 1st.—The day before yesterday Sir Robert Peel had a fall from his horse and hurt himself seriously. Last night he was in imminent danger. His accident has excited the greatest interest, and his doors are beset with enquirers of all parties without distinction. He was in high spirits that day, for he was pleased with the division which saved the Government, and with his own speech, which for his purpose was very dexterous and successful.

I rode with Lord Grey yesterday in the Park, when we talked over the debate and present state of affairs. He said that it was remarkable that this discussion, which

was intended to damage Palmerston, had left him the most popular man in the country; that of this there could be no doubt. Bright had said that his vote had given great offence at Manchester, and that Cobden's vote and speech would probably cost him the West Riding at the next election; that amongst all the middle classes Palmerston was immensely popular. He spoke of Palmerston's speech as having been not only one of consummate ability, but quite successful as a reply, and he insisted that their side had much the best of the argument. I denied this, but acknowledged the ability of Palmerston, and his success, though his speech was very answerable, if either Peel or Disraeli had chosen to reply to it, which neither of them would. It is beyond all contestation that this great battle, fought on two fields, has left the Government much stronger than before, and demonstrated the impossibility of any change, and it has as incontestably immensely strengthened and improved Palmerston's position; in short, he is triumphant, and nothing can overthrow him but some fresh acts of violence and folly, of insolent interference, of arrogant dictation or underhand intrigue, which may be so flagrant that his colleagues or some of them will not stand it, and so a quarrel may ensue. Even the *Times* is prepared to abandon its opposition to him, and is seeking for a decent pretext to do so.

July 6th.—The death of Sir Robert Peel, which took place on Tuesday night, has absorbed every other subject of interest. The suddenness of such an accident took the world by surprise, and in consequence of the mystery in which great people's illnesses are always shrouded, the majority of the public were not aware of his danger till they heard of his death. The sympathy, the feeling, and the regret which have been displayed on every side and in all quarters, are to the last degree striking. Every imaginable honour has been lavished on his memory. The Sovereign, both Houses of Parliament, the press and

the people, from the highest to the lowest, have all joined in acts of homage to his character, and in magnifying the loss which the nation has sustained. When we remember that Peel was an object of bitter hatred to one great party, that he was never liked by the other party, and that he had no popular and ingratiating qualities, and very few intimate friends, it is surprising to see the warm and universal feeling which his death has elicited. It is a prodigious testimony to the greatness of his capacity, to the profound conviction of his public usefulness and importance, and of the purity of the motives by which his public conduct has been guided. I am not capable of describing him with any certainty of doing justice to his character and delineating it correctly; but as there are several notices of him not very favourable in preceding pages, at such a moment it becomes a duty to qualify what may have been misrepresented or exaggerated on the information of others, by expressing my own doubts as to the perfect accuracy of the statements that were formerly made to me. My acquaintance with Peel was slight and superficial. I never associated with him, and never was in his house except on two or three occasions at rare intervals. He scarcely lived at all in society; he was reserved but cordial in his manner, had few intimate friends, and it may be doubted whether there was any one person, except his wife, to whom he was in the habit of disclosing his thoughts, feelings, and intentions with entire frankness and freedom. In his private relations he was not merely irreproachable, but good, kind, and amiable. The remarkable decorum of his life, the domestic harmony and happiness he enjoyed, and the simplicity of his habits and demeanour, contributed largely without doubt to the estimation in which he was held. He was easy of access, courteous and patient, and those who approached him generally left him gratified by his affability and edified and astonished at the extensive and accurate knowledge, as well as the sound practical sense

and judgment, which he displayed on all subjects. It was by the continual exhibition of these qualities that he gained such a mastery over the public mind, and such prodigious influence in the House of Commons; but it is only now manifested to the world how great his influence was by the effect which his death has produced, and by the universal sentiment that the country has to deplore an irreparable loss. Notwithstanding his great sagacity, it may, however, be doubted whether his judgment was not often faulty, and whether in the perplexity of conflicting objects and incompatible purposes, he was not led to erroneous conclusions as to the obligations imposed upon him, and the course which it was his duty to pursue. It is very difficult to account satisfactorily for his conduct on the Catholic question. We must indeed make great allowance for the position in which he was placed by his birth, education, and connexions. His father was a Tory, imbued with all the old Tory prejudices, one of those followers of Mr. Pitt who could not comprehend and never embraced his liberal sentiments, and who clung to the bigoted and narrow-minded opinions of Addington and George III. It is no wonder then that Peel was originally an anti-Catholic, and probably at first, and for a long time he was an undoubting believer in that creed. Nevertheless, the man who eventually proved himself to be one of the wisest and most liberal of statesmen maintained for years a struggle against religious liberty, a struggle by which he was involved in inconsistencies injurious to his own character, and which brought the kingdom to the brink of a civil war. It is now impossible to fathom the depths of Peel's mind, and to ascertain whether during that long period he had any doubts and misgivings as to the cause in which he was embarked, or whether he really and sincerely believed that Catholic Emancipation could be resisted and prevented. It is strange that he did not perceive the contest to be hopeless, and that such a contest was more perilous than any concession could possibly be.

But he declared that up to the period of Lord Liverpool's death his opinions were unchanged, and that he thought the prolongation of this contest was not unreasonable. I do not see how he can be acquitted of insincerity save at the expense of his sagacity and foresight. But whatever his errors may have been, he made a noble atonement for them, and having once changed his mind, he flung himself into his new career with a gallantry and devotion deserving of the highest praise. He encountered without flinching the storm which he knew would burst upon him, and bravely exposed his character and reputation to suspicions, resentments, and reproaches, which might for aught he knew be fatal to his future prospects. Upon this occasion indeed, he shared the obloquy with the Duke of Wellington, upon whom as Prime Minister the responsibility principally rested. But the indignation and resentment of the Tories fell, though unjustly, much more upon Peel than upon the Duke. Peel was more emphatically the chief of the anti-Catholic party, and in him it appeared a far greater dereliction of principle. The authority of the Duke was so great, and his followers were accustomed to look up to him with such profound deference and submission, that they could not bring themselves to attack him as the prime mover in this obnoxious measure, and they therefore made Peel the scapegoat, and vented upon him all the exuberance of their wrath.

Their ill-humour and resentment led to the destruction of the Duke's Government, and the change of Ministry brought about the Reform Bill and the overthrow of the Tory party. It is difficult to discern any proofs of sound judgment and foresight in Peel's conduct in regard to Parliamentary Reform. He evidently made an incorrect estimate of the state of the public mind upon the question. He could not indeed foresee the French Revolution or its contagious effects here; but unless the country had been already combustible, it would not have been so inflamed

as it was; and if he had been aware of its temper and disposition, he never would have opposed the general sentiment so pertinaciously as he did. I think, therefore, that his course in respect to Reform exhibits a deficiency in sagacity and foresight, and must be accounted one of the blemishes of his political career. He fought the Reform battle with extraordinary energy, and the skill and perseverance with which he afterwards rallied the broken forces and restored the fallen spirits of his party were admirable. In 1835 the rash and abortive attempt of William IV to get rid of the Whigs made Peel the Minister of a hundred days. This was the most brilliant period of his life, and it was during that magnificent campaign that he established the vast reputation which, while clouds of suspicion and distrust, of enmity and dislike, were all the while gathering about him, made him for nearly twenty years by far the most conspicuous, important, and powerful of English statesmen. He not only reorganised his party, but he revived its political influence, and laid the foundation for regaining its former power. His policy was as successful as it was wise. He flung himself cheerfully and confidently into the new order of things, associated himself with the sentiments and the wants of the nation, and day by day saw his reputation increasing both in Parliament and throughout the country. The Tories abandoned themselves to his guidance with a mixture of passive reliance and admiration and of lurking resentment for the past with distrust and suspicion for the future. They rejoiced in the chief who made them once more powerful, and led them on to victory; but they felt that there were no real sympathies between themselves and him. While he was boldly advancing with the spirit of the age, they were lagging behind, gloomily regarding his manifestation of Liberal [1] principles, in which they did

[1] The word, of course, was still used without any reference to a party which had not yet begun to exist, but corresponds, roughly, to our word "progressive" (e.g., Canning was a Liberal Tory).

not participate, and lingering on those traditions of the past which they saw that he had entirely forsaken.

At length, ten years after the Reform Bill, the Whig Government was overthrown, and Peel became Minister. At this time the great bulk of his supporters coveted power principally for the sake of Protection. They believed that it was the duty, the inclination, and the intention of Peel to maintain the Corn Laws, and they had a right to think so. He had been the vigorous and ingenious advocate of the protective system, not, however, without some qualifications and reservations, which, though they were enough to excite the jealousy and mistrust of the most suspicious, were still insufficient to neutralise the effect of his general professions. It is almost impossible to discover what the process was by which he was gradually led to embrace the whole doctrine of Free Trade. We cannot distinguish what effect was made upon his mind by the reasoning, and what by the organisation and agitation, of the Anti-Corn Law League. It would be interesting, if it were possible, to sum up periodically the exact state of Peel's opinions upon commercial and fiscal questions, and to know how he combined them with other political as well as party considerations, which he was obliged constantly to keep in view. No man but himself could explain and vindicate the whole course of his conduct. It may safely be assumed that when he began to reorganise the Conservative party, he did not contemplate a repeal of the Corn Laws, and that it was by a severely inductive process of study and meditation that he was gradually led to the conception and elaboration of the commercial system which the last years of his life were spent in carrying out. The modification, and possibly the ultimate repeal, of the Corn Laws must have formed a part of that system, but what he hoped and intended probably was to bring round the minds of his party by degrees to the doctrines of Free Trade, and to conquer their repugnance to a great alteration of the Corn Laws, both by showing

the imprudence of endeavouring to maintain them, and by the gradual development of those countervailing advantages with which Free Trade was fraught. That, I believe, was his secret desire, hope, and expectation; and if the Irish famine had not deranged his plans and precipitated his measures, if more time had been afforded him, it is not impossible that his projects might have been realised. He has been bitterly accused of deceiving and betraying his party, of "close designs, and crooked counsels," and there is no term of reproach and invective which rage and fear, mortification and resentment, have not heaped upon him. He has been unjustly reviled; but, on the other hand, it must be acknowledged that, wise as his views, and pure as his motives may have been, his manner of dealing with his party in reference to the changes he contemplated, could not fail to excite their indignation. If they were convinced that the Corn Laws were essential, not merely to the prosperity, but to the existence, of the landed interest, he had been mainly instrumental in confirming this conviction. It was indeed a matter of extraordinary difficulty and nicety to determine at what precise period he should begin to disclose to his supporters the extent of the plans which he meditated. His reserve may have been prudent, possibly indispensable; but although they were not unsuspicious of his intentions, and distrusted and disliked him accordingly, they were wholly unprepared for the great revolution which he suddenly proclaimed; and at such a moment of terror and dismay it was not unnatural that despair and rage should supersede every other sentiment, and that they should loudly complain of having been deceived, betrayed, and abandoned.

The misfortune of Peel all along was, that there was no real community of sentiment between him and his party, except in respect to certain great principles, which had ceased to be in jeopardy, and which therefore required no united efforts to defend them. There was no longer any

danger of organic reforms; the House of Lords and the Church were not threatened; the great purposes for which Peel had rallied the Conservative interest had been accomplished; almost from the first moment of his advent to power in 1841 he and his party stood in a false position towards each other. He was the liberal chief of a party in which the old anti-liberal spirit was still rife; they regarded with jealousy and fear the middle classes, those formidable masses, occupying the vast space between aristocracy and democracy, with whom Peel was evidently anxious to ingratiate himself, and whose support he considered his best reliance. They considered Peel to be not only the Minister, but the creature, of the Conservative party, bound above all things to support and protect their especial interests according to their own views and opinions. He considered himself the Minister of the Nation, whose mission it was to redress the balance which mistaken maxims or partial legislation had deranged, and to combine the interest of all classes in one homogeneous system, by which the prosperity and happiness of the whole commonwealth would be promoted. Whether in 1847 he was prepared for the unappeasable wrath and the general insurrection of the Protectionists, I know not; but even if he viewed it as a possible alternative, involving the loss of political power and a second dissolution of the Conservative party, I believe he would have nevertheless encountered the danger and accepted the sacrifice. If his party were disgusted with him, he was no less disgusted with them, and it is easy to conceive that he must have been sickened by their ignorance and presumption, their obstinacy and ingratitude. He turned to the nation for that justice which his old associates denied him, and from the day of his resignation till the day of his death he seemed to live only for the purpose of watching over the progress of his own measures, in undiminished confidence that time and the hour would prove their wisdom, and vindicate his character to the world. Though he was

little beholden to the Whigs in his last struggle in office, he gave John Russell's Government a constant, and at the same time unostentatious support. That Government alone could preserve the integrity of his commercial system, and to that object every other was subordinate in his mind. He occupied a great and dignified position, and every hour added something to his fame and to the consideration he enjoyed; while the spite and rancour of the Protectionists seemed to be embittered by the respect and reverence by which they saw that he was universally regarded.

He appears to have suffered dreadful pain during the three days which elapsed between his accident and his death. He was sensible, but scarcely ever spoke. He had arranged all his affairs so carefully that he had no dispositions to make or orders to give. Sir Benjamin Brodie says that he never saw any human frame so susceptible of pain, for his moral and physical organisation was one of exquisite sensibility. He was naturally a man of violent passions, over which he had learnt to exercise an habitual restraint by vigorous efforts of reason and self-control. He was certainly a good, and in some respects a great man; he had a true English spirit, and was an ardent lover of his country; and he served the public with fidelity, zeal, and great ability. But when future historians shall describe his career and sum up his character, they will pass a more sober and qualified judgment than that of his admiring and sorrowing contemporaries. It is impossible to forget that there never was a statesman who so often embraced erroneous opinions himself, and contributed so much to mislead the opinions of others. The energy and skill with which he endeavoured to make the worse appear the better cause were productive of enormous mischief; and if on several occasions his patriotism and his ability were equally conspicuous, and he rendered important public service, his efforts were in great measure directed to repair the evils and dangers which he had been himself principally instrumental in creating.

July 28th.—This day week the Radicals gave Palmerston a dinner at the Reform Club. It was a sorry affair—a rabble of men, not ten out of two hundred whom I know by sight. They asked John Russell who would not go, and then they thought it better to ask no more of Palmerston's colleagues. Neither Lord John nor any of them liked it, but of course they said nothing. Palmerston would have done better to repose on his House of Commons laurels, and find some pretext for declining this compliment. The Court are just as much disgusted with him as ever, and provoked at his success in the House of Commons.

Brighton, August 27th.—Yesterday morning Louis Philippe expired at Claremont quite unexpectedly, for though he had been ill for a long time, it was supposed he might still live many months. Not long ago his life was the most important in the world, and his death would have produced a profound sensation and general consternation. Now hardly more importance attaches to the event than there would be to the death of one of the old bathing-women opposite my window.

November 10th.—After a lapse of nearly three months I resume my notices of past and present events, these three months having furnished very little matter worth recording nearly up to the present time. I might, however, I have very little doubt, write that which would be acceptable to one person or another by recording my own personal experiences and the communications that I have with different people on different matters, which certainly are ludicrously miscellaneous. Some people like politics, some gossip, and almost all like political gossip. I have had within these few weeks consultations and communications on the most opposite subjects: men coming to be helped out of scrapes with other men's wives, adjustments of domestic squabbles, a grand bother about the Duke of Cambridge's *status* in the House of Lords, a fresh correspondence with Lady Palmerston about the *Times* attacking

her husband, communication from Cardinal Wiseman about the troubled state of ecclesiastical affairs, and so forth; odds and ends, not altogether uninteresting, and making a strange miscellany in my mind.

But such trifles as these, and such serious matters as an impending German war, are uninteresting in comparison with the "No Popery" hubbub which has been raised, and which is now running its course furiously over the length and breadth of the land. The Pope[1] has been ill-advised and very impolitic, the whole proceeding on the part of the Papal Government has been mischievous and impertinent, and deserves the severest censure. Wiseman, who ought to have known better, aggravated the case by his imprudent manifesto. On the other hand, the Protestant demonstration is to the last degree exaggerated and absurd. John Russell, who acted prudently in declaring his Protestant sympathies, joining the public voice in condemnation of the Pope's proceedings, and clearing himself and his Government from any suspicion of being indifferent to them, nevertheless writes a very imprudent, undignified, and, in his station, unbecoming letter. It has filled with stupid and fanatical enthusiasm all the Protestant bigots, and stimulated their rage; and it has irritated to madness all the zealous Catholics, and grieved, shocked, and offended even the most moderate and reasonable. All wise and prudent men perceive this, and strongly disapprove of his letter; all his colleagues with whom I have spoken, and I have no doubt all the rest, do so; and Clarendon writes me word that the effect it has produced in Ireland is not to be told.

This odious agitation will continue till it is superseded by something else, or expires from want of aliment more

[1] In the autumn of 1850 the Pope issued a bull dividing England into dioceses with territorial titles, and appointing Cardinal Wiseman Archbishop of Westminster. On November 4th Lord John Russell wrote a letter to the Bishop of Durham denouncing this insolent and insidious attack upon our Protestantism, and expressing his contempt for "the mummeries of superstition."

solid than fanatical denunciations. Already sensible people, even those who are indignant at the "Papal aggressions" as they are termed, begin to think the clamour exaggerated, that we are going too far, and raising a spirit of theological and sectarian hatred and enmity, which is dangerous and will be very troublesome. They begin to reflect that a great movement without a definite and attainable object is a very foolish thing, and as it is quite certain that the Pope will not retract what he has done, and that we can neither punish him nor frighten him, that his ecclesiastical arrangements will be carried into execution here whether we like it or not, and that as we shall take nothing by all our agitation and clamour, we shall probably end by looking very foolish.

November 21st.—The Protestant agitation has been going on at a prodigious pace, and the whole country is up: meetings everywhere, addresses to Bishops and their replies, addresses to the Queen; speeches, letters, articles, all pouring forth from the press day after day with a vehemence and a universality such as I never saw before. As usual the most empty make the greatest noise, and the declaimers vie with each other in coarseness, violence, and stupidity. Nevertheless, the hubbub is not the less mischievous for being so senseless and ridiculous. In the midst of all this Wiseman has put forth a very able manifesto, in which he proves unanswerably that what has been done is perfectly legal, and a matter of ecclesiastical discipline, with which we have no concern whatever. He lashes John Russell with great severity, and endeavours to enlist the sympathies of the Dissenters by contrasting the splendour and wealth of the Anglican clergy with the contented poverty of the Romanists, and thus appeals to all the advocates of the voluntary system. His paper is uncommonly well done, and must produce a considerable effect, though of course none capable of quieting the storm that is now raging.

Meanwhile the Government are, I suspect, in a great fix.

They are all disconcerted and perplexed by Lord John's letter. When the Cabinet met and this letter was shown to them, Lord Lansdowne asked whether the letter had been already sent, and when informed that it had, he declined saying anything. As it was sent and published they thought it necessary to do something, and the law officers were accordingly desired to look into the law on the subject. There can be little doubt that the law will not touch the case, and they will hardly have the egregious folly to propose fresh laws which would be quite inoperative. Violence, menaces, and abuse never made any people flinch from their religious opinions or abandon any line of conduct they might have adopted in relation to them. The Catholics know very well that in these days any serious persecution is not to be apprehended, and, even if it were, the Roman Catholic clergy, to do them justice, have never shrunk from enduring any sufferings or privations to which they were exposed. They would probably rather like than not to see some attempt made here to revive penal laws, and to be exhibited to the civilised world in the character of martyrs. From the beginning I foresaw that we should cut a poor figure in this affair, and this is sure to be the result, whether we do anything or nothing.

November 26th.—The Protestant movement goes on with unabated fury, and the quantity of nonsense that has been talked and written, and the amount of ignorance and intolerance displayed, exceed all belief, and only show of what sort of metal the mass of society is composed.

December 11th.—I could no longer stand the torrent of nonsense, violence and folly which the newspapers day after day poured forth, and resolved to write a letter,[1] which was published in the *Times* the day before yesterday, and signed "Carolus," for I did not venture to

[1] Greville's letter, though inordinately long, puts the case for toleration with unanswerable force. The character of his countrymen, and their reputation all over the world, seemed to him, he wrote, "much more in jeopardy than their religion."

put my own name to it. Delane could not bear publishing it, because it was in opposition to the strong line the paper has taken; and he told me beforehand he must attack me. Accordingly they replied to the article they published, but in very complimentary terms and with very feeble arguments.

December 13th.—At Windsor yesterday for a Council. My letter "Carolus" has made a decided hit. Delane told me yesterday that it had certainly produced a considerable effect, as he could tell from the innumerable letters he received about it, some for and some against. The Ministers were for the most part shy of talking to me about it; but John Russell came up to me and said, "Well, I have derived a great deal of information from your letter. I think it is very good." I laughed, and said, "I'm glad you like it; you ought to be pleased, because I have praised you up to the skies, and described your speech as a model of wisdom." He laughed too, and said, "Yes, but that was not the part of it I liked the best."

I brought Palmerston from the station in my brougham; all very amicable. We talked about Popery and Germany, and agreed very well; he mighty reasonable. He told me the Pope had expressed great surprise at the effect of his measures, and disclaimed any intention of affronting the Queen or this country. The Pope said he had been induced to take the steps he had done by advice from this country, and Palmerston thinks that Wiseman was probably at the bottom of it all.

Bowood, December 26th.—Went on Tuesday in last week to Panshanger, on Saturday to Brocket,[1] Monday to London, and Tuesday here; we were very merry at Panshanger.[2] The house and its Lord and Lady furiously Protestant and anti-Papal; so we had a great deal of wrangling and chaffing; all in good humour and amusing enough.

[1] Lord Melbourne's house.

[2] Lord Cowper's. Lady Cowper was sister to Lord Palmerston and one of C. G.'s greatest friends.

1851

London, February 20th.—I broke off what I was writing two months ago, having been attacked by a severe fit of the gout, which has tormented me on and off ever since, partly deterring and partly disabling me from writing anything whatever. Indeed I have been in a hundred minds whether I should not here and now close my journalising, for I don't feel as if I had, or was likely to have, anything more to say worth writing about. It is perhaps no loss to have omitted any notice of the meeting of Parliament, and what has taken place with reference to the Anti-Papal Bill, and other matters. Are not these things amply narrated in all the newspapers of the day? —and I do not think I have acquired any knowledge or information besides, or at least none of any importance. I shall therefore not attempt to go over the ground or any part of it, that we have been travelling over for the last two months; but I am induced to forgo my purpose of shutting up my books and abandoning this occupation, partly from reluctance to quit it entirely, and partly because I think we are in a very precarious and difficult state, and that a crisis seems imminent, fraught with great interest and great danger. In such circumstances I like to write what I know and hear, and to record my own impressions and opinions.

Brocket, February 24th.—Events have come quickly on us. On Thursday night Locke King brought on his annual motion for extension of the suffrage, and moved for leave to bring in a bill. Lord John opposed it, but pledged himself that he would bring in a measure next Session, if he was still in office. Nevertheless he was beaten by two to one—100 to 52. The Conservatives went away, no trouble was taken, and this was the result. The conduct of the Radicals was offensive. Locke King, after Lord John's promise, wanted not to divide; but Hume, Bright, and their faction insisted on dividing, and one of them (I think Bright) insultingly said, " If you

don't divide and beat him, he will throw over his promise and do nothing." Still not a creature in or out of the House expected he would regard such a defeat as this as a matter of any importance, and great and general were the surprise and consternation when Lord John got up, just when the Budget was to have come on, and made an announcement which was tantamount to resignation. The House dispersed in a state of bewilderment, and the town was electrified with the news. At night there was a party at Lady Granville's, and there it became known that the Government was in fact out. It seemed the more unaccountable because Stanley had sent them word of what had been resolved at his meeting, which was neither more nor less than a sham attack on the Income Tax, which the Tories did not expect or intend to succeed. Lord John, however, had resolved to resign after Friday's check, not on that account only, but on the cumulative case of many unmistakable symptoms of the hostility of the House of Commons and the impossibility of his going on. So he thought he had better "do early and from foresight that which he should be obliged to do from necessity at last," as Mr. Burke said on a different occasion. Ellice said Lord John was quite right. However, I think such was not the general opinion, nor is it mine. Looking at the state of the country and the obvious difficulty, if not impossibility, of forming any other Government, still more of forming one entitled to, or which could obtain, the confidence and support of the Crown and the country, I am very strongly of opinion that he ought to have fought the battle for some time longer, not to have yielded to any hostile manifestations, or to the probability, however great, of damaging or fatal defeats, but to have encountered without flinching all the opposition he might meet with, and not to desert his post till the worst he apprehended should actually occur.

However, the Government had resigned; somebody must be sent for, and something must be done. We

heard this morning that Stanley had been with the Queen, had refused to take office for the present, but said he did not refuse absolutely if no other Government could be formed; and that John Russell, Aberdeen, and Graham met afterwards at the Palace. So matters stand up to this time.

London, February 25th.—I came to town yesterday morning and found everything unsettled: Aberdeen, Graham, and John Russell trying to agree upon some plan, and to form a Government. At half-past four Delane came into my room, straight from Aberdeen. Aberdeen told him he was still engaged in this task, but, he owned, with anything but sanguine hopes of success. In the House of Commons John Russell made his statement, and when he had made it Disraeli, without tact or decency, denied that it was correct. John Russell was not very discreet in what he said. He ought not to have said a word, nor need he, of what passed between Stanley and the Queen. Disraeli disgusted everybody by what he said, and his manner of saying it. Lord Lansdowne, Carlisle, and Labouchere dined here (Bruton Street), and about eleven o'clock a box was brought to Lord Lansdowne. It was a circular from John Russell announcing the final failure of the Graham negotiation, and that everything was at an end. It broke off on the Papal Question, on which they could not come to an agreement, though John Russell was ready to make some concessions. I don't think Graham wished to complete any combination, and preferred throwing the thing back on Stanley. Gladstone is expected to-morrow;[1] Sidney Herbert says he will not join a Stanley Government. Everybody goes over the lists of Peers and Commoners whom Stanley can command, and the scrutiny presents the same blank result of men without experience or capacity, save only Herries, who is past seventy, and has been rusting for twenty years and more; and Disraeli, who has nothing but the clever-

[1] On his return from Naples.

ness of an adventurer. Nobody has any confidence in him, or supposes he has any principles whatever; and it remains to be seen whether he has tact and judgment enough to lead the House of Commons.

February 26th.—Nothing more known yesterday except that Stanley had accepted the task of *trying* to form a Government.

February 27th.—It appears that Stanley was to say yesterday whether he would *try* or not. He is trying. Canning and Gladstone having refused, it remains to be seen whether he can and will make a Government out of his own party. Most people think he will not. Everybody asks, nobody can tell, whether he will throw over Protection or go for it. His followers now say nothing about *Protection,* but ask for *confidence.* His rabble are very violent, and abuse him for not at once taking the Government. This does not make his position easier. Disraeli has behaved very well and told Stanley to do what he pleased with him; he would take any office, and, if he was likely to be displeasing to the Queen, one that would bring him into little personal communication with her. If he could get anybody essential to his Government to join (Gladstone, of course), he would act under him. The town is in a fever of curiosity, incessant enquiries and no answers, heaps of conjectures and lies.

February 28th.—I met Gladstone yesterday morning. From the tone of his conversation his negotiation with Stanley must have been very short indeed. He said he had come over entirely on account of the Papal Bill. After another day of curiosity, and rather a growing belief that Stanley would form a Government, it was announced in the afternoon that he had given it up. He had a meeting of some of his principal friends,[1] and they agreed with him in the propriety of his resigning the task. Great excitement at night, and the Whigs in extraordinary glee,

[1] There is a well-known and most amusing memorandum by Disraeli describing this conference. (Buckle's Life, III, 290-295.)

foreseeing the restoration of John Russell and his colleagues.

March 2nd.—I went to the House of Lords on Friday to hear Stanley's statement. He made a very good speech and a lucid statement. Nothing could be more civil and harmonious than all that passed; great moderation and many compliments. The impression on my mind was that Stanley was sick to death of his position as leader of the Protectionists, and everybody agrees that he has been in tearing spirits these last days, and especially since the announcement of his failure. He tried everything and everybody, as I believe, without either the desire or the expectation of succeeding. Nothing surprises me more than that anybody should think he could form a Government, as many very acute people did. What happened was almost sure to happen—the fear and reluctance of many of his own people to undertake a task for which they were conscious they were unfit. A man must be very ambitious and very rash and confident, who, when it comes to the point, does not hesitate to accept a very important and responsible office without having had any official experience, or possessing any of the knowledge which a due administration of the office demands.

On Friday morning the Queen resolved to send for the Duke of Wellington, which, however, was in reality a mere farce, for the Duke can do nothing for her, and can give her no advice but to send for John Russell again.

March 4th.—The last act of the drama fell out as everybody foresaw it would and must. The Duke of Wellington advised the Queen to send for Lord John again. He was sent for, and came back with his whole crew, and without any change whatever. This was better than trying some trifling patch-up, or some shuffling of the same pack, and it makes a future reconstruction more easy. Last night it was announced to both Houses, and coldly enough received in the House of Commons. There

can be no doubt that Lord John returns damaged, weak, and unpopular. His personal and social qualities are not generally attractive, and this is a great misfortune in such circumstances of difficulty. It is very difficult to say how they will be able to go on, and what sort of treatment they will experience from the House of Commons. The only thing that will obtain for them anything like forbearance and support will be the very general dread of a dissolution, and the anxiety of members to stave it off. This may get them through the Session; but their friends are nervous, frightened, and uneasy, and the general opinion is that they will break down again before the end of it. If they do, they must dissolve, for that is the only alternative left.

Lord Granville dined at the Palace last night, and the Queen and Prince Albert both talked to him a great deal of what has been passing, and very openly. She is satisfied with herself, as well she may be, and hardly with anybody else; not dissatisfied personally with Stanley, of whom she spoke in terms indicative of liking him. She thinks John Russell and his Cabinet might have done more than they did to obtain Graham and the Peelites, and might have made the Papal question more of an open question; but Granville says that it is evident she is heart and soul with the Peelites, so strong is the old influence of Sir Robert, and they are very stout and determined about Free Trade. The Queen and Prince think this resuscitated concern very shaky, and that it will not last. Her favourite aversions are: first and foremost, Palmerston; and Disraeli next.[1] It is very likely that this latter antipathy (which no doubt Stanley discovered) contributed to his reluctance to form a Government.

March 10*th*.—I was interrupted, as I was writing, by

[1] It is curious that the change which Peel effected in the Queen's feelings towards himself should have been repeated twenty years later—though far more strongly—by Disraeli. In the case of Palmerston there was also a conversion though it was less complete.

the arrival of Graham[1] himself, who stayed two hours, talking over everything. He left no doubt about his wishes for Stanley's forming a Government, for he told me that he never was more sorry for anything than for his failure. He still contemplates the great probability of such a Government, supposing a dissolution to take place, and the return of a Parliament prepared to vote for an import duty, and his mind is still bent on a joint action between himself and the Whigs *in opposition*. This is what he wants. He is not aware of the antipathy there is towards him on the part of many of them.

Graham again entered at great length into all the objections against the Papal Bill, and the bad policy and mistakes of the Government.

March 27th.—The great debate[2] terminated yesterday morning, after a magnificent speech from Gladstone, and a very smart personal attack of Disraeli on Graham, which was done with his usual sarcastic power, and was very generally cheered. As they left the House, Disraeli said to John Russell, "I could not help attacking your *Right Honourable friend*, but I don't suppose you are very angry with me." "No," he replied, "I am not angry with you, but you did not say anything of which I have any reason whatever to complain." The debate was on the whole very able, but a preponderance of argument on one side as great as the majority was on the other. Roundell Palmer, Graham, Fox, and Gladstone made admirable speeches; while, except Walpole's, there was nothing very good on the other. Disraeli did not attempt to argue the case.

April 10th.—At Newmarket on Sunday, and returned yesterday. It was worth while to be there to see Stanley. A few weeks ago he was on the point of being Prime Minister, which only depended on himself. Then he

[1] Sir James Graham, after Peel's death, was regarded as the leader of the Peelite group.

[2] On the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill. The Bill was passed, but never enforced. Sixteen years later it was repealed.

stood up in the House of Lords, and delivered an oration full of gravity and dignity, such as became the man who had just undertaken to form an Administration. A few days ago he was feasted in Merchant Taylors' Hall, amidst a vast assembly of lords and commoners, who all acknowledged him as their chief. He was complimented amidst thunders of applause upon his great and statesmanlike qualities, and he again delivered an oration, serious as befitted the lofty capacity in which he there appeared. If any of his vociferous disciples and admirers, if some grave members of either House of Parliament, or any distinguished foreigner who knew nothing of Lord Stanley but what he saw, heard, or read of him, could have suddenly found themselves in the betting room at Newmarket on Tuesday evening and seen Stanley there, I think they would have been in a pretty state of astonishment. There he was in the midst of a crowd of blacklegs, betting men, and loose characters of every description, in uproarious spirits, chaffing, rowing, and shouting with laughter and joking. His amusement was to lay Lord Glasgow a wager that he did not sneeze in a given time, for which purpose he took pinch after pinch of snuff, while Stanley jeered him and quizzed him with such noise that he drew the whole mob around him to partake of the coarse merriment he excited. It really was a sight and a wonder to see any man playing such different parts, and I don't suppose there is any other man who would act so naturally, and obey all his impulses in such a way, utterly regardless of appearances, and not caring what anybody might think of the minister and the statesman so long as he could have his fun.

April 14th.—Graham called on me yesterday. He generally comes every Sunday now; talked gloomily about everything, and seemed to think it very doubtful if the Government would get through the Session. On Disraeli's motion the other night, on which there was only a majority of thirteen, he said Gladstone had a great mind

to vote against them, and if he had, others of the Peelites would have gone with him, and the Government would have been in a minority; that Disraeli had managed his matters very ill, and had made a very bad speech. He told me that Gladstone was disgusted with the Government, and determined to turn them out if he could; and from what he said of the disposition of the Peelites, I infer that they are disposed to take Gladstone as their leader, and that they are animated with the same spirit of hostility to the Government. Their views are these: they think that when they have got the Government out, and there shall have been a general election, Stanley will find there is so small a majority for Protection, or none at all, that he will give it up, and then Protection being abandoned, that they may join him, and the old Conservative party may be thus rallied and reunited. Such is the view of Gladstone, and the Duke of Newcastle and Sidney Herbert go along with him.

May 10th.—On the day of the opening of the Great Exhibition[1] I went into the Park instead of the inside, being satisfied with fine sights in the way of processions and royal magnificence, and thinking it more interesting and curious to see the masses and their behaviour. It was a wonderful spectacle to see the countless multitudes, streaming along in every direction, and congregated upon each bank of the Serpentine down to the water's edge, no soldiers, hardly any policemen to be seen, and yet all so orderly and good-humoured. The success of everything was complete, the joy and exultation of the Court unbounded. The Queen wrote a touching letter to John Russell, full of delight at the success of her husband's undertaking, and at the warm reception which her subjects gave her. Since that day all the world has been flocking to the Crystal Palace, and we hear nothing but

[1] The first of many similar exhibitions. It was held in Hyde Park, with the Crystal Palace as its central building, and was generally regarded as a great demonstration in favour of international peace. Prince Albert and the Queen gave it their enthusiastic support.

expressions of wonder and admiration. The *frondeurs* are all come round, and those who abused it most vehemently now praise it as much.

May 31st.—I have been too much occupied, even absorbed, by my Derby concerns to trouble myself about anything else, but I have at least been occupied to some purpose, for I won the largest sum I ever did win in any race, the greatest part of which I have received, and no doubt shall receive the whole. Meanwhile the world seems to have thought of nothing but the Exhibition, and all politics have appeared flat, stale, and unprofitable. This has turned to the advantage of the Government, who after weathering other storms were finally set on their legs by the excellent division they got on Baillie's motion about Ceylon. Everybody now admits that they are quite safe for this Session, after which we shall see; but though they are considered, and really are, a weak Government, their weakness is strength compared with that of the other party, which is hopelessly distracted and disorganised.

June 8th.—I broke off what I was writing to go to Ascot. There is a picture in *Punch* of the shipwrecked Government saved by the "Exhibition" steamer, which really is historically true, thanks in great measure to the attractions of the Exhibition, which have acted upon the public as well as upon Parliament. The attacks upon the Government have for some time past become so languid, and there has been so much indifference and *insouciance* about politics and parties, that John Russell and his Cabinet have been relieved from all present danger. The cause of Protection gets weaker every day; all sensible and practical men give it up as hopeless; nevertheless that party will make a desperate struggle when the elections take place, and though they will infallibly fail in bringing back Protection, they will probably have success enough to make government if possible more difficult than it is now.

July 5th.—Politics are stagnant; the Government has had no difficulties, and they are gliding through the Session with an ease and safety which was not promised at the beginning of it. Their enemies have done more for them than their friends. Protection falls lower and lower and becomes every day more obviously hopeless; and this really is about all there is to say. The question that most interests the public is that of the retention or removal of the Crystal Palace. Curiously enough, the Prince, whose child it is, and who was so earnestly bent on keeping it in existence, has now turned round, and is for demolishing it.

The Grove, September 7th.—After four years' absence during Clarendon's viceroyalty I find myself here again, glad to revisit a place where I have passed so much agreeable time, glad to be in my old room, and look upon the pictures, which are like old and familiar acquaintances. My journalising has grown very slack; instead of one book[1] in three months or four, I have written half a book in six. I had contemplated a summary of the Session, but abandoned it in disgust, and I have never met with anybody or heard anything sufficient to rouse me from my idleness and indifference for weeks or even months past. I have myself been so occupied with racing, at which I have been generally successful, that I have hardly thought of politics.

London, November 8th.—At Newmarket I seldom hear or think of politics, but this time an incident occurred in which I took a part, and which was very near leading to serious consequences. About three weeks ago Kossuth[2] arrived in England, and was received at

[1] The books in which he wrote his journal; now in the British Museum. There are altogether ninety-three of them; plain, square "copy-books," in a red cover except the first three or four—which are in black—with the dates at the beginning and end of each book in large writing on the outside.

[2] Louis Kossuth, the famous patriot, had been the chief figure in the Hungarian War of Independence, and became for a time the virtual Dictator of Hungary. After the defeat of the Hungarians, through the

Southampton and Winchester with prodigious demonstrations and a great uproar on the part of Mayors and Corporations, the rabble and a sprinkling of Radicals, of whom the most conspicuous were Cobden and Dudley Stuart. While Kossuth was still at Southampton, but about to proceed to London, on Monday, October 24th, I received a letter from my brother Henry, informing me that he had just received information that Palmerston was going to receive Kossuth, and he entreated me, if I had any influence with the Government, to try and prevent such an outrage, and that he believed if it was done Buol would be recalled. I could not doubt that the information from such a quarter was correct, and it was confirmed by a notice in one of the *pro*-Kossuth papers, that Lord Palmerston was going to receive Mr. Kossuth "privately and unofficially." Thinking that it would be an outrage, and one in all probability attended with serious consequences, I resolved to write to John Russell at once. I sent him a copy of my brother's letter, only putting the names in blank, said that the authority on which this was notified to me compelled me to attend to it, and added, "I send you this without comment; you will deal with it as you think fit, 'liberavi animam meam.'" The result of this communication was that Lord John Russell addressed a remonstrance to Lord Palmerston. Lord Palmerston replied with his usual audacity that "he would not be dictated to and should receive whomsoever he pleased in his own house, but that his office was at the disposal of the Government." On receiving this answer Lord John instantly summoned a Cabinet and laid it before them. Ministers were of opinion (all but

intervention of the Czar of Russia, Kossuth escaped to Turkey, and from there came to England, arriving at Southampton on October 23rd. With a wonderful command of English he went about the country making eloquent speeches in praise of freedom and denunciation of Russia, and stirring up feelings of indignation which are said to have been among the indirect causes of the Crimean War. Cobden described him as "the first orator of the age." After forty years of exile in England and Italy, he died at Turin in 1894, at the age of ninety-two.

one) that Lord Palmerston should not receive Kossuth, and he accordingly submitted to the decision of his colleagues.

November 16th.—I was at Windsor for a Council on Friday. There I saw Palmerston and Lord John mighty merry and cordial, talking and laughing together. Those breezes leave nothing behind, particularly with Palmerston, who never loses his temper, and treats everything with gaiety and levity. The Queen is vastly displeased with the Kossuth demonstrations, especially at seeing him received at Manchester with as much enthusiasm as attended her own visit to that place.

November 22nd.—At Brocket on Tuesday and Wednesday last. I found Beauvale knew all about the Palmerston and Kossuth affair, and was of course mightily pleased at his brother-in-law's defeat, and at the interview not having taken place. But on Wednesday afternoon we were both of us astounded at reading in the paper the account of the deputation to Palmerston, the addresses and his answers.[1] We both agreed that he had only *reculé pour mieux sauter*, and that what he had now done was a great deal worse and more offensive than if he had received Kossuth. The breach of faith and the defiance towards John Russell and his colleagues are flagrant, and the whole affair astonishing even in him who has done such things that nothing ought to astonish me. I am waiting with the greatest curiosity to see what John Russell will do, and how he will take it, and how it will be taken by the Queen and the foreign Courts and Ministers. To receive an address in which the Emperors of Russia and Austria are called despots, tyrants, and odious assassins, and to express great gratification at it, is an unparalleled outrage, and when to this is added a speech breathing Radical sentiments and interference, it is difficult to believe that the whole thing can pass off

[1] In reply to a deputation from Finsbury and Islington, who congratulated him on the liberation of Kossuth.

without notice. But I have seen such repeated instances of lukewarmness and pusillanimous submission to Palmerston that I have little or no expectation of his colleagues taking it up seriously; and if they do stir in the matter Palmerston, with his usual mixture of effrontery and adroitness, will contrive to pacify them and get rid of the whole thing, and then go on as before. It is evident that he has seized the opportunity of the Kossuth demonstrations to associate himself with them, and convert the popular excitement into political capital for himself. He thinks to make himself too formidable, by having the masses at his back, for his colleagues to dare to quarrel with him, and by this audacious defiance of them he intends to make himself once for all master of the situation.

November 24th.—Yesterday morning Disraeli called on me to speak to me about his work, "The Life of George Bentinck," which he has written and is just going to bring out. I read him a part of my sketch of his character. I found that he meant to confine it to his political career of the last three years of his existence, and to keep clear of racing and all his antecedent life. He seems to have formed a very just conception of him, having, however, seen the best of him, and therefore taking a more favourable view of his character than I, who knew him longer and better, could do. I asked him, supposing George Bentinck had lived, what he thought he would have done, and how he would have succeeded as a Minister and Leader of a Government in the House of Commons if his party had come in. He said he would have failed. There were, besides, the defects of his education and want of flexibility in his character. In his speaking there were physical defects he never could have got over, and as it had been proved that he could not lead an Opposition, still less would he have been able to lead a Government. He said, what is very true, that he had not a particle of conceit; he was

very obstinate, but had no vanity. Disraeli thinks Henry Bentinck very clever too. He told me his book was to contain a character of Peel which had never been described. I asked him if he would like to see what I had written about him. Very much, he said; so I gave it to him.

December 3rd.—At twelve o'clock yesterday morning the wonderful Electric Telegraph brought us word that two hours before the President had accomplished his *Coup d'État* at Paris with success. Everybody expected it would happen, nobody that it would happen so soon.

Panshanger, December 14th.—Naturally the French Revolution has absorbed all interest. The success of Louis Napoleon's *Coup d'État* has been complete, and his audacity and unscrupulousness marvellous. The French are indeed a strange people, so restless, fierce, and excitable that they are ready to upset Governments with the smallest possible show of reason or necessity—with cause as in 1830, or without cause as in 1848—and they acquiesce without a struggle, and tamely endure the impudent and vulgar democratic rule of the blackguards and mountebanks of the Provisional Government at the latter period, and now the unlimited and severe military despotism of Louis Napoleon. The press in this country has generally inveighed with great indignation against him, very much overdoing the case. Society in general is in a rather neutral state. Few can approve of his very violent measures and arbitrary acts, but on the other hand there was such a general feeling of contempt for the Constitution, and of disgust at the conduct of the Assembly and the parties which divided it, that nobody lamented their overthrow, or regarded with the slightest interest or compassion the leaders who have been so brutally and ignominiously treated.

London, December 19th.—Mr. Disraeli has sent me his book, the "Life of Lord George Bentinck," which, though principally recording very dry Parliamentary debates, he

has managed to make very readable. He does ample justice to his hero, but I think without exaggeration; and he certainly makes him out to have been a very remarkable man, with great ability and a superhuman power of work. It is the more extraordinary because for above forty years George Bentinck was indolent, and addicted to none but frivolous pursuits, though he always pursued his pleasurable occupations in a business-like and laborious manner. The character of Peel in this book is curious, but I do not think it is unfair, and it is in a becoming spirit of seriousness and even respect, fully acknowledging his great qualities, but freely criticising his character and his career. The Jewish episode[1] is amusing, and I like it for its courage.

London, December 22nd.—I met Disraeli and told him what I thought of his book. It is difficult to know what he is at, for, although he knows my opinion of George Bentinck and of Peel and of Free Trade, he nevertheless wanted me to review his book in the *Times,* and he made a sort of indirect overture to me for the purpose. Of course I said it was out of the question. Graham is very indignant with Disraeli, and treats his character of Peel as a great and malignant outrage. In my opinion he is quite wrong. I sent him my own sketch, which he says is in a more kindly spirit; but he is evidently not satisfied with it.

On Friday last Mr. Luttrell died, at the age of eighty-one, having been long ill, and confined to his bed with great suffering. When I first came into the world, nearly forty years ago, he was one of the most brilliant members of society, celebrated for his wit and repartee, and for many years we lived in great intimacy and in the same society. He was the natural son of old Lord Carhampton, but was always on bad terms with his father. He had been a member of the Irish Parliament, and obtained a

[1] He is referring, of course, to the famous chapter on "The Jewish Question" (Ch. XXIV) which, though entirely unconnected with the subject of the book, is an extraordinarily brilliant piece of work—as sincere in motive as it is rhetorical in execution.

place, afterwards commuted for a pension, on which he lived. He never took any part in public life, was always in narrow circumstances, and had the air, and I think the feeling, of a disappointed man. His death has removed one of the last survivors of a brilliant generation, a conspicuous member of such a society as the world has rarely seen, nothing approaching to which exists at present, and such as perhaps it will never see again.

December 23rd.—Palmerston is out!—actually, really, and irretrievably out. I nearly dropped off my chair yesterday afternoon, when at five o'clock, a few moments after the Cabinet had broken up, Granville rushed into my room and said, "It is none of the things we talked over; Pam is out, the offer of the Foreign Office goes to Clarendon to-night, and if he refuses, which of course he will not, it is to be offered to me!" Granville came to town on Saturday, not knowing (as none of the Ministers did) what the Cabinet was about. On Sunday he received a note from John Russell, begging him not to come to it, and telling him he would afterwards inform him why. This of course surprised him, but after going about amongst such of his colleagues as were here, he arrived at the conclusion that the matter related to foreign affairs, that Normanby was to be recalled, and the Paris Embassy offered to him, or that he was to be sent to Paris on a special mission. We discussed these contingencies together with all other changes of office which occurred to us, but we neither of us dreamt of the truth. It now appears that the cause of Palmerston's dismissal, for dismissed he is, is his having committed the Government to a full and unqualified approval of Louis Napoleon's *coup d'état,* which he did in conversation with Walewski, but so formally and officially, that Walewski wrote word to his own Government that ours approved entirely of all that Louis Napoleon had done. Upon this piece of indiscretion, to which it is probable that Palmerston attached no

importance, being so used to act off his own bat, and never dreaming of any danger from it, Lord John determined to act. But though this was the pretext, the *causa causans* was without any doubt the Islington speech and deputations, and his whole conduct in that affair.[1]

December 24th.—To my unspeakable astonishment Granville informed me yesterday that Clarendon had refused the Foreign Office, and that he had accepted it.

Brocket, Christmas Day.—I received a letter from Clarendon yesterday afternoon with his reasons for declining. They are very poor ones, and amount to little more than his being afraid of Palmerston, first of his suspecting it was an intrigue to get rid of him, and secondly, of the difficulties Palmerston would throw in his way at the Foreign Office. He had advised Lord John to take Granville, but he said if it was absolutely necessary, he would accept. I can't help thinking he will be mortified at his advice being so immediately taken. His conduct has been to my mind very pusillanimous and unworthy of him.

1852

February 5th.—I might have saved myself the trouble of writing down a scattered and imperfect notice of the Palmerstonian dismissal, since John Russell told the whole story on Tuesday night. The public interest and curiosity to hear the " explanations " were intense. Up to almost the last moment the confidence and the *jactance* of the Palmerston clique were boundless. At length the moment arrived. In all my experience I never recollect such a triumph as John Russell achieved, and such complete discomfiture as Palmerston's. Lord John made a very able speech, and disclosed as much as was necessary, and no more.

[1] Referred to above on November 22nd.

London, March 26th.—I was taken ill before I had time to finish what I was writing, and have been laid up ever since with a violent attack of gout and fever, from which I am now slowly recovering. During all the time of the change of Government[1] I was in my bed, and not allowed to see anybody; but for the last few days I have been able to come into my drawing-room and receive visitors, who have come in great numbers, and of every imaginable variety, to see me, so that I have had enough of occupation and amusement. I cannot pretend to write any account of what has been passing, and not having recorded, as I heard them, the scraps of unknown matters, I am now unable to do so. The new Government is treated with great contempt, and many of the appointments are pitiable. But, while it is the fashion to exalt Derby himself, and treat with great scorn almost all his colleagues, I think Derby himself is quite as unfit for the post of Prime Minister as any of them can be for those they occupy. His extreme levity and incapacity for taking grave and serious views, though these defects may be partially remedied by the immensity of his responsibility, will ever weigh upon his character, and are too deeply rooted in it to be eradicated. His oratory is his forte, and without that he would be a very ordinary man. His speeches since he took office have been excellent, and in a very becoming tone and spirit; but the notion, which is generally entertained, of his being so high-minded and chivalrous, is a mistake. He is not so in private life—that is, in his transactions on the turf—and it is not likely that a man should be one thing in private, and another in public, life.

The great object of interest and curiosity this Session

[1] The Whig Government had been defeated in their proposals for reconstituting the Militia upon an amendment moved by Palmerston, who called it his "tit-for-tat on John Russell." On this Lord John resigned, and Stanley, who was now Lord Derby, became Prime Minister, with Disraeli as Chancellor of the Exchequer and Leader of the House of Commons.

has been Palmerston; everybody anxious to see to which side he leaned. A short time ago he evinced a disposition towards reconciliation with John Russell. The latter invited him to his meeting at Chesham Place; Palmerston did not go, but was rather pleased at being invited; and soon after John Russell went to one of Lady Palmerston's parties, and talked to Palmerston a good while. The Whigs expect and desire that he will return to them, and, in the event of a change, come again into office, but not the Foreign Office, which he says himself he does not again wish for. Derby offered him office, which he at once refused, on hearing that Protection was not given up; but many think he will after all join Derby, as soon as this question is finally disposed of. I doubt it, for he would not serve under Disraeli, and Disraeli would hardly give up the leadership having once enjoyed it. The Peelites sit together, all except Graham, who has regularly joined John Russell, and sits beside him. Nobody knows what they mean to do, nor which party they will eventually join. At present Gladstone's speeches do not look like a junction with Derby, but nothing is more possible than that, as soon as the great stumbling-block is removed, they will go over to this Government, and the leaders take office. They most of them hate the Whigs, and there is certainly no great, if any, difference of opinion between them and the Derbyites, except on the question of Free Trade. Graham rather expects this result. I asked him if he thought Disraeli would consent to resign the lead to anybody. He thought not, certainly not to Gladstone; possibly he might to Palmerston. There are great complaints of Disraeli in the House of Commons. They say he does not play his part as leader with tact and propriety, and treats his opponents impudently and uncourteously, which is egregiously foolish, and will end by exposing him to some great mortification; the House of Commons will not stand such behaviour from such a man.

London, May 2nd.—I have been for some time past so disgusted with politics and politicians, and have been driven to take such a gloomy view of affairs and of our prospects, that I could not bring myself to resume my task of noting down such matters as might appear not wholly unworthy of being recorded. At last I have resolved to run over the principal occurrences of the last few weeks. The Derby Government has been sinking more and more in public opinion. The shuffling and reserve of Derby in the House of Lords, coupled with the declarations on the hustings of his adherents, especially Kelly, Solicitor-General, and the extraordinary and still unexplained escapade of Walpole in the House of Commons about giving votes to the Militia,[1] have all tended to bring them into discredit and contempt. The Opposition were much elated at seeing the Government in this state, and in fact they had a very good game to play, when the petulance, obstinacy, and imprudence of John Russell brought upon them a disastrous defeat, and set up the Government completely.[2] The Peelites are of course disgusted, and, never liking John Russell, will be less than ever inclined to form a junction with him. Palmerston's conduct in this debate paves the way for his joining Derby if he chooses it, and it is by no means improbable that a large proportion of the Peelites will do the same.

The probability of this is increased by Disraeli's speech the night before last, on bringing on his Budget. This was a great performance, very able, and was received with great applause in the House. But the extraordinary part

[1] Spencer Walpole, the new Home Secretary—afterwards more successful as an historian—had given notice of a new clause in the Militia Bill giving every Militiaman after two years' service a Parliamentary vote. The proposal excited much ridicule, and had to be withdrawn.

[2] Here follows a criticism of Lord John Russell for his opposition to the second reading of the Militia Bill. "The fault was enormous, for the inconsistency was glaring. Palmerston instantly fell upon him with the greatest acrimony"; and the Bill was carried by a majority of more than two to one.

of it was the frank, full, and glowing panegyric he passed on the effect of the Free Trade measures of Sir Robert Peel, proving by elaborate statistics the marvellous benefits which had been derived from his tariffs and reduction of duties—not, however, alluding to Corn. All this was of course received with delight and vehemently cheered by the Whigs and Peelites, but in silence and discontent by his own side. It was neither more nor less than a magnificent funeral oration upon Peel's policy, and as such it was hailed, without any taunting, or triumphing, or reproaches, on account of his former conduct to Peel, except a few words from Hume and Wakley. It is difficult to say what may be the effect of this speech, but it seems impossible that Protection in any shape can be attempted after it; and it certainly opens a door to the admission of any Peelites who may be disposed to join a Conservative Government, for even their personal feelings against Dizzy will be mitigated by it.

Bath, July 7th.—The elections are now begun, and a few days will disclose whether Derby's Government will be able to stand its ground or not. Both parties are excessively confident, for at this moment the world may be divided between the supporters and opponents of the present Government, though the latter will be split into a dozen different factions when Parliament meets. The first act of the Derby drama has been curious enough; they have in some respects done better and in some worse than was expected of them. Derby himself has shuffled and prevaricated and involved himself in a studied and laboured ambiguity, which has exposed him to bitter taunts and reproaches, and Disraeli has been a perfect will-o'-the-wisp, flitting about from one opinion to another, till his real opinions and intentions are become matter of mere guess and speculation. He has given undoubted proofs of his great ability, and showed how neatly he could handle such a subject as finance, with which he never can have been at all familiar; but having been well taught by

his subalterns, and applying a mind naturally clear, ready, and acute to the subject, he contrived to make himself fully master of it, and to produce to the House of Commons a financial statement the excellence of which was universally admitted and gained him great applause.

London, July 23rd.—After passing a fortnight at Bath, I returned to town, a fortnight ago. The elections are now nearly over, all indeed except some in Ireland. They have been on the whole very unsatisfactory in every respect, and nothing can be more unpromising than our political prospects. The end has been a very considerable gain to the Government, one with which they profess to be perfectly satisfied, and they are quite confident of being able to defeat any attempts to turn them out. Disraeli boasts that he shall have 330 followers, and that he knows where to look for stray votes. He probably overrates his regular force, but he will no doubt get a great many of the neutrals. The conduct of the Government and their supporters has been just what might have been expected from their language in Parliament: they have sacrificed every other object to that of catching votes; at one time and at one place representing themselves as Free Traders, and in another as Protectionists, and everywhere pandering to the ignorance and bigotry of the masses by fanning the No-Popery flame. Disraeli announced that he had no thoughts, and never had any, of attempting to restore Protection in the shape of import duties; but he made magnificent promises of the great things the Government mean to do for the farmers and owners of land, by a scheme the nature and details of which he refused to reveal. All those (comprising almost everybody) who have found themselves obliged to abandon Corn Laws, and to subscribe to the Big Loaf doctrine, have nevertheless talked largely of Protection in the shape of compensation and of justice to the landed interest by means of fiscal arrangements; and this has so far succeeded, that, except in one or two counties, the farmers have been as rabid against Free

Trade and for Protection as if the Government had never renounced their old Protectionist principles, and there is no doubt that they have everywhere supported the Derbyite candidates from a conviction that they are to derive some great though unexplained advantage from the Government. This, and the religious cry, and the utter insensibility of the constituencies to the insincere and shuffling conduct of the Ministers and their supporters, have produced the strong party which we shall see established on the right side of the Chair when Parliament meets.

This state of Parliamentary parties has had the effect of reviving the resentment of the Liberals against John Russell, as they attribute to him and his mismanagement the defeat they have sustained at the election and the present unpromising condition of the Liberal party. Brooks's grumbles audibly against Lord John, and there is an evident indisposition to accept him again as Prime Minister. Fortescue came to the Duke of Bedford the other day, told him this feeling was very strong and prevalent, and urged him to make it known to his brother.

August 2nd.—At Goodwood all last week; glorious weather and the whole thing very enjoyable; a vast deal of great company—Duke of Cambridge, Duke of Mecklenburg, Duke of Parma, Duke of Saxe-Weimar, father of Prince Edward. Derby was there—not in his usual uproarious spirits, chaffing and laughing from morning till night, but cheerful enough, though more sedate than is his wont. We had no political talk at all, at least not general talk; but as the party was mainly Derbyite they communed no doubt amongst each other. They are by way of being very well satisfied with the result of the elections, and their adherents predict a long tenure of office.

August 9th.—The death of D'Orsay, which took place the other day at Paris, is a matter not of political, but of some social interest. Nature had given him powers which

might have raised him to very honourable distinction, and have procured him every sort of success, if they had been well and wisely employed, instead of the very reverse. He was extremely good-looking, very quick, lively, good-natured, and agreeable, with considerable talent, taste for, and knowledge of art, and very tolerably well-informed. Few *amateurs* have excelled him as a painter and a sculptor, though his merit was not so great as it appeared, because he constantly got helped, and his works retouched by eminent artists, whose society he cultivated, and many of whom were his intimate friends. His early life and connexion with the Blessington family was enveloped in a sort of half mystery, for it was never exactly known how his ill-omened marriage[1] was brought about; but the general notion was, that Lord Blessington and Lady Blessington were equally in love with him, and it is certain that his influence over the Earl was unbounded. Whatever his relations may have been with the rest of the family, he at all events devoted his whole life to *her,* and employed all his faculties in making Gore House, where they resided together for many years, an attractive and agreeable abode. His extravagance at one period had plunged him into inextricable difficulties, from which neither his wife's fortune, a large portion of which was sacrificed, nor the pecuniary aid of friends, on whom he levied frequent contributions, were sufficient to relieve him, and for some years he made himself a prisoner at Gore House, and never stirred beyond its four walls, except on a Sunday, to avoid being incarcerated in a more irksome confinement. Nothing, however, damped his gaiety, and he procured the enjoyment of constant society, and devoted himself assiduously to the cultivation of his talent for painting and sculpture, for which he erected a studio in the garden. He was extremely hospitable, and managed to collect a society which was very miscellaneous, but included many eminent and remarkable men of all descriptions,

[1] To the only child and heiress of Lord Blessington by his first wife.

professions, and countries, so that it was always curious and often entertaining. Foreigners of all nations were to be met with there, especially exiles and notabilities of any kind. He was the friend of Louis Napoleon and the friend of Louis Blanc, both of whom at different times I met at Gore House. He had a peculiar talent for drawing people out, and society might have been remarkably agreeable there if the lady of the house had contributed more to make it so. Lyndhurst and Brougham were constant guests; the Bulwers, Landseer, Macready, all authors, artists, and men eminent in any liberal profession, mixed with strangers of every country and colour; and D'Orsay's fashionable associates made the house a very gay and often agreeable resort.

London, September 18th.—It was at Doncaster on Wednesday morning last that I heard of the Duke of Wellington's death, which at first nobody believed, but they speedily telegraphed to London, and the answer proved that the report was correct. Doncaster was probably the only place in the kingdom where the sensation caused by this event was not absorbing and profound; but there, on the morning of the St. Leger, most people were too much occupied with their own concerns to bestow much thought or lamentation on this great national loss. Everywhere else the excitement and regret have been unexampled, and the press has been admirable, especially the *Times*, the biographical notice and article in which paper were both composed many months ago, and shown to me. Indeed the notices of the Duke and the characters drawn of him have been so able and elaborate in all the newspapers, that they leave little or nothing to be said. Still, there were minute traits of character and peculiarities about the Duke which it was impossible for mere public writers and men personally unacquainted with him to seize, but the knowledge and appreciation of which are necessary in order to form a just and complete conception of the man. In spite of some

foibles and faults, he was, beyond all doubt, a very great man—the only great man of the present time—and comparable, in point of greatness, to the most eminent of those who have lived before him. His greatness was the result of a few striking qualities—a perfect simplicity of character without a particle of vanity or conceit, but with a thorough and strenuous self-reliance, a severe truthfulness, never misled by fancy or exaggeration, and an ever-abiding sense of duty and obligation which made him the humblest of citizens and most obedient of subjects. The Crown never possessed a more faithful, devoted, and disinterested subject. Passing almost his whole life in command and authority, and regarded with universal deference and submission, his head was never turned by the exalted position he occupied, and there was no duty, however humble, he would not have been ready to undertake at the bidding of his lawful superiors, whose behests he would never have hesitated to obey. He was utterly devoid of personal and selfish ambition, and there never was a man whose greatness was so *thrust* upon him. It was in this dispassionate unselfishness, and sense of duty and moral obligation, that he was so superior to Napoleon Bonaparte, who, with more genius and fertility of invention, was the slave of his own passions, unacquainted with moral restraint, indifferent to the well-being and happiness of his fellow-creatures; and who in pursuit of any objects at which his mind grasped trampled under foot without remorse or pity all divine and human laws, and bore down every obstacle and scorned every consideration which opposed themselves to his absolute and despotic will. The Duke was a good-natured, but not an amiable man; he had no tenderness in his disposition, and never evinced much affection for any of his relations. His nature was hard, and he does not appear to have had any real affection for anybody, man or woman, during the latter years of his life, since the death of Mrs. Arbuthnot, to whom he probably was attached, and in whom he certainly confided.

Domestic enjoyment he never possessed, and, as his wife was intolerable to him, though he always kept on decent terms with her, at least, ostensibly, he sought the pleasure of women's society in a variety of capricious *liaisons*, from which his age took off all scandal: these he took up or laid aside and changed as fancy and inclination prompted him. His intimate friends and adherents used to smile at these senile *engouements*, but sometimes had to regret the ridicule to which they would have exposed him if a general reverence and regard had not made him a privileged person, and permitted him to do what no other man could have done with impunity. In his younger days he was extremely addicted to gallantry, and had great success with women, of whom one in Spain gained great influence over him, and his passion for whom very nearly involved him in serious difficulties. His other ladies did little more than amuse his idle hours and subserve his social habits, and with most of them his *liaisons* were certainly very innocent. He had been very fond of Grassini, and the successful lover of some women of fashion, whose weaknesses have never been known, though perhaps suspected. These habits of female intimacy and gossip led him to take a great interest in a thousand petty affairs, in which he delighted to be mixed up and consulted. He was always ready to enter into any personal matters, intrigues, or quarrels, political or social difficulties, and to give his advice, which generally (though not invariably) was very sound and good; but latterly he became morose and inaccessible, and cursed and swore at the people who sought to approach him, even on the most serious and necessary occasions.

His position was eminently singular and exceptional, something between the Royal Family and other subjects. He was treated with greater respect than any individual not of Royal birth, and the whole Royal Family admitted him to a peculiar and exclusive familiarity and intimacy in their intercourse with him, which, while he took it

in the easiest manner, and as if naturally due to him, he never abused or presumed upon. Upon every occasion of difficulty, public or private, he was always appealed to, and he was always ready to come forward and give his assistance and advice in his characteristic, plain, and straightforward manner. He held popularity in great contempt, and never seemed touched or pleased at the manifestations of popular admiration and attachment of which he was the object. Whenever he appeared in public he was always surrounded by crowds of people, and when he walked abroad everybody who met him saluted him; but he never seemed to notice the curiosity or the civilities which his presence elicited.

CHAPTER VII

COALITION AND WAR

(1852-55)

1852

October 22nd.—As usual a long interval, for since the Duke's death I have had nothing to write about. Matters in politics remain much as they were. There has been a constant interchange of letters between Lord John Russell and his leading friends and adherents, and conversations and correspondence between these and Palmerston, the result of the whole being a hopeless state of discord and disagreement in the Liberal party, so complete that there appears no possibility of all the scattered elements of opposition being combined into harmonious action, the consequence of which can hardly fail to be the continuance in office of the present Government. The Radicals are in an unsettled and undecided state, neither entirely favourable nor entirely hostile to Lord John; the Peelites are pretty unanimously against him, and not overmuch disposed to join with the Whig party, being still more or less deluded with the hope and belief that they may form a Government themselves. Graham has always maintained (and, as I thought, with great probability) that it would end in Palmerston's joining Derby, and at this moment such an arrangement seems exceedingly likely to happen. There were two or

three articles not long ago in the *Morning Post* (his own paper) which tended that way. I have just been for two days to Broadlands, where I had a good deal of talk with him and with Lady Palmerston, and I came away with the conviction that it would end in his joining this Government.

November 3rd.—Since writing the above, circumstances have occurred which may have an important influence on future political events. John Russell, whether moved by his own reflections or the advice or opinions of others I know not, has entirely changed his mind and become more reasonable, moderate, and pliable than he has hitherto shown himself. He has announced that if it should hereafter be found practicable to form a Liberal Government under Lord Lansdowne, he will not object to serve under him, only reserving to himself to judge of the expediency of attempting such an arrangement, as well as of the Government that may be formed. The letter in which he announced this to Lord Lansdowne was certainly very creditable to him, and evinced great magnanimity. He desired that it might be made known to Palmerston, which was done by Lord Lansdowne, and Palmerston replied with great satisfaction, saying, "for the first time he now saw daylight in public affairs."

The other important matter is a correspondence, or rather a letter from Cobden to a friend of his, in which he expresses himself in very hostile terms towards John Russell and Graham likewise, abuses the Whig Government, and announces his determination to fight for Radical measures, and especially the Ballot. This letter was sent to Lord Yarborough, by him to the Duke of Bedford, and by the Duke to Lord John. He wrote a reply, or, more properly, a comment on it, which was intended to be, and I conclude was, sent to Cobden; a very good letter, I am told, in which he vindicated his own Government, and declared his unalterable resolution to oppose the Ballot, which he said was with him a question of principle, on

which he never would give way. The result of all this is a complete separation between Lord John and Cobden, and therefore between the Whigs and the Radicals. What the ultimate consequences of this may be it is difficult to foresee, but the immediate one will probably be the continuation of Derby in office.

November 12th.—The question of Protection or Free Trade, virtually settled long ago, was formally settled last night, Derby having announced in terms the most clear and unequivocal his final and complete abandonment of Protection, and his determination to adhere to, and honestly to administer, the present system. His speech was received in silence on both sides. There has not yet been time to ascertain the effect of this announcement on the various parties and individuals interested by it.

November 16th.—I went yesterday to the lying in state of the Duke of Wellington; it was fine and well done, but too gaudy and theatrical, though this is unavoidable. Afterwards to St. Paul's to see it lit up. The effect was very good, but it was like a great rout; all London was there strolling and staring about in the midst of a thousand workmen going on with their business all the same, and all the fine ladies scrambling over vast masses of timber, or ducking to avoid the great beams that were constantly sweeping along. These public funerals are very disgusting *meâ sententiâ*. On Saturday several people were killed and wounded at Chelsea; yesterday everything was orderly and well conducted, and I heard of no accidents.

November 21st.—I saw the Duke's funeral from Devonshire House. Rather a fine sight, and all well done, except the car, which was tawdry, cumbrous, and vulgar. It was contrived by a German artist attached to the School of Design, and under Prince Albert's direction—no proof of his good taste. The whole ceremony within St. Paul's and without went off admirably, and without mistakes, mishaps, or accidents; but as all the newspapers overflow with the details I may very well omit them here.

An incident occurred the other night in the House of Commons, which exposed Disraeli to much ridicule and severe criticism. He pronounced a pompous funeral oration on the Duke of Wellington, and the next day the *Globe* showed that half [1] of it was taken word for word from a panegyric of Thiers on Marshal Gouvion de St. Cyr. Disraeli has been unmercifully pelted ever since, and well deserves it for such a piece of folly and bad taste. His excuse is, that he was struck by the passage, wrote it down, and, when he referred to it recently, forgot what it was, and thought it was his own composition. But this poor apology does not save him. Derby spoke very well on the same subject a few nights after in the House of Lords, complimenting the authorities, the people, and foreign nations, particularly France. It is creditable to Louis Napoleon to have ordered Walewski to attend the funeral.[2]

On Saturday night, about twelve o'clock, Miss Mary Berry died after a few weeks' illness, without suffering, and in possession of her faculties, the machine worn out, for she was in her ninetieth year. As she was born nearly a century ago, and was the contemporary of my grandfathers and grandmothers, she was already a very old woman when I first became acquainted with her, and it was not

[1] In fact about a quarter. The part taken without acknowledgment from Thiers consisted of a fine passage of about three hundred words, describing the qualities that go to make a great general. It had originally appeared in a French review in 1829—a review which also contained a notice of Disraeli's first novel, "Vivian Grey." Disraeli seems to have been so much struck by it, that he copied it and translated it and showed it to his friend Smythe, who published it in the *Morning Chronicle* in 1848, as a piece of writing by Thiers, which in fact it was. It is probable that Disraeli had forgotten this—or perhaps never knew it—and therefore thought he could appropriate the Frenchman's eloquence without chance of discovery. The incident is described at length, and the passage quoted, in Buckle's Life.

[2] Count Walewski, the French Ambassador, who was a natural son of Napoleon, was very reluctant to go to it; upon which Baron Brunnow said to him, "If this ceremony were intended to bring the Duke to life again, I can conceive your reluctance to appear at it; but as it is only to bury him, I don't see you have anything to complain of." So Walewski went.

till a later period, about twenty years ago, that I began to live in an intimacy with her which continued uninterrupted to the last. My knowledge of her early life is necessarily only traditional. She must have been exceedingly good-looking, for I can remember her with a fine commanding figure and a very handsome face, full of expression and intelligence. It is well known that she was the object of Horace Walpole's octogenarian attachment,[1] and it has been generally believed that he was anxious to marry her for the sake of bestowing upon her a title and a jointure, which advantages her disinterested and independent spirit would not allow her to accept. She continued nevertheless to make the charm and consolation of his latter days, and at his death she became his literary executrix, in which capacity she edited Madame du Deffand's letters. She always preserved a great veneration for the memory of Lord Orford, and has often talked to me about him. She ranked amongst her friends and associates all the most remarkable literary men of the day, and there certainly was no house at which so many persons of such various qualities and attainments, but all more or less distinguished, could be found assembled.

December 4th.—Last week the House of Commons was occupied with the "Resolutions," the whole history of which was given by Graham, and which need not be repeated here.[2] The divisions were pretty much what were expected, and the only interesting consideration is the effect produced, and the influence of the debate on the state of parties.[3] Palmerston is highly glorified by his small clique, and rather smiled on by the Tories, but he

[1] She first made his acquaintance in 1788, when he was seventy years old, and she twenty-five, her sister Agnes being about a year younger.

[2] Resolutions moved by Charles Villiers declaring the adherence of Parliament to the principles of Free Trade. After three nights' debate, the Resolutions were negatived, and Lord Palmerston's amendment in favour of "unrestricted competition" was accepted by the Government.

[3] There were at this time six parties or groups: the Ministerialists led by Disraeli, the Whigs led by Lord John Russell, the Peelites led by Gladstone, Lord Palmerston and his clique, the Radicals led by Bright and Cobden, and finally the Irish.

has given great offence to both Whigs and Radicals, and removed himself further than ever from a coalition with John Russell and the Liberal party. The Protectionists generally cut a very poor figure, and had nothing to say for themselves. "If people wish for *humiliation*," said Sidney Herbert, "let them look at the benches opposite." But all the dirt they had to eat, and all the mortification they had to endure, did not prevent the Derbyites from presenting a compact determined phalanx of about three hundred men, all resolved to support the Government, and to vote through thick and thin, without reference to their past or present opinions. The Ministerial papers and satellites toss their caps up and proclaim a great victory, but it is difficult to discover in what the victory consists. It certainly shows that they are strong and devoted if not united.

December 6th.—Ever since the termination of the "Resolutions" debate the world has been in a state of intense curiosity to hear the Budget, so long announced, and of which such magnificent things were predicted. The secret was so well kept that nobody knew anything about it, and not one of the hundred guesses and conjectures turned out to be correct. At length on Friday night Disraeli produced his measure in a House crowded to suffocation with members and strangers. He spoke for five and a half hours, much too diffusely, spinning out what he might have said in half the time. The Budget has been on the whole tolerably well received, and may, I think, be considered successful, though it is open to criticism, and parts of it will be fiercely attacked, and he will very likely be obliged to change some parts of it. But though favourably received on the whole, it by no means answers to the extravagant expectations that were raised, or proves so entirely satisfactory to all parties and all interests as Disraeli rather imprudently gave out that it would be. The people who regard it with the least favour are those who will be obliged to give it the most

unqualified support, the ex-Protectionists, for the relief or compensation to the landed interest is very far from commensurate with their expectations. It is certainly of a Free Trade character altogether, which does not make it the more palatable to them. I think it will go down, and make the Government safe. This I have all along thought they would be, and every day seems to confirm this opinion.

December 9th.—Within these few days the Budget, which was not ill received at first, has excited a strong opposition, and to-morrow there is to be a pitched battle and grand trial of strength between the Government and Opposition upon it, and there is much difference of opinion as to the result. The Government have put forth that they mean to resign if beaten upon it.

December 18th.—The last few days have been entirely occupied by the interest of the Budget debate and speculations as to the result. We received the account of the division at Panshanger yesterday morning, not without astonishment; for although the opinion had latterly been gaining ground that the Government would be beaten, nobody expected such a majority against them. Up to the last they were confident of winning. The debate was all against them, and only exhibited their weakness in the House of Commons. It was closed by two very fine speeches from Disraeli and Gladstone,[1] very different in their style, but not unequal in their merits.

Panshanger, December 19th.—Clarendon writes me word that the meeting[2] at Woburn between John Russell, Aberdeen, Newcastle, and himself has been altogether satisfactory, everybody ready to give and take, and anxious

[1] A famous debate in which Disraeli spoke from ten to one, and Gladstone, who followed him, till a little before four, when the division was taken and the Government were beaten by nineteen votes. A violent thunderstorm was raging, but the excited members, we are assured, neither noticed the flashes of lightning nor heard the thunder.

[2] A conference between Whigs and Peelites which resulted in the formation of the Coalition Government.

to promote the common cause, without any selfish views or prejudices. Newcastle is particularly reasonable, disclaiming any hostility to John Russell, and only objecting to his being at present the nominal head of the Government, because there is rightly or wrongly a prejudice against him, which would prevent some Liberals and some Peelites joining the Government if he was placed in that position; but he contemplates his ultimately resuming that post, and he (Newcastle) is ready to do anything in office or out. There is no disposition to take in Cobden and Bright, but they would not object to Molesworth.

I went over to Brocket just now, and found the Palmerstons there. He is not pleased at the turn matters have taken, would have liked the Government to go on at all events some time longer, and is disgusted at the thought of Aberdeen being at the head of the next Ministry. This is likewise obnoxious to the Whigs at Brooks's, and there will be no small difficulty in bringing them to consent to it, if Lansdowne refuses. The difficulties are certainly enormous, but by some means or other I think a Government will be formed.

December 23rd.—It appears that on Tuesday (21st) Aberdeen went to Palmerston, who received him very civilly, even cordially, talked of old times, and reminded him that they had been acquainted for sixty years (since they were at Harrow together), and had lived together in the course of their political lives more than most men. Aberdeen offered him the Admiralty, saying he considered it in existing circumstances the most important office, and the one in which he could render the greatest service to the country, but if he for any reason objected to that office, he begged him to say what other office he would have. Palmerston replied that he had no hostile feeling towards him, but they had for so many years been in strong opposition to each other, that the public would never understand his taking office in Aberdeen's Govern-

ment, and he was too old to expose himself to such misconceptions. And so they parted, on ostensibly very friendly terms, which will probably not prevent Palmerston's joining Derby and going into furious opposition.

Hatchford, Friday, 24th.—The great event of yesterday was Palmerston's accession to the Government. Lord Lansdowne had called on him the day before, and had, I suspect, little difficulty in persuading him to change his determination and join the new Cabinet. He said he would place himself in Lord Lansdowne's hands, and yesterday morning I heard as a secret, though it was speedily published, that he had agreed to take the Home Office. The next thing was Lord John's consent to take the Foreign Office. This he was persuaded to do by Clarendon, who engaged to help him in the work, and relieve him by taking it himself the moment Lord John should find himself unequal to it, and on these conditions he consented. It was settled that Gladstone should be Chancellor of the Exchequer, but Delane went to Aberdeen last night for the purpose of getting him to change this arrangement on the ground of the difficulty there would be about the Income Tax.

The important part of forming the Cabinet is now done, and nothing remains but the allotment of the places. It will be wonderfully strong in point of ability, and in this respect exhibit a marked contrast with the last; but its very excellence in this respect may prove a source of weakness, and eventually of disunion. The late Cabinet had two paramount chiefs, and all the rest nonentities, and the nominal head was also a real and predominant head. In the present Cabinet are five or six first-rate men of equal or nearly equal pretensions, none of them likely to acknowledge the superiority or defer to the opinions of any other, and every one of these five or six considering himself abler and more important than their Premier. They are all at present on very good terms and perfectly satisfied with each other; but this satisfaction does not

extend beyond the Cabinet itself; murmurings and grumblings are already very loud. The Whigs have never looked with much benignity on this coalition, and they are now furious at the unequal and, as they think, unfair distribution of places. Then the Radicals, to judge from their press, are exceedingly sulky and suspicious, and more likely to oppose than to support the new Government. The Irish also seem disposed to assume a menacing and half hostile attitude, and, having contributed to overthrow the last Government, are very likely (according to the policy chalked out for them after the election) to take an early opportunity of aiding the Derbyites to turn out this. Thus hampered with difficulties and beset with dangers, it is impossible to feel easy about their prospects.

London, December 28th.—We had a great reunion here (at Lord Granville's[1]) last night, with half the Cabinet at dinner or in the evening. I told Graham what the feelings of the Whigs were. He said they had a very large and important share, the Chancellors of England and of Ireland, etc., and he defended some of the appointments and consequent exclusions on special grounds.

1853

January 5th.—The elections are all going on well, except Gladstone's, who appears in great jeopardy. Nothing could exceed the disgraceful conduct of his opponents, lying, tricking, and shuffling as might be expected from such a party. The best thing that could happen for Gladstone would be to be beaten, if it were not for the triumph it would be to the blackguards who have got up the contest; for the representation of Oxford is always an embarrassment to a statesman, and Peel's

[1] Greville lived all the later part of his life in Lord Granville's house in Bruton Street.

losing his election there in 1829 was the most fortunate event possible for him.

January 24th.—The Duke of Bedford called here this morning. I had not seen him for an age; he was just come from Windsor with a budget of matter, which as usual he was in such a hurry that he had not time to tell me. The Queen is delighted to have got rid of the late Ministers. She felt, as everybody else does, that their Government was disgraced by its shuffling and prevarication, and she said that Harcourt's pamphlet (which was all true) was sufficient to show what they were.[1] As she is very honourable and true herself, it was natural she should disapprove their conduct.

January 30th.—Yesterday morning Frederic Lamb, Lord Beauvale and Melbourne, with whom both titles cease, died at Brocket after a short but severe attack of influenza, fever, and gout. He was in his seventy-first year. Lady Palmerston thus becomes a rich heiress. He was not so remarkable a man in character as his brother William, less peculiar and eccentric, more like other people, with much less of literary acquirement, less caustic humour and pungent wit, but he had a vigorous understanding, great quickness, a good deal of general information, he was likewise well versed in business and public affairs, and a very sensible and intelligent converser and correspondent. He never was in Parliament, but engaged all his life in a diplomatic career, for which he was very well fitted, having been extremely handsome in his youth, and always very clever, agreeable, and adroit. He consequently ran it with great success, and was in high estimation at Vienna, where his brother-

[1] A pamphlet entitled "The Morality of Public Men," which censured with great severity the conduct of the late Ministers. Its author, aged twenty-five, who was then just beginning a brilliant career at the Bar, was known for a time as "Public Morality Harcourt," and later as Sir William Harcourt, became one of the most prominent men in the politics of the eighties and nineties, Home Secretary, Chancellor of the Exchequer, etc.

in-law, Palmerston, sent him as Ambassador. He was always much addicted to gallantry, and had endless *liaisons* with women, most of whom continued to be his friends long after they ceased to be his mistresses, much to the credit of all parties. After having led a very free and dissolute life, he had the good fortune at sixty years old, and with a broken and enfeebled constitution, to settle (as it is called), by marrying a charming girl of twenty, the daughter of the Prussian Minister at Vienna, Count Maltzahn. This Adine, who was content to unite her May to his December, was to him a perfect angel, devoting her youthful energies to sustain and cheer his valetudinarian existence with a cheerful unselfishness, which he repaid by a grateful and tender affection, having an air at once marital and paternal. She never cared to go anywhere, gave up all commerce with the world and all its amusements and pleasures, contenting herself with such society as it suited him to gather about them, his old friends and some new ones, to whom she did the honours with infinite grace and cordiality, and who all regarded her with great admiration and respect. In such social intercourse, in political gossip, and in her untiring attentions, his last years glided away, not without enjoyment.

February 8th.—Yesterday I went to see the unhappy Lady Beauvale, and, apart from the sorrow of witnessing so much bodily and mental suffering, it is really a singular and extraordinary case. Here is a woman thirty-two years old, and therefore in the prime of life, who has lost a husband of seventy-one deprived of the use of his limbs, and whom she had nursed for ten years, the period of their union, with the probable or possible fatal termination of his frequent attacks of gout constantly before her eyes, and she is not merely plunged in great grief at the loss she has sustained, but in a blank and hopeless despair, which in its moral and physical effects seriously menaces her own existence. She is calm, reasonable and docile,

talks of him and his illness without any excitement, and is ready to do everything that her friends advise; but she is earnestly desirous to die, considers her sole business on earth as finished, and talks as if the prolongation of her own life could only be an unmitigated evil and intolerable burden, and that no ray of hope was left for her of any possibility of happiness or even peace and ease for the future. She is in fact brokenhearted, and that for a man old enough to be her grandfather and a martyr to disease and infirmity; but to her he was everything; she had consecrated her life to the preservation of his, and she kept his vital flame alive with the unwearied watching of a Vestal priestess. "Why," she says, "could I not save him now, as I saved him heretofore?" and not having been able to do so, she regards her own life as utterly useless and unnecessary, and only hopes to be relieved of it that she may (as she believes and expects) be enabled to join him in some other world.

February 19th.—Last night there was the first field day in the House of Commons, Disraeli having made an elaborate and bitter attack on the Government, but especially on Charles Wood and Graham, under the pretence of asking questions respecting our foreign relations, and more particularly with France.[1] His speech was very long, in most parts very tiresome, but with a good deal of ability, and a liberal infusion of that sarcastic vituperation which is his great forte, and which always amuses the House of Commons more or less. It was, however, a speech of devilish malignity, quite reckless and shamelessly profligate; for the whole scope of it was, if possible, to envenom any bad feeling that may possibly exist between France and England, and, by the most exaggerated representations of the offence given by two of the Ministers to the French Government and nation,

[1] Sir Charles Wood, President of the Indian Board, and Sir James Graham, first Lord of the Admiralty in the new Ministry, had both spoken disparagingly of the French Imperial Government.

to exasperate the latter, and to make it a point of honour with them to resent it, even to the extent of a quarrel with us. Happily its factious violence was so great as to disgust even the people on his own side, and the French Government is too really desirous of peace and harmony to pay any attention to the rant of a disappointed adventurer, whose motives and object are quite transparent.

February 20th.—Disraeli's speech on Friday night was evidently a political blunder, which has injured him in the general opinion, and disgusted his own party. It is asserted that he communicated his intention to his followers, who disapproved of it, but he nevertheless persisted. The speech itself was too long; it was dull and full of useless truisms in the first part, but clever and brilliant in the last; and his personalities were very smart and well aimed; but there was not a particle of truth and sincerity in it; it was a mere vituperation and factious display, calculated to do mischief if it produced any effect at all, and quite unbecoming a man who had just been a Minister of the Crown and leader of the House of Commons, and who ought to have been animated by higher motives and more patriotic views. It does not look as if the connexion between Disraeli and the party could go on long. Their dread and distrust of him and his contempt of them render it difficult if not impossible. Pakington is already talked of as their leader, and some think Disraeli wants to shake them off and trade on his own bottom, trusting to his great abilities to make his way to political power with somebody and on some principles, about neither of which he would be very nice. Tom Baring said to me last night, "Can't you make room for him in this Coalition Government?" I said, "Why, will you give him to us?" "Oh, yes," he said, "you shall have him with pleasure."

February 25th.—The Jew question and the Maynooth question have been got over in the House of Commons

without much debate, but by small majorities. The most remarkable incident was young Stanley[1] voting with the majority in both questions, and speaking on Maynooth, and well. As he is pretty sure to act a conspicuous part, it is good to see him taking a wise and liberal line. Disraeli voted for the Jews, but did not speak, which was very base of him. Last night I met Tomline at dinner, who is a friend [2] of his, and told me a great deal about him. He has a good opinion of him, that is, that he has a good disposition, but his personal position perverts him in great measure. He says he dislikes and despises Derby, thinks him a good "Saxon" speaker and nothing more, has a great contempt for his party, particularly for Pakington, whom they seem to think of setting up as leader in his place. The man in the House of Commons whom he most fears as an opponent is Gladstone. He has the highest opinion of his ability, and he respects Graham as a statesman. Tomline told me that his system of attacking the late Sir Robert Peel was settled after this manner. When the great schism took place, three of the seceders went to Disraeli (Miles, Tyrrel, and a third whom I have forgotten), and proposed to him to attack and vilify Peel regularly, but with discretion; not to fatigue and disgust the House, to make a speech against him about once a fortnight or so, and promised if he would that a constant and regular attendance of a certain number of men should be there to cheer and support him, remarking that nobody was ever efficient in the House of Commons without this support certain.[3] He desired twenty minutes to consider

[1] Son of the Prime Minister, whom he succeeded as fifteenth Earl of Derby in 1869. In 1874 became Secretary for Foreign Affairs under Disraeli, but in 1880 joined the Liberal Party and was Colonial Secretary under Gladstone till 1885. The following year he became a Liberal Unionist. He died in 1893.

[2] But there is good reason to doubt if Disraeli reciprocated Mr. Tomline's "friendship."

[3] This anecdote, however, rests entirely on the authority of Mr. Tomline and was probably more than half invented.

this offer, and finally accepted it. We have seen the result, a curious beginning of an important political career. Now they dread and hate him, for they know in his heart he has no sympathy with them, and that he has no truth or sincerity in his conduct or speeches, and would throw them over if he thought it his interest.

March 24th.—As I never see Clarendon now, who is entirely absorbed in the duties of his office, he engaged me to go and dine with him alone yesterday, that we might have a talk about all that is going on, and he told me a great deal of one sort or another. I learnt the state of our relations with France and Russia in reference to the Turkish business, and he gave me to read a very curious and interesting despatch (addressed to John Russell) from Seymour, giving an account of a long conversation he had had with the Emperor Nicholas about Turkey and her prospects and condition, and his own intentions and opinions, which were amicable towards us, and very wise and moderate in themselves, contemplating the dissolution of the Turkish Empire, disclaiming in the strongest terms any design of occupying Constantinople—more than that, declaring that he would not do it—but supposing the event to happen, not thinking the solution of the problem so difficult as it is generally regarded.[1]

April 21st.—I have had such a bad fit of gout in my hand, that I have been unable for some time past to write at all, though there has been plenty to write about. The Government has been sustaining defeats in the House of Commons on detached questions of taxation, much to their annoyance and embarrassment, and which were more serious from the inference to be drawn from them than for their intrinsic importance.

These little battles were, however, of little moment compared with the great event of Gladstone's Budget,

[1] Here follows an account of some of the difficulties and disputes which led, a year later, to the outbreak of the Crimean War.

which came off on Monday night. He had kept his secret so well, that nobody had the least idea what it was to be, only it oozed out that the Income Tax was not to be differentiated. He spoke for five hours, and by universal consent it was one of the grandest displays and most able financial statements ever heard in the House of Commons; a great scheme, boldly, skilfully, and honestly devised, disdaining popular clamour and pressure from without, and the execution of it absolute perfection. Even those who do not admire the Budget, or who are injured by it, admit the merit of the performance. It has raised Gladstone to a great political elevation, and, what is of far greater consequence than the measure itself, has given the country assurance of a *man* equal to great political necessities, and fit to lead parties and direct governments.

April 22nd.—I met Gladstone last night, and had the pleasure of congratulating him and his wife, which I did with great sincerity, for his success is a public benefit. They have been overwhelmed with compliments and congratulations. Prince Albert and the Queen both wrote to him, and John Russell, who is spitefully reported to have been jealous, has, on the contrary, shown the warmest interest and satisfaction in his success. Lord Derby had a great meeting of his supporters not many days ago, at which he recommended union, and cheered them on in opposition, of course for form's sake, talking of *moderation* and *principles*, neither of which he cares a fig for. Mischief and confusion, vengeance against the coalition, and taking the chance of what may happen next, are all that he and Disraeli are bent upon. I met the latter worthy in the street just before the Budget, a day or two previous. He asked me what I thought of the state of affairs, and I told him I thought it very unpleasant, and it seemed next to impossible to carry on the Government at all, everybody running riot in the House of Commons, and following his own fancies and

crotchets; nor did I see how it could be otherwise in the present state of parties and the country; that since Peel's administration, which was a strong Government, there had been and apparently there could be none. The present Government was not strong, and they were perpetually defeated—on minor points indeed, but in a way that showed they had no power to work through Parliament. I said of course they would dissolve if this continued, but that Gladstone's Budget might make a difference one way or the other. Disraeli scouted the idea of a dissolution, by which, he said, they would certainly gain nothing. Why, he asked, did not the Peelites join us again, as they might have done, and got as good terms as they have now, and then there would have been a strong Government again? As I don't want to quarrel with anybody, I restrained what it was on my lips to say—" You could not possibly expect them to join you "—but I did tell him that, even if the present Government could not maintain itself, of all impossible things the most impossible was the restoration of his Government *tale quale*, to which he made no reply. To be sure, the Protectionist seceders from Peel have now drunk the cup of mortification, disgrace, and disaster to the very dregs.

May 15th.—At Newmarket last week, during which the Budget was making its way very successfully through the House of Commons, where Gladstone has it all his own way. The speaker told me he was doing his business there admirably well. While I was at Newmarket came out the strange story of Gladstone and the attempt to extort money from him before the police magistrate.[1] It created for the moment great surprise,

[1] An attempt had been made to extort money from him by a man who saw him in conversation with a woman of ill-fame who had accosted him late at night on his way back from the House of Commons. Gladstone at once gave the man into custody, and appeared next day at the police-court to prosecute him, with the result that he was convicted and sent to prison.

curiosity, and interest, but has almost entirely passed away already, not having been taken up politically, and there being a general disposition to believe his story and to give him credit for having had no improper motive or purpose. Nevertheless it is a very strange affair, and has not yet been satisfactorily explained. It is very fortunate for Gladstone that he was not intimidated and tempted to give the man money, but had the courage to face the world's suspicions and meet the charge in so public a manner.

May 22nd.—I met in a train a day or two ago Graham and the Speaker, not having seen Graham for a long time. Since my friends have been in office I have hardly ever set eyes on them or had any communication with them. Graham seemed in excellent spirits about their political state and prospects, all owing to Gladstone and the complete success of his Budget. The long and numerous Cabinets, which were attributed by the *Times* to disunion, were occupied in minute consideration of the Budget, which was there fully discussed, and Gladstone spoke in the Cabinet one day for three hours, rehearsing his speech in the House of Commons, though not quite at such length. Gladstone's object certainly was for a long time to be at the head of the Conservative party in the House of Commons, and to join with Derby, who might in fact have had all the Peelites if he would have chosen to ally himself with them instead of with Disraeli; thus the latter had been the cause of the ruin of the party. The Peelites would have united with Derby, but would have nothing to do with Disraeli.

May 30th.—Great alarm the last two or three days at an approaching rupture between Russia and Turkey, as, if it takes place, nobody can pretend to say what the consequences may be. Vast indignation of course against the Emperor of Russia, who certainly appears to have departed from the moderate professions which he made to Seymour a short time ago, and the assurances that were

given to us and France. But Clarendon, whom I saw yesterday, is rather disposed to give him credit for more moderate and pacific intentions than his conduct seems to warrant. Still, though matters look very black, Clarendon is not without hopes of war being averted and some means found of patching up the affair, the Emperor having promised that he will in no case resort to *ulterior measures* without giving us notice of his intention.

June 1st.—Senior[1] called on me a day or two ago, just returned from Paris, where he has been living and conversing with all the notabilities (principally of the Liberal party), and tells me there is but one opinion amongst them, that this Empire cannot last, and they only differ as to the time it may last. Most of them think it will be short. Thiers gives it only a year, Duchâtel alone thinks it will go on for some years.[2] The unpopularity of Louis Napoleon increases and his discredit likewise, and as soon as the unpopularity shall extend to the army, it will be all over with him.

June 5th.—I saw Clarendon on Friday morning for a few minutes; he takes a very gloomy view of the Russo-Turkish question, and is greatly disgusted at having been deceived by the Emperor; he says he is harassed to death with the whole affair.

June 13th.—I came back from Ascot on Friday, having met Clarendon on Thursday on the course, who gave me an account of the state of affairs. On Saturday I met Walewski at dinner, and had much talk with him, and yesterday I saw Clarendon again. The great event[3] has been the sailing of our fleet from Malta to join the French fleet at the mouth of the Dardanelles, to the unspeakable satisfaction of the French Government, who desire nothing

[1] Nassau Senior, the economist, referred to above (September 25th, 1834).

[2] It went on, in fact, for seventeen.

[3] Orders were sent to Admiral Dundas on June 2nd to sail for the Dardanelles, and the fleet proceeded to Besika Bay, together with the French fleet. This was probably the fatal and irrevocable step that ultimately led to the Crimean War.

so much as to exhibit to all Europe an *entente cordiale* with us; and Walewski said to me that, however the affair might end, this great advantage they had at all events obtained. The Emperor of Russia will be deeply mortified when he hears of this junction; for besides that it will effectually bar the approach of his fleet to Constantinople, if he ever contemplated it, there is nothing he dislikes and dreads so much as the intimate union of France and England. His Majesty is now so greatly excited that nothing can stop him, and he told Seymour the other day that he would spend his last rouble and his last soldier rather than give way.

July 9th.—For the last fortnight or three weeks little has occurred which is worth noting. The Eastern Question drags on, as it is likely to do. Aberdeen, who ten days ago spoke very confidently of its being settled, now takes a more desponding view, and the confidence he has hitherto reposed in the Emperor of Russia is greatly shaken. Clarendon has long thought the prospect very gloomy, but they are still endeavouring to bring about an accommodation.

July 14th.—Granville said to me this morning that Palmerston is beginning to stir up matters afresh. I saw him yesterday morning at Holland House in close confabulation with Walewski, with whom I have no doubt he interchanged warlike sentiments, and complained of the lukewarmness of Aberdeen and Clarendon. It is evident that he is *at work*, and probably, according to his ancient custom, in some underhand way in the press. But the Government are resolved, and wisely, to avoid war as long as they can, and if driven on to it, to be able to show the country that they had exhausted all means of preserving peace.

August 9th.—At Court yesterday Aberdeen was quite confident of the settlement of the Eastern affair, and Brunnow, who was there with the Duchess of Leuchtenberg to see the Queen, very smiling. The Government

are in high spirits at the prospect of winding up this prosperous Session with the settlement of the Eastern Question: nothing else is wanting to their success.

August 11th.—I saw Clarendon yesterday. Nothing new, but he said he fully expected Stratford Canning[1] would play some trick at Constantinople, and throw obstacles in the way of settlement. This seems to me hardly possible, unless he behaves foolishly as well as dishonestly, and it can hardly be believed that his temper and Russian antipathies will betray him into such extravagant conduct. It is, however, impossible to consider the affair as "*settled*."

Yesterday all the world went to the great naval review at Portsmouth, except myself. It appears to have been a fine but tedious sight, for Granville set off at 5.30 a.m., and only got back at one in the morning.

August 27th.—Since the 11th I have been absent from town, at Grimstone for York races, then at Hatchford, and since that gouty. While at York the Session closed with *éclat* by a speech of Palmerston's in his most flashy and successful style. John Russell gave a night at last for the discussion of the Turkish question, and made a sort of explanation, which was tame, meagre, and unsatisfactory. After some speeches expressive of disappointment and disapprobation, Cobden made an oration in favour of peace at any price, and this drew up Palmerston, who fell upon him with great vigour and success. The discussion would have ended languidly and ill for the Government but for this brilliant improvisation, which carried the House entirely with it.

August 28th.—Charles Villiers told me last night that Lord Palmerston's influence and popularity in the House of Commons are greater than ever, and if this Government should be broken up by internal dissension, he would have

[1] Afterwards Lord Stratford de Redcliffe; was for sixteen years British Ambassador to Turkey, and was regarded as the chief instigator of the war (see below February 9th and 20th).

no difficulty in forming another, and gathering round him a party to support him. This is what the Tories are anxiously looking to, desiring no better than to serve under him, and flattering themselves that in his heart he personally dislikes his colleagues, and in political matters agrees with themselves. They pay him every sort of court, never attack him, and not only defer to him on all occasions, but make all the difference they can between him and the rest of the Government; nor does he discourage or reject these civilities, though he does not invite them, or say or do anything inconsistent with his present position, but he probably thinks the disposition towards him of that large political party enhances his value to his own friends and increases his power, besides affording to him a good alternative in case anything should happen to break up the present Government or separate him from it.

September 3rd.—I dined last night *tête-à-tête* with Clarendon and heard all the details of the state of the Turkish question, and read the interesting correspondence of Cowley, with his accounts of his conversations with the Emperor, and many other things. Clarendon is very uneasy because he thinks the Emperor Nicholas' pride will not let him accept the Note as modified by *the Turks*, though he would have accepted the same Note if it had been presented originally by the Conference. This is one danger. The next is one at Constantinople, where there is a strong bigoted violent party for war, disposed to dethrone the Sultan and replace him by his brother. This brother (of whom I never heard before) is a man of more energy than the Sultan, and is connected with the fanatical party. The Sultan himself is enervated by early debauchery and continual drunkenness, and therefore in great danger should he by any unpopular measures provoke an outbreak from the violent faction.

The most important question now pending is what to do with the fleets. They cannot remain much longer in

Besiko Bay, and must either retire to Vourla or enter the Dardanelles. There never was a case so involved in difficulties and complications of different sorts, all the particulars of which I heard last night; but the affair is so tangled, that it is impossible to weave it into an intelligible and consistent narrative.

September 4th.—I went to Winchester yesterday, and fell in with Graham in the train, so we went together and had a great deal of talk, mostly on the Eastern Question. He thinks the Emperor of Russia will not accept the Turkish alterations, and he is very hot against Stratford, to whom he attributes all the difficulties. He has heard that Stratford has held language hostile to the Government, and he is inclined to think not only that he has acted treacherously towards his employers, but that proofs of his treachery might be obtained, and he is all for getting the evidence if possible, and acting upon it at once, by recalling him; he thinks the proofs might be obtained through the Turkish Ministers, and if they can be, he would not stop to enquire who might be displeased, or what the effect might be, but do it at once. He acknowledges, however, that it would not do to act on surmises or reports, and that nothing but clear proofs of Stratford's misconduct, such as will satisfy Parliament, would render such a step justifiable or safe.

September 26th.—I have been at Hatchford all last week. I saw Clarendon on Thursday before I went there, and heard that two ships of each fleet were gone up the Dardanelles,[1] and that the rest would probably soon follow, as the French were now urging that measure. He was then going to Aberdeen to propose calling the Cabinet together, the state of affairs becoming more critical every hour, and apparently no chance of averting war.

October 4th.—I went to the Grove on Saturday, and

[1] The British vessels were steamers, the *Retribution* and another. There was at that time only one line-of-battle-ship in each fleet having steam power; all the other vessels of the line were sailing ships.

spent great part of the afternoon on Sunday reading the Eastern Question despatches, printed in a Blue Book to be laid by and by before Parliament.

Yesterday morning a messenger arrived, bringing the telegraphic despatch from Vienna, which announced the determination of the Turks to go to war, and that a grand Council was to be assembled to decide on the declaration, news which precluded all hope of adjustment;[1] and yesterday afternoon the further account of the decision of the Council was received. Such of the Ministers as are in town met in the afternoon, and it was decided that all the rest should be summoned, and a Cabinet held on Friday next.

October 6th.—Delane was sent for by Lord Aberdeen the night before last, when they had a long conversation on the state of affairs, and Aberdeen told him that he was resolved to be no party to a war with Russia on such grounds as the present, and he was prepared to resign rather than incur such responsibility. This was the marrow of what he said, and very important, because not unlikely to lead to some difference in the Cabinet, and possibly to its dissolution.

November 2nd.—All last week at Newmarket, during which nothing of moment occurred but the renewed attempts at negotiation, and the consent of the Turks to defer the commencement of hostilities. I saw Clarendon the day before yesterday, who told me how matters stood, and showed me a despatch just received from Vienna with a copy of a very moderate and pacific Note from Nesselrode to Buol, showing that there is every disposition at St. Petersburg to patch matters up. Clarendon told me that he was heartily sick of the whole question, in which the double trouble and difficulty were cast upon him of

[1] The declaration was to the effect that if the Principalities were not evacuated in fifteen days, a state of war would ensue. To this the Emperor of Russia responded on October 18th by a formal declaration of war. Thereupon, at the request of the Sultan, the allied fleets entered the Dardanelles.

reconciling the Russians and the Turks and of preserving agreement in the Cabinet, where Aberdeen was always opposing measures of hostility towards Russia, and Palmerston for pushing them forward.

November 10th.—All attempts at settling the Eastern Question by *Notes* have been rudely interrupted by the actual commencement of hostilities. Meanwhile the Notes sped their way, but at Vienna it was deemed no longer possible to settle it in this manner, but that there must now be a regular treaty of peace, the terms of which the Allies might prescribe, and there is now a question of having a Congress or Conference here, to carry on the affair.

November 12th.—This morning John Russell breaks ground on the Reform plan, by referring his scheme to a Committee of the Cabinet, which is to meet at his house, consisting, besides himself, of Granville, Newcastle, Graham, Charles Wood, and Palmerston. I am afraid he will propose a lower franchise, probably 5*l.*, in spite of many warnings and the signs of the times, which are very grave and alarming—nothing but strikes and deep-rooted discontent on the part of the working classes. I confess to great misgivings about this project in the present state of the country, and dread the further progress of democratic power. The success of the great Reform Bill and the experiences of twenty years without any of the apprehensions of the anti-Reformers having been realised, are now in my opinion, sources of danger, as they create an opinion that progress, as it is called, is not only necessary, but perfectly safe. It consoles me for growing old that I shall not live to see the confusion in which this well-ordered State is likely to be involved, the period of peril and suffering it will have to go through, and the reaction, which will restore order and tranquillity at the expense of that temperate and rational freedom, which we alone of all the nations of the earth are in possession of. Everything now looks black in the political horizon, and the war which

has begun between the principals can hardly fail to extend itself sooner or later to the collateral parties.

November 15th.—Yesterday morning having met Clarendon on the railway, he from Windsor, I from Hillingdon, I got into the carriage and went home with him. He told me all he had to tell, of what he had to go through with the conflicting proposals of Palmerston and Aberdeen in the Cabinet: the latter as averse as ever to any strong measures, and always full of consideration for the Emperor, the former anxious for war, and with the same confidence and rashness which were so conspicuous in him during the Syrian question, insisting that nothing will be so easy as to defeat Russia, and he now goes the length of urging that none of the old treaties between her and the Porte should be renewed. All this *jactance,* however, does not go much beyond words, for he evinces no disposition to separate from his colleagues or to insist on any course which the majority of the Cabinet object to.

The Queen told Clarendon an anecdote of Palmerston, showing how exclusively absorbed he is with *foreign* politics. Her Majesty has been much interested in and alarmed at the strikes and troubles in the North, and asked Palmerston for details about them, when she found he knew nothing at all. One morning, after previous enquiries, she said to him, "Pray, Lord Palmerston, have you any news?" To which he replied, "No, Madam, I have heard nothing; but it seems certain *the Turks have crossed the Danube.*"

November 27th.—Council at Windsor on Friday 25th. The Queen was afflicted by the Queen of Portugal's death, though they never saw each other but once when they were children. I heard the particulars of the Reform Bill, which (if there is to be one at all) seems as little mischievous as can be. Palmerston has written a letter to Lord John, strong in the beginning, denouncing the measure as unnecessary and unwise, and complaining of his

having originally committed his colleagues to it, by declaring his own opinion without any previous consultation and concert with them. Then, after criticising the Bill (ably, as I am told), he ends by announcing that he shall consent to it. He sent copies of this letter to Aberdeen and to Lansdowne.

December 12th.—I begin to think that I am after all mistaken as to Palmerston's intentions, and that his ambition will drive him to sacrifice everything and risk everything, in spite of his age and of all the difficulties he will have to encounter. This morning the Duke of Bedford came here, and told me he had called on Clarendon on Saturday, when he said to Clarendon that he was very uneasy about Palmerston, and thought he was meditating something, though he did not know exactly what he was at. Clarendon interrupted him—"Certainly, he is meditating breaking up the Government; in fact, he told me so." At this moment it was announced that two or three foreign Ministers were waiting to see him, when he abruptly broke off the conference, and they parted.

Panshanger, December 14th.—It turned out that Palmerston had *struck* on account of Reform, and not (ostensibly, at least) about foreign affairs. John Russell was indignant, and inveighed to his brother against Palmerston in terms of great bitterness, saying he was absolutely faithless, and no reliance to be placed on him. Of this fact these pages contain repeated proofs, but I own I am amazed at his making this flare up on the question of Reform. But his whole conduct is inexplicable, and there is no making out what he is at.

London, December 17th.—Yesterday morning the news of Palmerston's resignation was made public. It took everybody by surprise, few having been aware that he objected to the Reform measure in contemplation. I received the intelligence at Panshanger, and as soon as I got to town went to Clarendon to hear all about it. He

had been quite prepared for it, Palmerston having told him that he could not take this Bill. Clarendon says Palmerston behaved perfectly well, and in a very straightforward way from first to last. When he was invited to join the Government, he told Aberdeen and Lansdowne that he was afraid the Reform Bill would bring about another separation between them. When the time arrived for discussing the Bill, and John Russell proposed to him to be on the Committee, he said that he accepted, because, although he saw no necessity for any Reform Bill, and he entirely disapproved of John Russell's having committed himself to such a measure, he would not (as matters stood) absolutely object to any measure whatever, but would join the Committee, discuss it, state all his objections, and endeavour to procure such alterations in it as might enable him to accept it. Finding himself unable to do this with the Committee, he still waited till the measure had been brought before the whole Cabinet; and when he found that his objections were unavailing, and that the majority of his colleagues were resolved to take Lord John's scheme, nothing was left for him but to retire.

Hatchford, December 21st.—On Monday when I came to town from Goodwood, where I went on Sunday, I found a letter from Lady Palmerston, very friendly indeed. She said her son William had told her what I had said to him about Palmerston and his resignation, which had gratified her. She then went on to explain why he had resigned, and why at this moment instead of waiting longer; she said he would have accepted a Reform Bill, but wanted Lord John's to be altered, had proposed alterations, and written to Aberdeen to urge them, and upon Aberdeen's reply that his suggestions could not be taken, he had no alternative but to resign, and he had thought it fairer to the Government to do so at once, and give them time to make their arrangements, than to put it off till the last moment, when Parliament was on the point of meeting. I confess I think he was

right in so doing, and I was greatly provoked with the *Times* for attacking him, twitting and sneering at him, and finding fault with him for his desertion; so provoked that I wrote a letter to the *Times*, which appeared on Tuesday, with my opinion thereupon.

It is strange to find myself the advocate and apologist of Palmerston, when the preceding pages are brimful of censure of his acts and bad opinion of his character; but, whatever prejudices I may have or have had against him, they never shall prevent my saying what I believe to be true, and doing him ample justice, when I think that he is acting honourably, fairly, and conscientiously. I am struck with the fact of his having refrained from resigning on the Eastern Question, when by so doing he might have damaged the Government immensely, and obtained for himself increased popularity and considerable power if these were his objects.

London, December 22nd.—I went to town this morning, called on Lady Palmerston, found her in good spirits and humour, and vastly pleased at all the testimonies of approbation and admiration he has received. She exclaimed with exultation, "He is always in the right in everything he does," a position I could not confirm, and which I did not care to dispute. We then talked of the present crisis, when to my no small amazement she said that she saw no reason now why it should not be made up, and he should not remain, that he left the Government with regret, liked his office, and had no wish to quit his colleagues, but could not consent to such a measure as Lord John had proposed. I expressed the strongest desire that the matter might be patched up, and entreated her to try and bring it about. Palmerston was gone out, so I did not see him.

I then went to the Office, and directly wrote to Graham, who was at the Cabinet, begging him to see me, and telling him I had reason to believe Palmerston was not disinclined to stay. Meanwhile Bessborough called on

me, and told me all the reports from Marylebone and other parts of the metropolis, as well as the country; all represented Palmerston's popularity to be immense, great enthusiasm about the Eastern Question, and profound indifference about Reform; and he said there was a report that Palmerston was not unlikely to stay in, and that it was of the greatest importance that he should. He also said that Hayter declared there was no chance whatever of their carrying the Reform Bill in the House of Commons, especially if Palmerston headed the opposition to it.

He was hardly gone when Graham came to me. I told him all that had passed between Lady Palmerston and me, and entreated him to see if something could not be done.

December 24th.—On Thursday at the Cabinet the resolution was taken which amounts to war. The French sent a proposal that the fleets should go into the Black Sea, repel any Russian aggression, and force any Russian ships of war they met with to go back to Sebastopol, using force in case of resistance. We assented to this proposal, and orders were sent accordingly. This must produce hostilities of some sort, and renders war inevitable. It is curious that this stringent measure should have been adopted during Palmerston's absence, and that he had no hand in it. It will no doubt render the reconciliation more agreeable to him. This incident of his resignation and return, which has made such a hubbub not only here but all over Europe for several days, is certainly extraordinary, and will hardly be intelligible, especially as it will hereafter appear that he has withdrawn his resignation with hardly any, or perhaps no, conditions. I see his colleagues, or some of them, think Palmerston never had really any intention of quitting his post, but *more suo* tried to bully a little, not without hopes that he might frighten them into some concessions on the Reform Bill, and meaning, if he failed, to knock under, as he has so often done upon other occasions. I am much inclined to suspect there is a great deal of truth in this hypothesis,

being struck by Lady Palmerston's mildness and abstinence from violence and abuse, and the evident anxiety of both of them for a reconciliation, and again by the very easy terms on which he has been induced to stay. There has been no exaction or dictation on his part, but, so far as appears at present, something very like a surrender.

Bowood, December 26th.—I came here to-day through town, where I saw *en passant* Granville and Clarendon; received a letter this morning from Graham, telling me everything was arranged and Palmerston would stay, which of course I knew long before. Clarendon thought Newcastle had managed it exceedingly well, inasmuch as by this mixture of conciliation and firmness he had got Palmerston to write and withdraw his resignation, without any conditions; indeed, Clarendon considers that Palmerston has virtually acceded to all the provisions of Lord John's Bill to which he had objected. Whether his actions correspond with this idea we shall see hereafter. The Tories and the Radicals are equally puzzled, perplexed, and disgusted, and do not know what to say. They accordingly solace themselves with such inventions and falsehoods as it suits their several purposes to circulate.

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January 6th.—All going on very amicably in the Cabinet, and Pam and Johnny the best friends possible, cutting their jokes on each other, and Palmerston producing all his old objections to the Reform Bill just as if it was discussed for the first time.

Broadlands, January 8th.—I came here on Friday; nobody is here but the Flahaults and Azeglio; I walked with Palmerston yesterday and talked of the Turkish question. He thinks the Emperor will not declare war on receiving news of the orders to the fleets, but send

some temporising answer. He said that if these orders had been sent four months ago, the whole thing would have been settled, which may or not be true; he is very confident of the success of our naval operations, and of the damage we may do to Russia; he has never alluded to Reform or anything connected with it, and is in very good humour.

January 15th.—I have never yet noticed the extraordinary run there has been for some weeks past against the Court, more particularly the Prince, which is now exciting general attention, and has undoubtedly produced a considerable effect throughout the country. It began a few weeks ago in the press, particularly in the *Daily News* and the *Morning Advertiser*, but chiefly in the latter, and was immediately taken up by the Tory papers, the *Morning Herald* and the *Standard*, and for some time past they have poured forth article after article, and letter after letter, full of the bitterest abuse and all sorts of lies. The *Morning Advertiser* has sometimes had five or six articles on the same day all attacking and maligning Prince Albert. Many of these are very vague, but the charges against him are principally to this effect, that he has been in the habit of meddling improperly in public affairs, and has used his influence to promote objects of his own and the interests of his own family at the expense of the interests of this country; that he is German and not English in his sentiments and principles; that he corresponds with foreign princes and with British Ministers abroad without the knowledge of the Government, and that he thwarts the foreign policy of the Ministers when it does not coincide with his own ideas and purposes. He is particularly accused of having exerted his influence over this Government to prevent their taking the course which they ought to have done with regard to Turkey, and of having a strong bias towards Austria and Russia and against France. Charges of this sort, mixed up with smaller collateral ones, have been repeated day after day

with the utmost virulence and insolence by both the Radical and the Tory journals. For some time they made very little impression, and the Queen and Prince were not at all disturbed by them; but the long continuance of these savage libels, and the effect which their continual refutation has evidently produced throughout the country, have turned their indifference into extreme annoyance. I must say I never remember anything more atrocious or unjust. It was only the other day that the Prince was extraordinarily popular, and received wherever he went with the strongest demonstration of public favour, and now it would not be safe for him to present himself anywhere in public, and very serious apprehensions are felt lest the Queen and he should be insulted as they go to open Parliament a fortnight hence.

January 21st.—For some days past the Tory papers have relaxed their violence against the Court, while the Radical ones, especially the *Morning Advertiser*, have redoubled their attacks, and not a day passes without some furious article, and very often five or six articles and letters, all in the same strain. It is not to be denied or concealed that these abominable libels have been greedily swallowed all over the country and a strong impression produced. The press has been infamous, and I have little doubt that there is plenty of libellous matter to be found in some of the articles, if it should be deemed advisable for the Attorney-General to take it up. There can be little doubt that the Tory leaders got alarmed and annoyed at the lengths to which their papers were proceeding, and have taken measures to stop them. The Radical papers nothing can stop, because they find their account in the libels; the sale of the *Advertiser* is enormously increased since it has begun this course, and, finding perfect immunity, it increases every day in audacity and virulence.

February 1st.—Parliament met yesterday; a greater crowd than usual to see the procession. The Queen and Prince were very well received, as well as usual, if not

better; but all the *enthusiasm* was bestowed on the Turkish Minister, the mob showing their sympathy in his cause by vociferous cheering the whole way. The night went off capitally for the Government in both Houses. In the Lords Derby made a slashing speech, but very imprudent, and played into Aberdeen's hands, who availed himself thereof very well, and made a very good answer, which is better to read than it was to hear. Derby afforded him a good opportunity of vindicating the Prince, which he did very effectively, and then Derby followed him and joined in the vindication, but he clumsily allowed Aberdeen to take the initiative. In the Commons the Government was still more triumphant. The Opposition were disorganised and feeble; all who spoke on that side took different views, and very little was said. John Russell made a very good speech, and took the bull by the horns about the Prince, entered at once on the subject, and delivered an energetic vindication of and eulogium on him in his best style. It was excellent, and between his speech and Aberdeen's and all those who chimed in, that abomination may be considered to be destroyed altogether, and we shall probably hear no more of it.

February 9th.—Nobody now thinks of anything but of the coming war and its vigorous prosecution. The national blood is up, and those who most earnestly deprecated war are all for hitting as hard as we can now that it is forced upon us. The publication of the Blue Books has relieved the Government from a vast amount of prejudice and suspicion. The public judgment of their management of the Eastern question is generally very favourable, and impartial people applaud their persevering efforts to avert war, and are satisfied that everything was done that the national honour or dignity required. I have read through the thick volumes, and am satisfied that there is on the whole no case to be made against the Government, though there are some things that might perhaps have been better done; but what is there of any sort, or at any time, of

which as much may not be said when we have been made wiser by experience and events? Stratford's despatches are very able, very well written, but they leave the impression (which we know to be the truth) that he has said and done a great deal more than we are informed of; that he is the real cause of this war, and that he might have prevented it, if he had chosen to do so, I have no doubt whatever. I find he has been all the time in correspondence with Palmerston, who, we may be sure, has incited him to fan the flame, and encourage the Turks to push matters to extremities.

February 15th.—The day before yesterday John Russell introduced his Reform Bill, having resisted the most urgent representations and entreaties to postpone it. His speech was very tame, and nothing could be more cold than its reception.

February 20th.—The House of Commons as well as the country are so excessively warlike that they are ready to give any number of men and any amount of money, and seem only afraid the Government may not ask enough. I expect we shall have had quite enough of it before we have done with this question, and that our successes and the effect produced on Russia will not be commensurate with the prevailing ardour and expectation here. It is disgusting to hear everybody and to see all writers vying with each other in laudation of Stratford Canning, who has been the principal cause of the war. They all think that, if he had been sincere in his desire for peace, and for an accommodation with Russia, he might have accomplished it, but on the contrary he was bent on bringing on war. He said as much to Lord Bath, who was at Constantinople. Lord Bath told him he had witnessed the fleets sailing into the Black Sea, when he replied, "You have brought some good news, for that is *war*. The Emperor of Russia chose to make it a personal quarrel with me, and now I am revenged." This Lord Bath wrote to Lady Ashburton, who told Clarendon.

February 25th.—The rage for this war gets every day more vehement, and nobody seems to fear anything, but that we may not spend money and men enough in waging it. The few sober people who have courage enough to hint at its being impolitic and uncalled for are almost hooted down, and their warnings and scruples are treated with indignation and contempt. With a war so popular, and supported cordially by Parliament, and a flourishing revenue and trade, Government would look round on a cloudless horizon, if it were not for the Reform Bill, which is a matter replete with uncertainty, difficulty, and danger. Nobody has an idea whether it will be carried in the House of Commons; almost all the friends of Government want Lord John to withdraw it, and the Cabinet is divided on the subject, Lord John, Graham, and Aberdeen being strongly in favour of pressing it on at all hazards, Palmerston violently against.

February 27th.—We are on the very verge of a Ministerial crisis. John Russell will listen to no reason about his Reform Bill, he insists on going on with it, and will have it that his honour and character demand that he should, and he says, "When the honour of public men is preserved, the country is safe." Clarendon dined here yesterday, and told me he thought Lord John would break up the Government. Clarendon is indignant at the state of things brought about by Lord John's obstinacy. He told me that Graham supported Lord John vehemently, but that Aberdeen took no strong part, and had behaved very well. Having accepted Lord John's Reform measure, and pledged himself to it, he was ready still to abide by that pledge. There never was such a *mess* as it all is. I asked Clarendon whether, now that war really was inevitable, Aberdeen was more reconciled to it, and he said not at all; he yielded to the necessity, but very sulkily, and in the discussions relating to it in the Cabinet he took no part, and evinced a total indifference, or rather disgust.

March 6th.—After a great struggle John Russell was

persuaded to put off his Reform Bill, but only till the end of April, so that in a few weeks the same embarrassment will begin again. The satisfaction at its being deferred at all is great and general, and everybody thinks that some expedient will be devised for putting it off again, when the time comes, and so that we shall be rid of it for this year.

March 13th.—The only event of recent occurrence was the dinner given last week to Sir Charles Napier at the Reform Club, with Lord Palmerston in the chair. Everybody disapproves of the whole proceeding, which is thought to have been unwise and in bad taste. The only Ministers there besides Palmerston were Graham and Molesworth, and the former made an excessively foolish, indiscreet speech, which has been generally censured, and to-night he is to be called to account for it in the House of Commons. It is marvellous that a man of mature age, who has been nearly forty years in public life, should be so rash and ill-judged in his speeches.[1]

Lord John Russell continues in a very perplexed and uncertain state about his Reform Bill, and hesitates whether to bring it on or not next month. On one hand he is urged to do so by his little knot of domestic adherents, by Graham vehemently, and to a certain degree by Aberdeen; on the other he is entreated and argued with by all the rest of his colleagues, by his brother, by Hayter, and by an immense majority of his political friends and supporters. Still he hesitates. He has got a notion, and others tell him so, that his character is concerned in bringing it on, and that he is bound to risk everything to maintain it. Graham is quite inconceivable; always rash at one moment and cowardly at another, he is now, and on this question, in his rashest mood, and he has persuaded himself, and tries to persuade Lord John, that if he

[1] In the course of his speech he said: "My gallant friend (Napier) says that when he goes into the Baltic he will declare war. I, as First Lord of the Admiralty, give my free consent to do so. I hope the war may be short, and that it may be sharp." Napier's performances in the Baltic, however, did not correspond to this heroic language.

perseveres and is beaten (which he cannot disguise from himself is probable, if not certain) he will only have to go out in order to return in triumph as Prime Minister. All this I believe to be pure delusion. By persisting in his course he may, and probably would, break up the Government, but he would destroy himself, he would never be forgiven by his party or by the country at large for breaking up the Government at such a moment as this, and all his visions of success and power would soon be dispersed. Whatever else might happen, he would be excluded from office, probably for ever.

March 29th.—The die is cast, and war was declared yesterday. We are already beginning to taste the fruits of it. Every species of security has rapidly gone down, and everybody's property in stocks, shares, etc., is depreciated already from twenty to thirty per cent. I predict confidently that before many months are over, people will be as heartily sick of it as they are now hot upon it.[1] Nobody knows where our fleets and armies are going, nor what they mean to attempt, and we are profoundly ignorant of the resources and power of Russia to wage war against us. The Government here are in a very weak unsatisfactory state. They are supported in carrying on war, but in every other respect they are treated with great indifference, and appear to have very little authority or influence either in Parliament or in the country. Nobody seems to have risen in estimation, except perhaps Clarendon, who has done his work well and got credit for it. Palmerston and Graham have positively disgraced themselves by their dinner to Napier, and the foolish speeches they made both there and in the House of Commons afterwards. I do not know what Palmerston's popularity might turn out to be if it should be tested by some change which brought him forward, but he certainly has greatly lost ground this year by his whole conduct from his resignation down to this time. Gladstone, the

[1] On the contrary they became hotter than ever.

great card of the pack, has forfeited by the failure of his financial schemes a good deal of the credit he had obtained. John Russell had offended everybody by his obstinacy about his ill-timed Reform Bill, so that the Government does not stand very high, and is only strong in the weakness of all other parties. They are constantly beaten on small matters in the House of Commons, which produces a bad effect.

April 2nd.—The war fever is still sufficiently raging to make it impossible for any man who denounces the war itself to obtain a patient hearing. Nobody ventures to cry out against it but Bright in the House of Commons, and Grey in the House of Lords, but already I see symptoms of disquietude and alarm. Some of those who were most warlike begin to look grave, and to be more alive to the risks, difficulties, and probably dangers of such a contest. I cannot read the remonstrances and warnings of Bright without going very much along with him; and the more I reflect on the nature of the contest, its object, and the degree to which we are committed in it, the more uneasy I feel about it, and the more lively my apprehensions are of our finding ourselves in a very serious dilemma, and being involved in great embarrassments of various sorts. Amongst other misfortunes, one is the discredit into which Gladstone has fallen as a financier. Notwithstanding his extraordinary capacity, most people who are conversant with the subject of finance think he has greatly mismanaged his affairs, and suffered his notions or crotchets to get the better of his prudence, and consequently that he has prepared for himself as Chancellor of the Exchequer very great difficulties. His Budget last year was so popular, and his wonderful readiness and skill in dealing with everything relating to finance excited so much admiration, that his reputation was prodigious, and he was not only the strength of the Government, but was marked out as the future Prime Minister whenever changes took place. All this *prestige* is very much diminished; and

although his failures are in great measure attributable to accidents over which he had no control, many who are not unfriendly to him think he has been rash, obstinate, and injudicious, and no longer feel the same confidence in him which they did a short time ago.

May 5th.—The failure of Gladstone's Exchequer Bill scheme has been very injurious to the Government, and particularly to him. The prodigious applause and admiration with which he was greeted last year have given way to distrust and apprehension of him as a finance minister, and the repeated failures of his different schemes have in a very short time materially damaged his reputation, and destroyed the prestige of his great abilities. All practical men in the City severely blame him for having exposed himself to the risk of failure, and reproach him with the folly of trying to make too good a bargain, and by so doing exposing himself to the defeat he has sustained. The consequences will not probably be serious, but the Government is weakened by it, and the diminution of public confidence in Gladstone is a public misfortune.

May 10th.—Gladstone made a great speech on Monday night. He spoke for nearly four hours, occupying the first half of the time in an elaborate and not unsuccessful defence of his former measures. His speech, which was certainly very able, was well received, and the Budget pronounced an honourable and creditable one. If he had chosen to sacrifice his conscientious convictions to popularity, he might have gained a great amount of the latter by proposing a loan, and no more taxes than would be necessary for the interest of it. I do not yet know whether his defence of his abortive schemes has satisfied the monetary critics. It was certainly very plausible, and will probably be sufficient for the uninformed and the half-informed, who cannot detect any fallacies which may lurk within it. He attacked some of his opponents with great severity, particularly Disraeli and Monteagle, but I doubt if this was prudent. He flung about his

sarcasms upon smaller fry, and this certainly was not discreet. I think his speech has been of service to his financial character, and done a good deal towards the restoration of his credit.

May 12th.—Edward Mills tells me Gladstone's recent speech has immensely raised him, and that he stands very high in the City, his defence of his measures very able, and produced a great effect; he said he lately met Walpole, who told him he had the highest admiration of Gladstone, and thought he had more power than ever Peel had even at his highest tide.

May 28th.—The last fortnight in Parliament has been going on much in the way in which the present Government always goes on, and Gladstone, whom I met at dinner the other day, repeated to me very much what Graham had said some time before, about their utter inability to carry their measures in the House of Commons. There is, however, one important exception to this rule, and that is one of vital importance. On everything which relates to the war, and on all questions of supply, they can do whatever they please, and have no difficulty, and encounter no opposition. I met Disraeli in the street the next day, when he said, "Your Government is very strong." I said, the war which was supposed to be their weakness turns out to be their strength. They can carry everything which appertains to that, and nothing else.

June 5th.—I was at Epsom all last week. In the beginning of it or the week before there was a great passage of arms in the House of Commons between John Russell and Disraeli, not a very creditable exhibition, but which excited greater interest than more important matters. Though Disraeli began the attack, Lord John threw the first stone of offence, which he had better have let alone. In reply to this Disraeli broke out with inconceivable violence and made the most furious assault upon John that he could, saying everything most offensive

and provoking. Lord John made a rejoinder, and was followed by Bright, whose speech was very hostile and spiteful, and much more calculated to annoy Lord John than that of Disraeli, though much less vituperative. Disraeli seems inclined to have recourse to his old tactics against Peel, and to endeavour to treat John Russell, and Gladstone when he can, in the same way, hoping probably to re-ingratiate himself with his own side by giving them some of those invectives and sarcasms against their opponents which are so congenial to their tastes. This course will not raise him either in the House or in the country, and he will not find in Lord John a man either so sensitive or so vulnerable as Peel, and he can make out nothing against a man who refuses place, patronage, and emolument, and gives his gratuitous services[1] at a great personal sacrifice because he thinks it his public duty to do so.

June 25th.—The people are wild about this war, and besides the general confidence that we are to obtain very signal success in our naval and military operations, there is a violent desire to force the Emperor to make a very humiliating peace, and a strong conviction that he will very soon be compelled to do so. This belief is the cause of the great rise which has been taking place in the public securities, and all sorts of stories are rife of the terror and dislike of the war which prevail in Russia, and of the agitation and melancholy in which the Emperor is said to be plunged. But the authentic accounts from St. Petersburg tell a very different tale. They say, and our Consul just arrived from St. Petersburg confirms the statement, that the Emperor is calm and resolute, that his popularity is very great, and the Russians of all classes enthusiastic in his cause, and that they are prepared to a man to sacrifice their properties and their lives in a vigorous prosecution of the war.

[1] Lord John at this time had a seat in the Cabinet and led the House of Commons without any office in the Ministry and without any salary.

August 29th.—I have been out of town since the above was written; at Grimston for York races, where Lord Derby was in high force and spirits, carrying everything before him at the races, and not a word was ever uttered on politics. There is no news, but dreadful accounts of the health of both armies and of the prevalence of cholera both abroad and at home. The French particularly, who have lost the most, are said to be completely demoralised and disheartened, and to abhor the war, which they always disliked from the beginning. My present impression is that we shall come to grief in this contest; not that we shall be beaten in the field by the Russians, but that between the unhealthy climate, the inaccessibility of the country, and the distance of our resources, Russia will be able to keep us at bay, and baffle our attempts to reduce her to submission.

September 11th.—I went to The Grove on Friday, but was brought up on Saturday by gout, and detained in London ever since. We had much talk about a variety of things. Clarendon said a great deal about the Government, its prospects and its difficulties, and of the conduct and dispositions of different men in it, that the Peelites had all behaved admirably, and he has a very high opinion of Newcastle, who is able, laborious, and fair. He does not see so much of Aberdeen as he did last year while the question of peace or war was still pending. He and Aberdeen do not very well agree, and therefore Aberdeen does not come to the Foreign Office as he used to do. I asked him in what they differed, and what it was Aberdeen now wanted or expected. He said that Aberdeen was quite of opinion that a vigorous prosecution of the war afforded the best chance of restoring peace, and that he was as eager as anybody for the expedition of Sebastopol, but he was out of humour with the whole thing, took no interest in anything that was done, and instead of looking into all the departments and animating each as a Prime Minister should do,

he kept aloof and did nothing, and constantly raised objections to various matters of detail. In the Cabinet he takes hardly any part, and when differences of opinion arise he makes no effort to reconcile them, as it is his business to do. In short, though a very good and honourable man, he is eminently unfitted for his post, and, in fact, he feels this himself, has no wish to retain it, but the contrary, and only does so because he knows the whole machine would fall to pieces if he were to resign.

September 22nd.—The army has landed in the Crimea without opposition. It is difficult to conceive that the Russians should have been so utterly wanting in spirit, and so afraid to risk anything, as to let the landing take place without an attempt either by land or sea to obstruct it.

October 2nd.—At The Grove on Saturday, where I generally pick up some scraps of information from Clarendon on one subject or another. On Saturday came the news that Sebastopol had been taken, which we did not believe a word of, but after dinner the same evening we got the telegraphic account of the victory gained on the 20th on the heights above the Alma, and yesterday Raglan's telegraphic despatch was published. It is nervous work for those who have relations and friends in the army to hear of a "desperate battle" and severe loss, and to have to wait so many days for the details and casualties. The affair does not seem, so far as we can conjecture, to have been very decisive, when only two guns and a few prisoners were taken.

October 20th.—At Newmarket all last week; very successful on paper, but won very little money. I am every day more confirmed in my resolution to get rid of my race-horses, but shall do it gradually and as opportunities occur, and then confine myself to breeding. The two objects I now have in view are this, and to get out of my office. I want to be independent, and be able to go where and do what I like for the short remainder of my life. I am

aware that "man never is, but always to be blest," and therefore when I have shaken off racing and office I may possibly regret both; but my mind is bent on the experiment, and I fancy I can amuse myself with locomotion, fresh scenes, and dabbling in literature *selon mes petits moyens*. Of politics I am heartily sick, and can take but little interest in either governments or the individuals who compose them; with the exception of Clarendon I am on intimate and confidential terms with no one.

Ever since the news came of the battle of the Alma, the country has been in a fever of excitement, and the newspapers have teemed with letters and descriptions of the events that occurred. Raglan has gained great credit, and his march on Balaclava is considered a very able and judicious operation.

Burghersh tells two characteristic anecdotes of Raglan. He was extremely put out at the acclamations of the soldiers when he appeared amongst them after the battle, and said to his staff as he rode along the line, in a melancholy tone, "I was sure this would happen." He is a very modest man, and it is not in his nature any more than it was in that of the Duke of Wellington to make himself popular with the soldiers in the way Napoleon used to do, and who was consequently adored by them. The other story is that there were two French officers attached to headquarters, very good fellows, and that the staff were constantly embarrassed by the inveterate habit Raglan had of calling the enemy "the French." He could not forget his old Peninsular habits.

November 4th.—In the *Times* of yesterday appeared a very able letter of Bright's with his view of the war, and the faults committed by our Government in respect to it, which letter as nearly as possible expresses my own opinion on the subject. I have never agreed with those who fancy that by mere bluster we might have averted the war, but I think by more firmness towards not only Russia but

towards Turkey, and still more towards the press and the public excitement here, together with a judicious employment of the resources of diplomacy, we might have prevented it. However, we are in for it, and I not only see no chance of getting soon out of it, but I do not feel the same confidence that everybody else does, that we are certain to carry it to a successful end.

London, November 13th.—At Worsley all last week; nothing was thought of but the war, its events and vicissitudes. The tardiness of intelligence and the perplexity and agitation caused by vague reports and telegraphic messages drive everybody mad; from excessive confidence, the public, always nose-led by the newspapers, is fallen into a state of alarm and discouragement. We are now talking of sending every soldier we possess to the scene of action, and expending our military resources to the last drop, leaving everything else at home and abroad to take care of itself, a course which nothing but an extreme necessity can justify, while at the same time it cannot be denied that having gone so far we cannot stop half-way, and having committed so large a part of our gallant army in this unequal contest, we are bound to make the greatest exertions and sacrifices to prevent their being overwhelmed by any serious disaster. But this very necessity only affords fresh ground for condemning the rashness with which we plunged into such a war and exposed ourselves to such enormous dangers, and incurred such large sacrifices for so inadequate an object.

November 14th.—Yesterday morning we received telegraphic news of another battle, from which we may expect a long list of killed and wounded. The affair of the 25th,[1] in which our light cavalry was cut to pieces, seems to have been the result of mismanagement in some quarter, and the blame must attach either to Lucan, Cardigan, Captain Nolan who was killed, or to Raglan himself. Perhaps nobody is really to blame, but, if any one be, my

[1] The battle of Balaclava.

own impression is that it is Raglan. He *wrote* the order, and it was his business to make it so clear that it could not be mistaken and to give it conditionally, or with such discretionary powers as should prevent its being vigorously enforced under circumstances which he could not foresee, or of which he might have no cognisance.

November 16th.—A telegraphic despatch arrived from Raglan with account of the battle of the 5th,[1] from which we learn only that we were entirely successful in repulsing the Russian attack, but that our loss was very great. Another long interval of suspense to be succeeded by woe and mourning; but besides the private misery we have to witness, the aggregate of the news fills me with the most dismal forebodings. Raglan says the Russian force was even greater than at Alma, and vastly superior to his own. Menschikoff says that he is assembling all his forces, and preparing to take the offensive, that their numbers are very superior, and he confidently announces that he shall wear us out, and that our army *cannot escape him*. I do not see how the siege is to be continued by an army itself beseiged by a superior force and placed between two fires. The reinforcements cannot possibly arrive in time, and even if they were all there now, they would not be sufficient to redress the balance. I dread some great disaster which would be besides a great disgrace. We now see what sort of a fight the Russians can make; and though the superhuman valour and conduct of our troops still inspire confidence and forbid despair, it is evident that we have rashly embarked in a contest which from the nature of it must be an unequal one, and that we are placed in a position of enormous difficulty and danger.

November 23rd.—Last week at Savernake and at The Grange; came back on Tuesday; and yesterday morning arrived the despatches with an account of the furious battle of Inkerman, in which, according to Raglan's account,

[1] The battle of Inkerman.

8,000 English and 6,000 French resisted the attack of 60,000 Russians, and eventually defeated and drove them back with enormous loss, our own loss being very great. The accounts of Raglan and Canrobert do not quite agree as to the numbers engaged, but, admitting that there may be some exaggeration in the estimate of the numbers of the Russians and of their loss, it still remains one of the most wonderful feats of arms that was ever displayed; and, gallantly as our troops have always behaved, it may be doubted if they ever evinced such constancy and heroism as on this occasion—certainly never greater. My brother lost his youngest and favourite son in this battle—a boy of 18, who had only landed in the Crimea a few weeks before, and who was in a great battle for the first and last time. This is only one of innumerable instances of the same kind, and half England is in mourning. It is dreadful to see the misery and grief in which so many are already plunged, and the universal terror and agitation which beset all who have relations engaged in the war. But the nation is not only as warlike as ever, but if possible more full of ardour and enthusiasm, and thinking of nothing but the most lavish expenditure of men and money to carry on the war; the blood that has been shed appears only to animate the people, and to urge them to fresh exertions. This is so far natural that I, hating the war, feel as strongly as anybody that, now we are in it, and our soldiers placed in great jeopardy and peril, it is indispensable to make every possible exertion to relieve them; and I am therefore anxious for ample reinforcements to be sent out that they may not be crushed by overwhelming force.

November 29th.—Yesterday evening I met Clarendon at the "Travellers," and had a long talk with him about all sorts of things. He has been much disturbed at the *Times*, especially as to two things—its violent abuse of Austria and its insertion of a letter from the Crimea, reflecting severely on Prince Napoleon. With regard to

Austria it is peculiarly annoying, because we are now on the point of concluding a tripartite Treaty which is actually on its way to Vienna, and in a day or two it will be decided whether she signs it or not; and nothing is more calculated to make her hang back than such articles in the *Times*.

We talked over Lord Raglan and his capacity for command, and we both agreed that he had given no proofs of his fitness for so mighty a task. Clarendon said he was struck with the badness of his private letters, as he had been from the beginning by those from Varna, showing that he had evidently not a spark of imagination and no originality. We both agreed that it would never do to hint a doubt about his merits or capacity, and at all events that he is probably equal to anybody likely to be opposed to him. His personal bravery is conspicuous, and he exposes himself more than he ought. It is said that one of his aides-de-camp remonstrated with him and received a severe rebuff, Raglan telling him to mind his own business, and if he did not like the fire to go to the rear. Clarendon says there is no chance of taking Sebastopol this year, nor of taking it at all till we have an army strong enough to drive the Russians out of the Crimea. For this, 150,000 men would be required to make it a certainty; but with this force, no Russian army, however numerous, could resist the Allies, and then the place would fall.

December 5th.—I was at Middleton on Saturday and returned yesterday. There I saw a letter from Stafford, who is at Constantinople tending the sick and wounded, writing for and reading to them, and doing all the good he can—a very wise and benevolent way of re-establishing his reputation and making his misdeeds at the Admiralty forgotten.[1] He says he had heard so much of the sufferings and privations of the soldiers, and of the bad

[1] Secretary to the Admiralty in Lord Derby's first Administration. When the accounts arrived of the sufferings of the troops, he was one of the first persons to go out and offer help.

state of the hospitals, that he resolved to go there and judge for himself of the truth of all that had been written and asserted on the subject; that he did so, and found the very worst accounts exceeded by the reality, and that nothing could be more frightful and appalling than it all was. It had greatly improved, but still was bad enough. The accounts published in the *Times,* therefore, turn out to be true, and all the aid that private charity could supply was no more than was needed. I believe there has been no lack of zeal and humanity here, but a great deal of ignorance and inexperience, and, above all, culpable negligence on the part of Lord Stratford, who had *carte blanche* from the Government as to expense, and who, after having done his best to plunge us into this war, might at least have given his time and attention to provide relief for the victims of it; but it seems that from some fit of ill-temper he has chosen to do nothing, and evinced nothing but indifference to the war itself and all its incidents ever since it broke out. This I am assured is the case. His wife has been very active and humane, and done all she could to assist Miss Nightingale[1] in her mission of benevolence and charity.

December 11th.—Bright has published his letter in a penny form (or somebody has done it for him) with *pièces justificatives* extracted from the Blue Books and from other sources, and in my opinion he makes out a capital and unanswerable case. But in the present temper of the country, and while the war fever is still raging with undiminished violence, all appeals to truth and reason will be totally unavailing. Those who entertain such opinions either wholly or in part do not dare to avow them, and all are hurried along in the vortex. I do not dare to avow them myself; and even for holding my tongue, and

[1] The only reference in the Diary to the magnificent work of Florence Nightingale; of which Mr. Trevelyan says: "The triumph of a woman at the seat of war over highly placed officers and hoary military traditions would be astounding in any age, and then seemed miraculous."

because I do not join in the senseless clamour which everywhere resounds, I am called "a Russian."

December 24th.—The third reading of the Enlistment Bill carried by 38, after a very fine speech from Bright, consisting of a part of his letter with its illustrations. In my opinion this speech was unanswerable, and no attempt was made to answer it. He was very severe on both Lord John and Palmerston. It is impossible that such reasoning as Bright's should not make *some* impression in the country; but I do not think any reasoning however powerful, or any display of facts however striking, can stem the torrent of public opinion, which still clamours for war and is so burning with hatred against Russia that no peace could be deemed satisfactory, or even tolerable, that did not humble Russia to the dust and strip her of some considerable territory. Yesterday the *Times* ventured on an article against Raglan as the cause of the disorder and confusion and consequent privations which prevail in the army. Delane wrote to me about it, and said he was aware he should be bitterly reviled for speaking these truths. I agree entirely with what he said, and see no reason why the saddle should not be put upon the right horse.

The Grove, December 31st.—The last day of one of the most melancholy and disastrous years I ever recollect. Almost everybody is in mourning, and grief and despair overspread the land. At the beginning of the year we sent forth an army amidst a tumult of joyous and triumphant anticipation, and everybody full of confidence and boasting, and expecting to force the Emperor Nicholas in the shortest possible time humbly to sue for peace, and the only question was, what terms we should vouchsafe to grant him, and how much of his dominions we should leave him in possession of. Such presumptuous boasting and confidence have been signally humbled, and the end of this year sees us deploring the deaths of friends and relations without number, and our army perishing before

the walls of Sebastopol, which we are unable to take, and, after bloody victories and prodigies of valour, the Russian power hardly as yet diminished or impaired.

I came here yesterday to meet Cowley, come over for a few days from Paris, and to have a talk with him and Clarendon. Cowley says that the alliance between the two countries is very hollow, and in fact there is nobody in France really friendly to us except the Emperor, Persigny, and perhaps Drouyn de Lhuys. The Emperor is bent on pursuing the war with vigour, and is sensible of the importance to himself of the French flag being triumphant. I asked him what they thought of our armies and our generals; he said from the Emperor downwards they had the highest admiration for the wonderful bravery of the troops, but the greatest contempt for the military skill of the commanders, and for all our arrangements and *savoir faire*. I find from Clarendon that he is not only fully alive to Raglan's inefficiency, but has all along suspected it, and now the Government seem to have the same conviction; still they can take no step in the matter, for he has done nothing and omitted nothing so flagrantly as to call for or justify his recall, and if they were to recall him they do not know where to look for a better man to replace him.

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January 2nd.—Nothing can wear a gloomier aspect than affairs do at home and abroad—the Government weak, unpopular, dispirited, and divided, the army in the Crimea in a deplorable state, and the prospects of the war far from brilliant, no confidence in the commanding officers there, and no likelihood of finding more competent ones, everybody agreeing that till we have 150,000 men in the Crimea we cannot count on taking Sebastopol, and the difficulty of ever assembling such a force appearing very great. So far as I can collect, the violent articles which

the *Times* emits day after day have excited general resentment and disgust. They overdo everything, and while they are eternally changing their course, the one they follow for the moment they follow with an outrageous violence which shocks everybody. But as those who complain most of the *Times* still go on reading it, the paper only gets more rampant and insolent, for as long as its circulation is undiminished it does not care what anybody thinks or says of it.

Aldenham, January 6th.—I came here to-day. I saw Cowley yesterday, who has been to Windsor, and tells me that he finds by conversations he has had with Stockmar that the Queen is much softened towards Palmerston and no longer regards him with the extreme aversion she did. This relaxation in her feelings towards Palmerston is very important as this moment, and presents the chance of an alternative which, if this Government falls, may save her from Derby and his crew, whom she cordially detests.

January 12th.—I returned to town last night. The Emperor of Russia's acceptance of the four points, as interpreted by us, of course excites hopes of peace, but I think few people are sanguine as to the result. It is suspected to be only a dodge to paralyse the action of Austria, but unless there was some secret with Austria, which is not likely, I cannot see what Russia is to gain by accepting conditions which she does not really mean to abide by.

January 20th.—Day after day the accounts from the Crimea represent a more deplorable state of things, entirely confirmative of Canrobert's statements to his own Government, and it is difficult to read them and not apprehend some fatal catastrophe. We know nothing of the state of the Russians either within or without Sebastopol, and this ignorance is not one of the least remarkable circumstances in this war, but we must conclude either that their condition is as bad as ours, and that they are unable to attack us, or that their policy is to let the winter do its work, and that they do not think

it necessary for them to fight sanguinary battles with very doubtful results when disease is ravaging the allied army and producing effects as advantageous for them as the most complete victories could do, as surely, only more gradually.

January 22nd.—Every day one looks with anxiety to see and to hear whether the chances of peace look well or ill, and at present they look very ill. Clarendon seems to set his face against it—that is, he considers it hopeless; and it is not promising that the negotiations should be under the management of one who has no hopes of bringing them to a successful issue, and whose despair of it evidently arises from his determination to exact conditions that there is no chance of obtaining. Parliament meets to-morrow, and I think a very short time will elapse before the fate of the Government is decided by some vote about the conduct of the war. I think the Government themselves desire it, and, conscious of the state of public opinion and of the deplorable state of affairs, and most of them thinking there has been great and fatal mismanagement, they wish the question to be decided, would not be sorry to be driven out by an adverse vote, and consider that it would be a better and more respectable way of ending than by those internal dissensions, which, like a cancer, are continually undermining them.

January 24th.—The Government is at an end, or at least it probably will be before the end of the day. The Duke of Bedford has just been to me to tell me that last night, after returning from the House of Commons, Lord John wrote a letter to Aberdeen to resign his office, and he will not attend the Cabinet to-day. Nobody knows it but Aberdeen himself, and I am not permitted to tell Granville even, but it will be announced to the Cabinet this morning. The immediate cause of Lord John's resignation is Roebuck's motion, of which he gave notice last night, for a Committee to enquire into the conduct of the war; it is intended as a hostile motion, and would have been turned into a vote of censure and want of

confidence. Besides this, it seems Hayter[1] had told Lord John that the aspect of the House was bad, and members of the Government party disinclined to attend. Accordingly, he said he could not and would not face the motion: Graham and Sidney Herbert might defend the conduct of the war, but *he* could not. Heaven only knows what will occur. Lord John took no time to consider, but sent his resignation at once, the moment he returned from the House. I told the Duke that I thought he had made himself obnoxious to very just reproach, running away from such a motion, and explaining (as he must do) that he could not defend the conduct of the war. He will naturally be asked how long he has been dissatisfied with its management, and why he did not retire long ago. Nothing can, in my opinion, justify Lord John, and his conduct will, if I am not mistaken, be generally condemned, and deprive him of the little consideration and influence he had left. It has been vacillating, ungenerous, and cowardly, for after all, in spite of errors and mistakes, the conduct of the war admits of a defence, at least as to many parts of it, and it would have been far better to stand up manfully and abide the result of the battle in Parliament, than to shirk the fight and leave his colleagues to deal with the difficulty as best they may, trying to escape from the consequences of a responsibility which nothing he can say or do can enable him to shake off.

January 26th.—Yesterday morning the Cabinet met, and after some discussion they resolved unanimously not to resign, but to encounter Roebuck's motion. Aberdeen went down to Windsor, and there is another Cabinet this morning. I saw John Russell in the afternoon, and told him in very plain terms what I thought of his conduct, and how deeply I regretted that he had not gone on with his colleagues and met this attack with them. He looked astonished and put out, but said, "I could not. It was impossible for me to oppose a motion which I think ought

[1] The Chief Whip.

to be carried." I argued the point with him, and in the middle of our talk the Duke of Bedford came in. I asked him if he did not think the remaining Ministers were right in the course they have taken, and he said he did. I then said, "I have been telling John how much I regret that he did not do the same," when John repeated what he had said before, and then went away. After he was gone the Duke said, "I am very glad you said what you did to John." The town was in a great state of excitement yesterday, and everybody speculating on what is to happen, and all making lists of a new Government according to their expectations or wishes; most people place Palmerston at the head. I now hear that Lord John has been leading the Cabinet a weary life for many months past, eternally making difficulties, and keeping them in a constant state of hot water, determined to upset them, and only doubting as to what was a fit opportunity, and at last taking the worst that could be well chosen for his own honour and character.

January 30th.—For the last three days I have been so ill with gout that I could not do anything, or follow the course of events. John Russell made a cunning and rather clever speech in explanation of his resignation, George Grey a good one and strong against Lord John. Lord John seems to have felt no regret at what he has done, and at exciting the resentment and incurring the blame of all his colleagues; and he goes so little into society, and is so constantly patted on the back at home, that the censure of the world produces no effect on him. They tell me he is in high spirits, and appears only to be glad at having at last found the opportunity he has so long desired of destroying the Government. Everybody appears astonished at the largeness[1] of the majority. Gladstone made a very fine speech, and powerful, crushing against Lord John, and he stated what Lord John

[1] Roebuck's motion was carried against the Government by a majority of more than two to one (305 to 148).

had never mentioned in his narrative, that he had been expressly asked in December whether he still wished the change to be made which he had urged in November, and he had replied that he did not, that he had given it up. This *suppressio veri* is shocking, and one of the very worst things he ever did.

February 1st.—Contrary to general expectation, the Queen did not send either for Lansdowne or Palmerston, but at once for Derby. He went directly to Palmerston, who declined to join him. He is trying to form a Government, and I see the Whigs are chuckling over the probability of his failing and being obliged to give it up, when they evidently flatter themselves that it will fall again into the hands of John Russell. Rather than this should occur, I would prefer that Derby should succeed, and, if he can get no foreign aid, that he should reconstitute the wretched Government he had before. My disgust at the conduct of my Whig friends is intense. Although they were to the last degree indignant at the conduct of John Russell, they have, ever since the interregnum began, been dancing attendance on him, evincing every disposition to overlook the enormity of his conduct and to reform the party with a view of carrying him again to the head of affairs and making another pure Whig Government. I confess I thought that nobody could refuse to serve at the present crisis, and, that if the Queen sent for Derby, Palmerston, if invited, could not help joining, and taking the War Department; but I was wrong. I see in no quarter, as far as I have been able to observe and judge, any disposition to discard prejudices, antipathies, and personal feelings and interests, and to make every consideration yield to the obligations which the present emergency imposes. However, the game is not half played out yet. Meanwhile we are exhibiting a pretty spectacle to Europe, and I don't think our example will tempt other nations to adopt institutions of which we are so proud; for they may well think that

liberty of the Press and Parliamentary government, however desirable they may be when regulated by moderation and good sense, would be dearly purchased at the expense of the anarchy and confusion which they are now producing here.

February 2nd.—The Queen herself decided to send at once to Derby, and the result proves how wise her decision was, for she is relieved from the annoyance of having him, and he is placed in such a position that he cannot embarrass her new Government when it is formed. Derby went to Palmerston, invited him to join and to bring Gladstone and Sidney Herbert with him. On their declining he gave it up, and her Majesty then sent for Lord Lansdowne.

February 4th.—No one can remember such a state as the town has been in for the last two days. No Government, difficulties apparently insurmountable, such confusion, such excitement, such curiosity, everybody moving about craving for news, and rumour with her hundred tongues scattering every variety of statement and conjecture. At last the crisis seems to be drawing to a conclusion. The Queen has behaved with admirable sense of her constitutional obligations. When Aberdeen took down his resignation, she told him she had made up her mind what to do, that she had looked at the list of the division, and found that the majority which had turned out her Government was composed principally of Lord Derby's adherents, and she should therefore send for him. Aberdeen said a few words rather discouraging her; but she said, though Lord Palmerston was evidently the popular man, she thought, according to constitutional practice, Lord Derby was the man she ought to send for. It has been seen how Derby failed; then she sent for Lord Lansdowne, whom she desired to consult different people and see what their opinions and inclinations were, and report them to her. This was on Friday. He did so and made his report, after which, on the same

principle which had decided her to send for Derby, she resolved to send for John Russell, his followers having been the next strongest element of the victorious majority. Accordingly, on Friday night or early yesterday morning, she placed the formation of a Government in his hands. He accepted it, and began by applying to Palmerston, offering him any office he chose to take. Palmerston did not refuse, but his acquiescence seems to have been of a hesitating and reluctant kind, and nothing was definitely settled between them. Gladstone and Sidney Herbert, and afterwards Graham, decidedly refused; Clarendon desired to have some hours to consider of it. However, the result of his applications was so unfavourable that last night he considered his attempt virtually at an end, though he had not actually given it up this morning, and some further communication was taking place between him and Clarendon, which was to be decisive. As soon as this is over, the Queen will play her last card, and have recourse to *the man of the people*!—to Palmerston, whom they are crying out for, and who, they fondly imagine, is to get us out of all our difficulties. From all I hear, I think he will make a Government, because he really wishes and is determined to do it, and many of the most important who would not join John Russell will join him. In the course of to-day I imagine it will all be settled.

February 6th.—Great disappointment and dismay yesterday, the Peelites having refused to form part of Palmerston's Government. Graham, Gladstone, and Sidney Herbert all declined unless Aberdeen formed a part of it. Sidney Herbert was very willing to join, but would not separate himself from Gladstone, who was deaf to all entreaties and remonstrances. What Gladstone says is, that unless Aberdeen is in the Cabinet he can have no security that his (Aberdeen's) principles will be acted on, and that he may not be called upon to be a party to measures, relating either to war or peace, of which he

disapproves. However, I have only heard second hand what he says in conversation with others. Palmerston means not to be baffled, and, failing the Peelites, to turn to the Whigs and make the best Government he can. His popularity, which is really extraordinary, will carry him through all difficulties for the present.

February 7th.—Yesterday Aberdeen and Newcastle, particularly the latter, renewed their endeavours to prevail on Gladstone to give up his scruples and to join the Government, and at last they succeeded, and in the evening Palmerston was able to announce that he had accomplished his task and the Government was formed. John Russell, on his side, pressed all his Whig friends to unite with Palmerston, and by these means the difficulties were gradually overcome.

February 13th.—The political wheel turns rapidly round, and strange events occur, none more remarkable than John Russell's career during the last month, and the unexpected positions in which he successively appears. A few weeks ago breaking up his own Government, deeply offending colleagues and friends, and making himself generally odious, then trying to form a Government and finding nobody willing to act with him; he appeared to be in the most painful position of isolation, and everybody expected that his anomalous and unsatisfactory state would render him mischievous, and soon conduct him into a troublesome opposition to the Government. Very differently have matters turned out. He began by evincing a good and friendly spirit, and scarcely is the Government formed when Clarendon[1] proposes to him to go to Vienna as Plenipotentiary to treat for peace, and John at once accepts the offer, and yesterday morning his mission was publicly announced. It was a happy stroke of Clarendon's in all ways, and it was wise in Lord John to accept it, for it has all the appearance of a patriotic and unselfish act, will cause his recent misdeeds to be forgotten,

[1] Lord Clarendon was still Foreign Secretary.

and replace him in the high situation from which he was fallen.

February 17th.—Palmerston presented himself to the House of Commons last night for the first time as Minister, and not apparently with a very brilliant prospect of success. He made a tolerable speech, giving a rather meagre account of the formation of his Government, with the usual promises of vigour. The great point he had to handle was the disposal of Roebuck's Committee, which he is determined, if he can, to get rid of. The success of this, his first great operation, seems very doubtful. One man after another got up and declared he should vote for its going on. Roebuck insists on it; and Disraeli announced his determined opposition to any attempt to quash it. The temper of the House seems to be anything but good,[1] and unless we are very soon cheered and encouraged by much better accounts from the Crimea, this Government will not fare much better than the last. The *Times* is going into furious opposition, and Palmerston will soon find the whole press against him except his own paper, the *Morning Post,* and the *Morning Chronicle,* neither of which have any circulation or any influence in the country.

February 19th.—The Government have determined to knock under about Roebuck's Committee, and they would have done much better to have done so at first. What they are now doing will not strengthen them or avert future attacks; but the state of the House of Commons is such that nothing but some very unexpected turn can enable them to go on long. Palmerston has no authority there, the House is in complete confusion and disorganisation,[2] and, except the Derbyites, who are still numerous

[1] John Bright wrote in his journal on February 14th: "Palmerston Prime Minister! What a hoax! The aged charlatan has at length obtained the great object of his long and unscrupulous ambition."

[2] There were still, roughly, six groups: Whigs, Palmerstonians, Derbyites, Peelites, Radicals and Irish—but none of them, except the Derbyites and Irish, with much coherence.

and act together in opposition, in hopes of getting into power, nobody owns any allegiance or even any party ties, or seems to care for any person or anything. There seems a general feeling of distrust and dissatisfaction, and, except the scattered Radicals and Revolutionists, who wish to upset everything, nobody seems to know what he would be at, or what object he wishes to attain. For the first time in my life I am really and seriously alarmed at the aspect of affairs, and think we are approaching a period of real difficulty and danger. The press, with the *Times* at its head, is striving to throw everything into confusion, and running amuck against the aristocratic element of society and of the Constitution. The intolerable nonsense and the abominable falsehoods it flings out day after day are none the less dangerous because they are nonsense and falsehoods, and, backed up as they are by all the regular Radical press, they diffuse through the country a mass of inflammatory matter, the effect of which may be more serious and arrive more quickly than anybody imagines. Nothing short of some loud explosion will make the mass of people believe that any serious danger can threaten a Constitution like ours, which has passed through so many trials and given so many proofs of strength and cohesion. But we have never seen such symptoms as are now visible, such a thorough confusion and political chaos, or the public mind so completely disturbed and dissatisfied and so puzzled how to arrive at any just conclusions as to the past, the present, or the future. People are furious at the untoward events in the Crimea, and cannot make out the real causes thereof, nor who is to blame, and they are provoked that they cannot find victims to wreak their resentment on. The dismissal of Aberdeen and Newcastle seems an inadequate expiation, and they want more vengeance yet, hence the cry for Roebuck's absurd Committee. Then, after clamouring for Palmerston from a vague idea of his vigour, and that he would do some wonderful things,

which was founded on nothing but the recollection of his former bullying despatches and blustering speeches, they are beginning to suspect him; and the whole press, as well as the malignants in the House of Commons, tell them that they have gained very little, if anything, by the change, and they are told that it is not this or that Minister who can restore our affairs, but a change in the whole system of government, and the substitution of plebeians and new men for the leaders of parties and members of aristocratic families, of whom all Governments have been for the most part composed. What effect these revolutionary doctrines may have on the opinions of the people at large remains to be seen; but it is evident that the *Times*, their great propagator, thinks them popular and generally acceptable, or they would not have plunged into that course.

February 20th.—Nothing certainly could be more mortifying than the reception Palmerston met from the House of Commons on the first night when he presented himself as Minister, nothing more ungracious or more disheartening. His entreaty to *postpone* the Committee was received with a sort of scorn and manifestation of hostility and distrust. His position was at once rendered to the last degree painful and difficult. He cannot avert the Committee, he cannot submit to it without deep humiliation; many of his colleagues are supposed to shrink from the disgrace of such a submission and to prefer any alternative to it. Already there is a general impression that this Government cannot last long; nobody thinks they would gain anything by a dissolution, the result of one would be uncertain; but the probability seems to be that the Conservatives would gain and the Radicals likewise, while the Whigs would lose, and Peelites and Moderates would be scattered to the winds.

February 23rd.—Graham, Gladstone, and Sidney Herbert have resigned, greatly to the disgust and indignation of their colleagues, to the surprise of the

world at large, and the uproarious delight of the Whigs and Brooks's Club, to whom the Peelites have always been odious. These stupid Whigs were very sorry Palmerston did not leave them out when he formed his Government, and take whomever he could get instead of them; and they are entirely indifferent to the consideration that the greater part of the brains of the Cabinet is gone out with these three, that it is exceedingly difficult to fill their places, and that we exhibit a sad spectacle to all Europe, with our Ministerial dissensions and difficulties and the apparent impossibility of forming anything like a stable Government. The first thing done was to send off for John Russell at Paris, and ask him if he would come back and join the Government. Cardwell was offered the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, which he refused. It is much to be regretted that these Peelites do not now dissolve themselves as *a party* and make up their minds to act independently and according to their several opinions and circumstances. Aberdeen much disapproves of the exodus of the three, and was very anxious Cardwell should accept; but he does not choose to separate himself from the rest.

February 24th.—Never was I more surprised than when I heard that John Russell had accepted the Colonial Office[1] and joins the Government, still continuing in the House of Commons, and of course acting under Palmerston. When we think of all he has been doing for the last two years, his discontent at being in a subordinate capacity though still leader of the House of Commons, and the various pranks he has played in consequence thereof, it is inconceivable that he should consent not only to take office under Palmerston, but to serve under him in the House of Commons. But it is impossible not to give him credit for patriotic motives in making such a sacrifice of personal pride and vanity. Palmerston speaks almost every night, and his speeches do not read amiss; but

[1] In succession to Sidney Herbert.

everybody says they are feeble and flat, and nothing at present indicates anything like stability or a long existence to the present Government. The tone of the House of Commons last night was on the whole rather pacific than not. Bright made an admirable speech, the peroration[1] of which was very eloquent.

February 25th.—This morning George Lewis came to me very early and told me Palmerston had proposed to him to be Chancellor of the Exchequer;[2] he set forth very fairly all the reasons for and against accepting. We discussed the whole subject, and I asked him whether he felt sufficient confidence in himself to undertake an office of such vast importance, whether he had sufficiently turned his attention to financial matters and had mastered the principles and details of finance. Finally I advised him to accept, and he said he should make up his mind to do so.

March 2nd.—News just arrived that the Emperor of Russia is dead. John Russell had telegraphed from Berlin that he was given over. This great and unexpected event must have the most important consequences whether for peace or for war. It is supposed that the new Emperor has been all along inclined to peace, and that he was in disgrace with his father on that account. If this be true, it renders it still more probable that he will be anxious to put an end to this destructive and dangerous war, and the Allied Powers may be less exacting with him than they were disposed to be with the late Emperor.

[1] The famous peroration beginning:—"The Angel of Death has been abroad throughout the land; you may almost hear the beating of his wings."

[2] In succession to Gladstone. Sir George Cornewall Lewis, a brother-in-law of Lord Clarendon, and one of the best-known writers and politicians of his day. Two years later he is described in the Journal as being "cold-blooded as a fish, totally devoid of sensibility or nervousness . . . calm and resolute, laborious and indefatigable, and exceedingly popular in the House of Commons from his general good-humour and civility. . . ." C. G., however, had a considerable friendship for him, and invited him to undertake the task of editing his Journal, which he promised to do. It was only after Lewis's premature death in 1863 that Greville entrusted it to Henry Reeve.

There seems something like a lull here for the moment, and less of excitement and violence than there was. Palmerston has not been in office a fortnight, and already he is enormously *baissé;* his speeches night after night are miserable. The truth is, he never had any power as a debater, and he is out of his element as leader in the House of Commons, where he has to answer everybody, to speak on every subject, and to be continually debating more or less. He has made a few great speeches, prepared, and on his own subject of foreign affairs, and every now and then a smart chaffing retort which excited the hilarity of the House, and that has been all he could do. Then he seems supine and undecided; he does not fill up the vacant places or seemingly endeavour to do so, and he does not put good men in the places he does fill up, all of which does him harm in general estimation. Clarendon has told Lady Palmerston very frankly that he will soon ruin himself in public opinion if he goes on in this way. Few things are more extraordinary than the notion that was abroad of Palmerston's fitness and efficacy. Never was there a greater delusion, and never one that is so rapidly dissipated.

March 10*th*.—Palmerston's Government does not seem to take root or gain much strength; every day seems to prove the more clearly that he is unfit for the task he has taken on himself. He inspires neither respect nor confidence, and is totally unable to manage the House of Commons; his speeches are feeble and bad, and he is not always prudent and conciliatory, but, on the contrary, pettish and almost offensive. I hear Gladstone is very much out of humour, and expect soon to see him and his small band in overt opposition to the Government. Many fancy that it will end in his joining Derby, but so do not I. I am not sure that he would be indisposed if a proper occasion presented itself, but I do not believe any consideration or any circumstances whatever would induce the Derbyites to admit him again into their party.

March 31st.—Within these few days the hopes of peace have waxed faint. The fatal third point[1] is an insurmountable obstacle, and it seems likely that we shall be condemned to fight it out more fiercely than ever, and without Austria, who, as I all along expected, will not join us in forcing hard conditions on Russia. The Emperor is to be here in three weeks.

Having no public events nor any secret information to record, I must put down my own private concerns, uninteresting as they are. I am busy on the task of editing a volume of Moore's correspondence left to me by John Russell, and finishing the second article upon King Joseph's Memoirs.[2] These small literary occupations interest and amuse me, and being quite out of the way of politics, and seeing nobody, except Clarendon at rare intervals, who can or will tell me anything, it is well I can amuse myself with them; and now that I am growing old (for I shall be sixty-one the day after to-morrow) it is my aim to cultivate these pleasures more and more, and make them my refuge against the infirmities which beset me, and the loss of youth. My great fear is lest my eyesight should fail, and I earnestly hope I may die before such a calamity should befall me.

April 17th.—Yesterday I went out "with all the gazing town" to see not the least curious of the many curious events I have lived to witness, the entry of the Emperor and Empress of the French into London. The day was magnificent, the crowd prodigious, the reception not very clamorous, but cordial and respectful. A fine sight for them to see such vast multitudes, so orderly and so prosperous, and without a single soldier except their own escort. The Queen received them with the utmost cordiality, and omitted none of the usual forms practised between Sovereigns. She met the Imperial pair at the

[1] For abolishing the predominance of Russia in the Black Sea.

[2] A review of the Memoirs of King Joseph Bonaparte, which appeared in two successive numbers of the *Edinburgh*.

entrance to the Castle, embraced the Emperor and then the Empress when she was presented to ner.

April 20th.—The visit of the Emperor has been one continued ovation, and the success of it complete. None of the sovereigns who have been here before have ever been received with such magnificence by the Court or with such curiosity and delight by the people. Wherever and whenever they have appeared, they have been greeted by enormous multitudes and prodigious acclamations. The Queen is exceedingly pleased with both of them; she thinks the Empress very natural, graceful, and attractive, and the Emperor frank, cordial, and true. He has done his best to please her, talked to her a great deal, amused her, and has completely succeeded. Everybody is struck with his mean and diminutive figure and vulgar appearance, but his manners are good and not undignified. The fineness of the weather brought out the whole population of London, as usual kept in excellent order by a few policemen, and in perfect good humour. It was a beautiful sight last night when the Royal and Imperial party went to the Opera in state; the streets lit by gas and the houses illuminated and light as day, particularly opposite the Travellers' Club, where I was. I am glad the success of the visit has been so great, and the contentment of all the parties concerned so complete, but it is well that all will be over to-morrow, for such excitement and enthusiasm could not last much longer, and the inconvenience of being beset by crowds and the streets obstructed, is getting tiresome.

May 24th.—The Sebastopol Committee is finished, and the result proves that it is a very good thing to have had it, for no ill consequences have come of it, and the evidence has benefited instead of injuring both the Government and those who were most bitterly abused, especially Hardinge and Newcastle, about the latter of whom there has been a considerable reaction of opinion. In Parliament nothing has taken place of much consequence. Palmer-

ston is said to have done better lately than he did at first, but it is curious to see how completely his popularity has evaporated. All the foolish people whose pet he was, and who clamoured for him with the notion that he was to do every sort of impossible thing, now that they find he can do no more than other men, and that there never was any real difference between him and his colleagues, are furious with him because they so deceived themselves, and want to break the idol they set up.

May 30th.—The division last Friday night gave Government a larger majority than anybody expected,[1] and if it did not give them permanent strength it averted immediate danger. Gladstone made a fine speech, but gave great offence to all who are not for peace, and exposed himself to much unpopularity.

Notwithstanding the success of Government in the House of Commons and of the armies in the Crimea, things are in a very unsatisfactory and uncomfortable state here, and nobody knows what will happen. There is no confidence in any party or any men, and everybody has a vague apprehension of coming but undefined evil and danger. The world seems out of joint.

Paris, June 23rd.—I came here to pass through to Vichy, and accordingly on Tuesday last to Vichy I went. I arrived there in the evening, found a detestable apartment without a fireplace; the weather was intolerable, it never ceased raining, and the cold was intense. Finding that it was useless to take the waters or baths in such weather, and being disgusted with the whole thing, I resolved to return to Paris, which I did on Friday, and here I am comfortably established in the Embassy again.

On my arrival I was greeted with the painful intelligence of the repulse sustained by the French and English on the 18th in the attack on the Mamelon and Redan

[1] Disraeli's vote of censure on the Government for their misconduct of the war was rejected by 319 to 219.

batteries, and of the great losses which both armies had suffered. This failure has cast a great gloom over Paris and London, and the disappointment is greater because we had become so accustomed to success that everybody regarded failure in anything as impossible.

June 26th.—Yesterday morning arrived an invitation to dine at the Tuileries the same evening. I went there, was ushered into a room with eight or ten men in it, none of whom I knew except Count Bacciochi, whom I had met at Fould's the day before—three in uniform, the rest in plain clothes. A man, whom I supposed to be the *aide de campe de service*, came forward to receive me and invited me to sit down. Presently the same or another man came and said "Milord" (they all milorded me), "vous vous mettrez à table, s'il vous plaît, à côté de l'Empereur à sa droite." I was then taken into the next room, which adjoins the cabinet of the Emperor. In a few minutes his Majesty made his appearance; he immediately came up to me, bowed very civilly, and asked me the usual questions of when I came to Paris, etc. In a minute dinner was announced and we went in. As we walked in he said to me, "L'Impératrice sera bien fâchée de ne vous avoir pas vu." At dinner, which did not last above twenty-five minutes, he talked (a sort of dropping conversation) on different subjects, and I found him so easy to get on with that I ventured to start topics myself. After dinner we returned to the room we had left, and after coffee, seeing me staring about at the portraits, he said all his family were there, and he told me who they all were and the history of these portraits, which, he said, had made the tour of the world.

After this he asked me to sit down, which I did at a round table by his side, and M. Visconti on the other side of me, and then we had a conversation which lasted at least an hour and a half on every imaginable subject. It was impossible not to be struck with his simplicity, his being so natural and totally without any air or assumption

of greatness, though not undignified, but perfectly *comme il faut*, with excellent manners, and easy, pleasant, fluent conversation. I was struck with his air of truth and frankness, and though of course I could not expect in my position and at this first interview with him that he should be particularly expansive, yet he gave me the idea of being not only not reserved but as if, when intimate, he would have a great deal of *abandon*. It was difficult to bring away all the subjects he discussed, and I do not know that he said anything wonderfully striking, but he made a very favourable impression on me, and made me wish to know more of him, which I am never likely to do.

He talked of the war and its conduct, of the faults committed, and of the characters and talents of the generals engaged, comparing them, much to their disadvantage, with the generals of the Empire. He talked of the *Times* and its influence; of Spain; in short, of a vast variety of subjects; of the Exhibition here, and with some appearance of disappointment that the people will not go to it. After this long palaver he took leave of me, shaking hands with much apparent cordiality.

Paris, July 5th.—One of my attacks of gout came on this day week and disabled me from going anywhere, doing anything, and still more from writing anything. In the meanwhile we received the news of Lord Raglan's death.[1] Though they do not care about it here, there has been a very decent display of sympathy and regret, and the Emperor wrote to Cowley with his own hand a very proper letter. There is good reason to believe that the fatal termination of Lord Raglan's illness was in some (perhaps in great) measure produced by vexation and disappointment at the failure of the 18th, and annoyance at the many embarrassments of his position. It is certain that for a considerable time great disunion and poignant differences existed between him and the French generals. Canrobert wrote home a very unhandsome letter, in which

[1] Lord Raglan died in the Crimea on June 28th.

he gave as one of his reasons for resigning the impossibility of going on with Raglan. I believe Raglan complained of Canrobert with much better reason. There is now a bad feeling, a disposition to recrimination, between the two armies which may have very bad effects, and it is awful to think our army is under an untried man of whom nothing is known, and who is not likely to have more weight with, and receive more consideration from, the French generals than his predecessor.

Paris, July 9th.—I meant to have left Paris last night, but, an invitation arriving to dine with the Emperor at St. Cloud to-day, I put off going till to-morrow. I went yesterday to Versailles to see the *grandes eaux* and was disappointed, and dined there with the Ashburtons. This morning telegraphic news came of a Russian sortie last night; no details of course. Yesterday we were thrown into consternation by the intelligence from London of the revelations of John Russell [1] in the House of Commons and the discussion thereupon. Le Marchant wrote to Labouchere and told him the effect was as bad as possible, and the whole case very deplorable.

July 10th.—I dined at Villeneuve l'Étang. We went to the Palace of St. Cloud in Cowley's carriage, where we found an equerry and one of the Emperor's carriages, which took us to Villeneuve. A small house, pretty and comfortable enough, and a small party, all English—Duke and Duchess of Hamilton, Lord Hertford, Lord and Lady Ashburton, General Torrens and his *aide de camp*, Cowley and myself, the Duc de Bassano, Comte de Montebello, the *aide de camp de service*, and M. Valabrègue, *écuyer*, that was the whole party. The Emperor sat between the two ladies, taking the Duchess in to dinner. It lasted about three-quarters of an hour, and as soon as it was over his Majesty took us all out to walk about the place, see the dairy and a beautiful Bretonne cow he ordered to be brought out, and

[1] With regard to negotiations at Vienna.

then to scull on the lake, or *étang*, which gives its name to the place. There were a number of little boats for one person to scull and one to sit, and one larger for two each; the Emperor got into one with the Duchess, and all the rest of the people as they liked, and we passed about half an hour on the water. On landing, ices, etc., were brought, and the carriages came to the door at nine o'clock, a *char à banc* with four *percherons* and postillions exactly like the old French postboy, and several other open carriages and pair. The two ladies got into the centre of the *char à banc,* Cowley, Hertford, and I were invited to get up before, and the Emperor himself got up behind with somebody else, I did not see who. We then set off and drove for some time through the woods and drives of Villeneuve and St. Cloud, and at last, at about ten o'clock, we were set down at the Palace. There we all alighted, and, after walking about a little, the Emperor showing us the part which Marie Antoinette had built and telling some anecdotes connected with Louis XVIII and Louis Philippe, and the Château, he shook hands with all of us very cordially and dismissed us. His Majesty got into the *char à banc* and returned to Villeneuve, and we drove back to Paris. When we were walking about the court of the Château (it was quite dark) the sentinel challenged us—"Qui va là?" when the Emperor called out in a loud voice, "L'Empereur."

Of course, in this company there was nothing but general conversation, and I had no opportunity of having any with his Majesty; he was extremely civil, offering me his cigars, which I declined, and expressing anxiety that I should not catch cold. He made the same impression on me as before as to his extreme simplicity and the easiness of his intercourse; but I was struck with his appearance being so very *mesquin*, more than I thought at first.

London, July 13th.—I left Paris on Tuesday night at 7.30, got to Calais at three; low water and steamer three miles out at sea; went out in a boat in a torrent of rain

which had lasted the whole journey and all day. Train was just gone when we got to Dover, but we arrived in town about eleven. I found a precious state of affairs, all confusion and consternation, Bulwer having given notice of a motion of want of confidence on account of John Russell, whose affair[1] has brought himself and the Government to the very brink and almost to the certainty of ruin. There is as much excitement against Palmerston's Government, all on account of Lord John, as there was a few months ago against Aberdeen. I found Brooks's in a state of insurrection, and even the Attorney-General (Cockburn) told me that the Liberal party were resolved to go no further with John Russell, and that nothing but his resignation could save the Government, even if that could; that they might be reconciled to him hereafter, but as long as the war lasted they repudiated him. Meanwhile he has not resigned. There was a long Cabinet the day before yesterday in which they discussed the state of affairs, and what measures could be taken. Lord John offered to resign, but they would not hear of it, and came to a resolution to stand or fall together. Yesterday he attempted to make something of an explanation, but he only floundered farther into the mire, and was laughed at. Everybody thinks he made his case worse rather than better, but he really seems to have lost his head.

Bath, July 19th.—I came here on Saturday night. In the course of Friday morning I met Drumlanrig, who told me the subordinate place men had caused John Russell to be informed that if he did not resign they should, and

[1] On July 6th, Lord John Russell stated, in answer to a question, that he was personally convinced that the terms proposed at Vienna by the Austrian Government gave a fair prospect of the termination of hostilities, but that on his return to England the Government declined to accept them. M. Drouyn de Lhuys, the French envoy, had also been in favour of these terms. This statement appeared to be wholly inconsistent with the speech which Lord John had made, on his return, on May 24th. The Opposition gave notice of a motion condemning the conduct of the Ministers negotiating at Vienna; but Lord John Russell anticipated the inevitable vote of censure by resigning office.

vote for Bulwer's motion on Monday. This produced his resignation, but under circumstances as mortifying as possibly could be, and which must have made him deeply regret that he did not resign at first, although he is not to be blamed for having yielded to the wishes of his colleagues, and I am satisfied he did so from the best motives. It was no sooner known that he had resigned than the excitement began to subside, and everybody thought that Bulwer would withdraw his motion, and at all events nobody doubted that it would come to nothing. The motion was withdrawn but the debate took place, and such a debate!—it was impossible to read it without indignation and disgust. Bulwer's speech was a tissue of foul abuse with the grossest and most wilful misrepresentations and endeavours to draw inferences he knew to be false and fallacious, with the hope and purpose of damaging the characters of the Ministers. In these times, when the great evil is the bad opinion which the public has been led to entertain of public men, Bulwer endeavours, for a mere party purpose, to aggravate that hostile feeling and to make the world believe that, in a great party and a Cabinet composed of men whose characters have never been impugned, there is neither truth, sincerity, nor good faith, and by producing such an impression to bring the aristocracy into greater disrepute. Disraeli, of course, spoke in the same tone, Palmerston was very bad, and his speech was quite unbecoming his position. John Russell's defence was not calculated to relieve him from the weight of obloquy and unpopularity he had brought on himself, and the whole thing was unsatisfactory, except that it denoted the end of the contest and the disappointment of the Opposition, whose hopes had been so highly raised.

London, August 21st.—The Queen as usual has had magnificent weather for her Paris visit, and all has gone well there except that unluckily she arrived after her time at Boulogne and still more at Paris, consequently the Emperor was kept waiting at Boulogne, and the whole

population of Paris, which turned out and waited for hours under a broiling sun, was disappointed, for they arrived when it was growing dark. However, in spite of this, the scene appears to have been very fine and animated. Clarendon, who is not apt to be enthusiastic, writes so to Palmerston, and tells him that Marshal Magnan said he had known Paris for fifty years, and had never seen such a scene as this, not even when Napoleon returned from Austerlitz.

George Lewis called on me yesterday. I have hardly seen him during the session, and, having advised him to take his present office, I was glad to be able to congratulate him on his success. He was very natural about it, and owned that he had every reason to be satisfied with his reception both by the House of Commons and the City. I found that his sentiments about war and peace were identical with my own. He had been all along against the war, and thought it ought to have been prevented, and might have been in the outset, and that peace ought to have been made the other day; but, as he was in no way responsible for the war, he had nothing to do but to submit to the *fait accompli* and to do his best to raise the necessary supplies in the most advantageous manner. It is evident that, if there could have been a potential peace party in the Cabinet, he would have been one of them, but as it is he kept his real sentiments to himself and subscribed to the decision of the majority. We talked of the session and its incidents. He said history recorded nothing like the profusion with which the present House of Commons was inclined to spend money. It was impossible to ask for too much; their only fear seemed to be lest the war should not be conducted with sufficient vigour, and to accomplish this they were ready to vote any amount of money. Lewis thinks the rage for war as violent as ever, and the zeal of the country not at all diminished, he sees no symptoms of it. Charles Villiers thinks differently, and that there is already a manifest change of opinion,

and that opposition to the war has already begun. I wish I could see some symptoms of it, but, though there may be some, I think they are slight.

September 5th.—I saw Clarendon one day last week for a short time, but had no opportunity of hearing the details of his sojourn at Paris. He said the Queen was delighted with everything and especially with the Emperor himself, who, with perfect knowledge of women, had taken the surest way to ingratiate himself with her. This it seems he began when he was in England, and followed it up at Paris. After his visit the Queen talked it all over with Clarendon, and said, "It is very odd; but the Emperor knows everything I have done and where I have been ever since I was twelve years old; he even recollects how I was dressed, and a thousand little details it is extraordinary he should be acquainted with." She has never before been on such a social footing with anybody, and he has approached her with the familiarity of their equal positions, and with all the experience and knowledge of womankind he has acquired during his long life, passed in the world and in mixing with every sort of society. She seemed to have played her part throughout with great propriety and success.

September 7th.—I had a long visit from the Duke of Bedford this morning, who came to talk with me about his brother John, his position and prospects. He has seen John and heard from him in great detail all his case, and he has likewise seen Clarendon and heard his and the Government's case. He tells me that he has never in his life suffered more pain than at hearing these cases and witnessing the bitter feelings which exist, and the charges which are mutually made, especially between Clarendon and Lord John. I read to the Duke all that I had written about John in the preceding pages, against which he had nothing to say.

September 17th.—Went to The Grove with Clarendon last Saturday sennight; on Monday to Doncaster, where I

had no time to write anything but bets in my betting-book, all of which I lost. On the Saturday we heard from General Simpson by telegraph that the assault was to take place that day. We were kept in suspense all Sunday, but on Monday morning read in the *Times* that the Malakoff was taken, but we had no idea then that the city with all its vast defences would fall immediately after, but I heard it the same night at the Huntingdon station.

September 28th.—No fresh news, but a letter from Charles Windham (the hero of the Redan), in which he gives an account of that affair which corresponds very closely with the report of Russell, the *Times* Commissioner. He gives a poor character of the generals in the Crimea, and says the troops, except some of the old soldiers, behaved by no means well. The whole thing seems to have been grievously mismanaged on our part.[1]

October 7th.—At Woburn, where the Duke and I had much conversation about Lord John and his position, and he showed me a great many of John's letters to him about his quarrel with the Government and the conduct of Clarendon to him, which he cannot forgive, though they are again corresponding with ostensible amity. The Duke owns that he does not see how John can take any prominent part in public life, at least for the present, and indeed considers it probable that his career as a statesman is closed; and, what is more, John seems to consider it so himself and to acquiesce in his position, though what his secret aspirations may be none can tell. He has, however, determined to give up his house in town, which looks like retirement.

October 29th.—All last week at Newmarket, and probably very nearly for the last time as an owner of race-horses, for I have now got rid of them all, and am almost off the turf, after being on it more or less for about

[1] The British attack on the Redan failed, whilst the French attack on the Malakoff succeeded, to the extreme annoyance of the British public; but in the assault on the Redan Colonel Charles Windham (as he then was) displayed a bravery which helped to redeem the credit of the British forces.

forty years. I am sorry that I have never kept any memoranda of my turf life, which might have been curious and amusing; for I have known many odd characters, and lived with men of whom it would have been interesting to preserve some record. Perhaps I may one day rake together my old recollections and trace the changes that have taken place in this racing life since I first knew it and entered into it, but I cannot do so now.

London, November 7th.—The event of the last few days has been the offer of the Colonial Office to Lord Stanley and his refusal to take it. When Palmerston proposed it to him he said that he could not give an answer without consulting his father, which *implied* that he would accept if his father gave his consent. He posted down to Knowsley, from whence he had just come, and entered the room where Derby was playing at billiards, and much to his astonishment saw his son suddenly return. "What on earth," he cried out, "has brought you back so soon? Are you going to be married, or what has happened to you?" Stanley said he wanted to speak to him, and carried him off. What passed is not known, but of course he advised his son to refuse office. He wrote to Palmerston in very becoming terms, and, I hear, a very good letter. He had, if not consulted, certainly imparted to Disraeli what passed, for Disraeli told me so. I think he judged wisely in declining. He is young and can afford to wait, and his position and abilities are certain before long to make him conspicuous and to enable him to play a very considerable part.[1] He is exceedingly ambitious, of an independent turn of mind, very industrious, and has acquired a vast amount of information. Not long ago, Disraeli gave me an account of him

[1] He was now just twenty-nine, but his subsequent performance did not bear out C. G.'s anticipations. He held the Foreign Secretaryship and other offices, but was never happy in the Conservative Party. He afterwards joined the Liberals, and in 1882 became Colonial Secretary under Gladstone. Finally in 1886 a Liberal Unionist.

and of his curious opinions—exceedingly curious in a man in his condition of life and with his prospects. Last night Lord Strangford (George Smythe) talked to me about him, expressed the highest opinion of his capacity and acquirements, and confirmed what Disraeli had told me of his notions and views even more, for he says that he is a real and sincere democrat, and that he would like if he could to prove his sincerity by divesting himself of his aristocratic character and even of the wealth he is heir to. Nothing appears to me certain but that he will play a considerable part for good or for evil, but I cannot pretend to guess what it will be. At present he seems to be more allied with Bright than with any other public man; and, as his disposition about the war and its continuance is very much that of Bright, it would have been difficult for him to take office with Palmerston, whose whole political existence, or at least his power, rests on the cry for war and its active and energetic prosecution.

London, November 12th.—I saw John Russell on Saturday morning to have a talk with him about the state of affairs and the questions of peace and war. There still exists a great deal of bitterness between him and Clarendon, he thinking that he has been very ill used by Clarendon and others of his former colleagues. Lord John and I do not agree as to the earlier part of the question, because he was originally a party to the war while I was always against it. He was, however, rather against it quite at first, being, as he told me, with Aberdeen, and against Clarendon and Palmerston, who were all along inclined to go to war. He had been at the Mansion House dinner the night before, where he was very ill received, though he would not allow it; he prefers to flatter himself that the signs of his unpopularity were not so strong and marked as everybody else who was present thought them.

I likewise saw Disraeli and had some talk with him. He told me that he had now nothing whatever to do with

the "Press," [1] and that the series of articles in that paper on the war and in favour of peace were all written by Stanley. He said he had received a letter from Stanley to this effect: "My dear Disraeli,—I write to you in confidence to tell you that I have been offered and have refused the Colonial Office. As it is due to Lord Palmerston to keep his offer secret, I have told nobody of it but yourself and my father, and I beg you not to mention it to anybody." On receiving this he said he began to concoct an answer in his mind of rather a sentimental kind, and conveying his approbation of the course he had taken, but before he put pen to paper he got the *Times* with Stanley's letter to Sir —— ——, which was tantamount to a disclosure of the whole thing, on which he wrote instead, "Dear Stanley,—I thank you for your letter; but I had already received your confidential communication through your letter to Sir —— ——."

I have occasion to see Disraeli very often about ——'s affairs, about which he has been wonderfully kind and serviceable, and on these occasions he always enters on some political talk, and in this way we have got into a sort of intimacy such as I never thought could have taken place between us.

November 27th.—At length there really does appear to be a prospect of putting an end to this odious war, and my conjectures of a few days ago are assuming the shape of realities. Yesterday morning I met George Lewis in the Park and turned back and walked with him to the door of his office, when he told me the exact state of affairs. Lewis's story was this: The Austrians have framed a proposal for peace which they offer to send to Russia, and, if she refuses it, Austria engages to join the

[1] In Buckle's "Life," however, it is stated that "down to February, 1856, the communications between Disraeli and the Editor were constant and the paper closely reflected Disraeli's views. . . . On acceding to office in 1858, Disraeli sold the paper." (III, 505.) It was a weekly paper which Disraeli had founded in 1853, to express his "Young England" notions of a progressive and enlightened Toryism; and he was himself for some time the chief contributor.

Allies and to declare war. The Emperor Napoleon agrees with Austria, and is resolved not to go on with the war if peace can be arranged on the Austrian terms. This resolution he has communicated to us, and invited us to accede thereto; Walewski's letters are not merely pressing, but even peremptory. Our Government are aware that they have no alternative, and that nothing is left for them but to acquiesce with a good grace and make the best case they can for themselves here, the case being that the Emperor is determined to make peace, and that we cannot carry on the war alone. This was the amount of Lewis's information, to which he added the expression of his disgust at the pitiful figure we cut in the affair, being obliged to obey the commands of Louis Napoleon, and, after our insolence, swagger, and bravado, to submit to terms of peace which we have already scornfully rejected; all which humiliation, he justly said, was the consequence of our plunging into war without any reason and in defiance of all prudence and sound policy.

December 4th.—At The Grange the last four days, where I found everybody in total ignorance of what is passing about peace, except Sidney Herbert, who told me that the plan is *neutralisation*.[1] On coming back yesterday I met Lord Malmesbury just come from Paris: he is supposed to be the person who supplied all its information to the "Press" paper, and I believe it was he. He confirmed the Emperor's desire for peace, but thought it very doubtful whether Russia would accept the terms of the Allies.

London, December 11th.—I met Clarendon at the "Travellers" on Friday evening, and had a talk with him. He did not seem inclined to enter much into the question of peace and war, but he told me that Buol declared most solemnly that he had had no communication with Russia about *the terms*, and that he had only slight hopes that peace might be made. Of the terms them-

[1] That is, of the Black Sea.

selves Clarendon did not say a word. He talked a great deal about the King of Sardinia,[1] and gave me an account of his conversations both with the King and Cavour. He thinks well of the King, and that he is intelligent, and he has a very high opinion indeed of Cavour, and was especially struck with his knowledge of England, and our Constitution and constitutional history.

The King and his people are far better satisfied with their reception here than in France, where, under much external civility, there was very little cordiality, the Emperor's intimate relations with Austria rendering him little inclined towards the Piedmontese. Here the Queen was wonderfully cordial and attentive; she got up at four in the morning to see him depart. His Majesty appears to be frightful in person, but a great strong, burly, athletic man, brusque in his manners, unrefined in his conversation, very loose in his conduct, and very eccentric in his habits. When he was at Paris his talk in society amused or terrified everybody, but here he seems to have been more guarded. It was amusing to see all the religious societies hastening with their addresses to him, totally forgetting that he is the most debauched and dissolute fellow in the world; but the fact of his being excommunicated by the Pope and his waging war with the ecclesiastical power in his own country covers every sin against morality, and he is a great hero with the Low Church people and Exeter Hall. My brother-in-law said that he looked at Windsor more like a chief of the Heruli or Longobardi than a modern Italian prince, and the Duchess of Sutherland declared that, of all the Knights of the Garter she had seen, he was the only one who seemed as if he would have the best of it with the Dragon.

December 14*th*.—My hopes of peace, never very sanguine, are now completely dashed, for Lewis told me last night that he thought the terms were at last pretty

[1] King Victor Emmanuel, accompanied by Cavour, had arrived in England a few days before, and Clarendon and Lord John Russell were invited to Windsor to meet him.

well agreed upon between England, France, and Austria. I was greatly surprised, for I thought they had been agreed upon long ago and must be by this time on their way to St. Petersburg. I said so; and he replied, "Oh no, they are only just on the point of being settled." It was quite extraordinary, he said, how eager Palmerston was for pursuing the war.

December 17th.—This morning the two volumes of Macaulay's History came forth. The circumstances of this publication are, I believe, unprecedented in literary history; 25,000 copies are given out, and the weight of the books is fifty-six tons. The interest and curiosity which it excites are prodigious, and they afford the most complete testimony to his immense popularity and the opinion entertained by the world of his works already published. His profits will be very great, and he will receive them in various shapes. But there is too much reason to apprehend that these may be the last volumes of his history that the world will see, still more that they are the last that will be read by me and people of my standing. It is melancholy to think that so gifted an intellect should be arrested by premature decay, and such a magnificent undertaking should be overthrown by physical infirmities, and be limited to the proportions of a splendid fragment. He is going to quit Parliament and to reside in the neighbourhood of London.

CHAPTER VIII

THE PALMERSTONIAN ERA

(1856-60)

1856

January 1st.—Intelligence arrived yesterday that Esterhazy had presented the Austrian proposal to Nesselrode on the 28th, who had received it *in profound silence*. Yesterday morning the *Morning Post*, in communicating this fact, put forth an article indecently violent and menacing against Prussia. The *Morning Post* derives its only importance from being the Gazette of Palmerston and of the French Government, and it is not very easy to determine which of the two is guilty of this article. These are the sort of manifestos which make us so odious all over the world.

Hatchford, January 2nd.—The speech which Louis Napoleon addressed to the Imperial Guard the day before yesterday when they marched into Paris in triumph, gives reason for suspecting that the manifesto against Prussia in the *Morning Post* was French, for there is no small correspondence between the speech and the article. In the article Prussia is openly threatened and told, if she will not join the Allies in making war on Russia, the Allies will make war upon her; in the speech the Guards are told to hold themselves in readiness and that a great French

army will be wanted. Nothing is more within the bounds of probability than that the Emperor may determine, if he is obliged to make war, to make it for a French object, and on some enemy from whom a good spoil may be taken, a war which will gratify French vanity and cupidity, and which will therefore not be unpopular. The very possibility of this shows the necessity of putting an end to a war which cannot continue without so many and such perilous contingencies. Nothing in fact can exceed the complications in which we can hardly help being plunged, and the various antagonistic interests which will be brought into collision, creating perplexities and difficulties which it would require the genius of a Richelieu to unravel and compose. The earth under our feet may be mined with plots; we know not what any of the Great Powers are really designing; the only certainty for us is that we are going on blindly and obstinately spending our wealth and our blood in a war in which we have no interest, and in keeping Europe in a state of ferment and uncertainty, the ultimate consequences of which it is appalling to contemplate.

Hatchford, January 4th.—I was in London yesterday, where I saw George Lewis, who was very low, sees no chance of peace, and everybody thinks it hopeless since the Russian Circular has appeared. Lewis says our financial prospect is very bad, a declining revenue, rising prices, a large loan wanted which will be got on bad terms, and more money to be lent to Sardinia and Turkey. Everything looks as black as possible, and the Emperor Napoleon's speech to the Imperial Guard following Persigny's article in the *Morning Post* wears a very menacing aspect.

January 15th.—I came to town yesterday morning and found on my arrival the Russian answer, which was pretty much what I expected. I suspect our Government will have been disappointed that so much was conceded as to make a peremptory rejection so monstrous as to be

hardly safe. However, Esterhazy has been ordered to withdraw on the 18th, unless everything else is conceded.

January 17th, 12 o'clock.—Payne has just rushed in here, to say that a telegraphic message, dated Vienna, ten o'clock last night, announces that "Russia accepts *unconditionally* the proposals of the Allies." The consequence of this astounding intelligence was such a state of confusion and excitement on the Stock Exchange as was hardly ever seen before. The newspapers had one and all gone on predicting that the negotiations would lead to nothing, and that the war would go on, so that innumerable people continued to be "bears," and they were all rushing to get out as fast as they could.

London, January 22nd.—I went to Trentham on Friday, and returned yesterday. Granville is very confident of peace, fancying that Russia will make no difficulties, and will agree to our additional demands, which may be so, but seems to me far from certain. The intelligence of peace being at hand, or probable, gives no satisfaction here, and the whole press is violent against it, and thunders away against Russia and Austria, warns the people not to expect peace, and incites them to go on with the war. There seems little occasion for this, for the press has succeeded in inoculating the public with such an eager desire for war that there appears a general regret at the notion of making peace. When I was at Trentham, I asked Mr. Fleming, the gardener, a very intelligent man, what the general feeling was in that part of the world, and he said the general inclination was to go on with the war till we had made Russia, besides other concessions, pay all its expenses. It appears to me impossible the *entente cordiale* with France can go on long if the war goes on, when the people here are passionate for war, and in France they are equally passionate for peace.

January 26th.—Yesterday morning Disraeli called on me, and after we had discussed some private affairs, he began talking politics. He is very triumphant at his

pacific views and expectations having turned out so true, and at the "Press" newspaper having proved to be right. He said he had never stood so well with the *best* men of his party as he did now, that he is to have forty-five men, the cream of the Conservatives, to dine with him on Wednesday next. He then talked of Derby and the blunders he had made in spite of all the advice he had given and the remonstrances he had made to him, that he had written to him and told him what he knew from undoubted authority must and would happen about peace, and implored him not to commit himself to the continuance of the war, but that Derby with all his great talents had no discretion, and suffered himself to be led and influenced by some of the weakest and least capable men of his party. It was evident that there is little political cordiality between Derby and Disraeli, and a considerable split in the party. If Disraeli is to be believed, the best of the Conservatives are disposed to go with him rather than with Derby, but I own I much doubt this. However, it will soon be seen what the state of that party is.

January 31*st*.—Parliament meets to-day. Who would have thought a few weeks ago that the Queen's Speech would announce the preliminaries of peace? Who would ever have thought that tidings of peace would produce a general sentiment of disappointment and dissatisfaction in this nation? There are, however, sundry symptoms of an approaching change in the public mind. The press is much perplexed; the newspapers do not know what to say.

February 3*rd*.—Parliament opened very quietly, and there was no disposition evinced to find fault with the Government, or to throw obstacles in the way of making peace. A great change has certainly come over the country within the last fortnight or three weeks, not that people are not still sorry to see the end of the war, and rather inclined to view the peace with suspicion as well as dislike, but they have no grounds for complaint, they see that it is inevitable, and they are disposed to acquiesce.

The Conferences will begin in about three weeks, and probably be very soon over, for it is the object of all parties to put an end to the enormous expense which, every day that the war lasts, is increased, and no doubt is entertained by the well-informed that Russia is in earnest, and will go through with it firmly and sincerely. The most unpleasant incident is the difference with America, which has a bad aspect, but when they learn that we are going to make peace with Russia we flatter ourselves the Americans will become reasonable.[1] If a war should ensue it would be still more insane than the Russian war, for we should be fighting absolutely for no object whatever, and merely from the collision of the proud and angry feelings of the two nations. Neither would gain anything if the other were to give way and concede all that is in dispute as to the Central American question.

February 15th.—Clarendon came here to-day to take leave of me on going to the Conference in Paris. He talks despondingly, but less about making peace than about making one that will be acceptable here.

February 21st.—A week has passed since most of the Plenipotentiaries arrived at Paris, and we hear nothing of what has been going on amongst them; at least I hear nothing except that Clarendon writes word he is quite satisfied with the Emperor; the Hollands, that all sorts of intrigues are rife, Brunnow, Morny, and Madame de Lieven closeted together for hours; and Madame de Lieven writes to me in melancholy mood, saying she anticipates many difficulties, and complaining of the *exigeances* which she hears of as probable, and how ungenerous as well as impolitic it is to make no allowance for the difficulty of the Emperor's position *vis à vis* of his own people, and to bear so hard upon him. Meanwhile this country remains in the same passive and expectant

[1] Questions had arisen (*a*) as to the enlistment of American citizens in the British army during the war, and (*b*) as to the British possessions in Central America.

state, so far behaving very well that there is not the least stir or any attempt to make peace more difficult, not a word said in Parliament, no meeting or petitions, the *Times* nearly silent, and only an under-growl from time to time from the Radical or malignant journals.

Last night the Evangelical and Sabbatarian interest had a great victory in the House of Commons, routing those who endeavoured to effect the opening of the National Gallery and British Museum on Sunday. The only man of importance who sustained this unequal and imprudent contest was Lord Stanley. At this moment cant and Puritanism are in the ascendant, and so far from effecting any anti-Sabbatarian reform, it will be very well if we escape some of the more stringent measures against Sunday occupations and amusements with which Exeter Hall and the prevailing spirit threaten us.

Paris, March 1st.—I left London on Thursday with M. de Flahault and my brother.[1] We slept at Boulogne, and after a prosperous journey in all its stages, found myself in my old quarters at the Embassy yesterday evening at seven o'clock. I had hardly arrived before a card came from Morny, who gave a great evening party with two *petites pièces* and music. I went there with Lady Cowley. The crowd was so great that I saw nothing whatever of the spectacle, but was pretty well amused, for I met some old acquaintance, made some new ones, and was presented to some of the celebrities of the day. I was much struck with the ugliness of the women, and the extreme *recherche* of their costumes. Nature has done nothing for them, their *modistes* all that is possible. I met Clarendon, but had hardly any opportunity of talking to him, as he was every moment interrupted by people come up to do civilities to him. He had just time to tell me that matters are going on very slowly, and that

[1] His brother Henry, who was Secretary at the Embassy in Paris, and had been spending a few weeks in London. March 1st was a Saturday; so that the journey still took nearly two days.

he sees no reason why he should not be kept here for the next six months. He said he was delighted with the Emperor and liked him better and better every time he saw him. I met Walewski, who said he wanted to talk to me, when he expressed great anxiety to know the state of opinion in England, and talked of the chances of peace, and particularly wished to know if I thought Palmerston really and sincerely desired peace. I told him the exact truth as to opinion in England, and said I believed Palmerston was now sincere in wishing to make peace, but that it was in his nature to be *exigeant*, and he thought it necessary to be so now because it was of great moment to him to present to the country a peace with as many concessions as possible from Russia.

I called on Madame de Lieven in the morning, who did not seem to know much beyond what lies on the surface. She is craving for news and eager for peace. I saw the Hollands and Guizot at Madame de Lieven's door, called on Lady Clarendon, and then went to ride with Lady Cowley in the Bois, and so the evening and the morning were the first day. The weather is cold and gloomy, and I don't think I shall stay here long.

March 3rd.—Went about visiting yesterday, and at night to the Tuileries, an evening party and play, two small pieces; the Emperor was very civil to me as usual, came up to me and shook hands; he talked to Orloff and to Clarendon, then the Grand Maîtresse told him the Empress was ready, when he went out and came back with her on his arm, Mathilde, Princess Murat, and Plon Plon following. As the Emperor passed before me he stopped and presented me to the Empress. I was introduced to Orloff, and in the course of the evening had a long talk with Brunnow, who said *they* had made all the advances and concessions they could, and it was for us to move towards peace, and not to advance one step and then retreat two.

This morning I went to see the opening of the legislative

bodies, and hear the Emperor's Speech. It was a gay and pretty sight, so full of splendour and various colours, but rather theatrical. He read his speech very well and the substance of it gave satisfaction; it was not easy to compose it, but he did it exceedingly well, and steered clear of the ticklish points with great adroitness and tact. It sounded odd to English ears to hear a Royal Speech applauded at the end of each paragraph, and shouts of "Vive l'Empereur" from the Senators and Deputies.

After Cowley came home he began talking over the state of affairs, and the peace we are going to make, about which his grief and disappointment are overflowing.

March 5th.—Cowley continues talking to me of the state of affairs as it is and as it might have been, and is excessively dejected and disgusted at the idea of the peace he is about to sign; he thinks it neither creditable nor likely to be durable, but we start from such different points of view that it is impossible for us to agree.

It is no wonder that this Government want to get their army home when typhus is raging there, and they have by their own account 22,000 men in hospital, while ours is quite healthy. We took all sorts of precautions, and strongly advised the French to do the same, and to adopt a sanitary plan we imparted to them; they held it cheap, did nothing, and here are the consequences.

March 15th.—From Cowley's account the Conferences appear to be drawing to an end, as a committee has been formed to draw up the Treaty. It consists of Cowley, Bourqueney, Brunnow, Cavour, Buol, and the Grand Vizier. Cowley is still bemoaning the insufficiency of the terms, and while he admits the necessity of peace here, maintains that if the Emperor would only have joined us in insisting upon the terms we wished to impose, it is certain the Russians would have consented to everything, for he says they now know from unquestionable information that the Russians expected much harder terms. All this may be true, and I am myself inclined to think the

Russians would have agreed to our terms, if those terms had been heartily backed up by the Emperor; but except to give something more of a triumph to the English public, I am not of opinion that the difference between what we required and what we shall get is worth much. When the *dénouement* is before the world, it will appear how insane it was to plunge into such a war, and that the confusion and unsettled state of affairs which will be the result of it are more dangerous to the stability of the Turkish Empire than the ambitious designs of Russia ever were. Whether the Emperor Nicholas was premature or not in his idea of "the sick man," it will soon appear how sick the man will be left by the doctors who have stepped in to save him, and I believe the *bouleversement* of the old Turkish dominion will have been greatly accelerated by the war and the consequences which will flow from the successes of the Allies.

March 16th.—We passed the day in momentary expectation of hearing of the Empress's confinement. No news arrived, but at six in the morning we were awakened from our beds by the sound of the cannon of the Invalides, which gave notice of a son. Will his fortune be more prosperous than that of the other Royal and Imperial heirs to the throne whom similar salvoes have proclaimed?[1] From all I hear the event was received here with good will, but without the least enthusiasm, though with some curiosity, and the Tuileries Gardens were crowded. People were invited by the police to illuminate.

London, March 21st, Good Friday.—I left Paris on Wednesday morning with Mr. and Mrs. Reeve, dined at Boulogne, crossed over in the evening, and arrived in London yesterday morning at eleven o'clock. I regretted leaving Paris, where I was treated with so much affection and hospitality, and on the whole very well amused.

[1] This was the Prince Imperial, who fifteen years later came with his parents to live as an exile in England, and in 1879, at the age of twenty-three, was killed in the Zulu War.

Yesterday I saw George Lewis and had a talk with him and his wife about Clarendon and the peace. He said he thought the peace quite sufficient, and he did not understand what it was Cowley found fault with, nor why he is dissatisfied. He thinks it will be well enough received in the House of Commons and by the country, and he is in good spirits about the Government.

April 1st.—News of peace reached London on Sunday evening, and was received joyfully by the populace, not from any desire to see an end of the war, but merely because it is a great event to make a noise about. The newspapers have been reasonable enough, except the *Sun*, which appeared in deep mourning, and with a violent tirade against peace.

April 3rd.—Yesterday I met Graham at the Council Office, where he had come to attend a committee. Since the formation of Aberdeen's Government three years ago I have hardly ever seen him, and have never had any conversation with him. Yesterday he sat down and began talking over the state of affairs generally, and the prospects of the country, which he considers very gloomy and full of danger, more particularly from the outrageous license of the press, which has now arrived at a pitch perfectly intolerable, but which it is impossible to check or control. Then the total destruction of parties and of party ties and connexions, to say nothing of the antipathies and disagreements of such public men as there are. He says there is not one man in the House of Commons who has ten followers, neither Gladstone, nor Disraeli, nor Palmerston. The Government goes on because there is no organised opposition prepared and able to take its place, and the Government receives a sufficiency of independent support, because all feel that the business of the country must be carried on, and hitherto Palmerston has been supported as a War Minister, and the best man to carry on the war; but Graham is very doubtful what will happen when the discussions on the peace and all matters relating to the

war are over, and other questions (principally of domestic policy) come into play. Palmerston, always sanguine, fancies he can stand, but it is very doubtful, for he is not backed by a party constituting a majority; the Treasury Bench is very weak, and Palmerston himself a poor and inefficient conductor of the Government in the House. Palmerston (Graham thinks) has a passionate love of office and power, and will cling to it with tenacity to the last, and never resign it but on compulsion, not caring with whom he acts, nor on what principles. He says Lewis has done well, and is liked in the House of Commons, and Gladstone likes him and gives him a cordial support; that Gladstone is certainly the ablest man there, though it is still doubtful whether his talents are equal to such an emergency as the present, to master public opinion, enlist it on his side, and to administer the Government on certain principles of administrative reform which Graham himself considers necessary. His religious opinions, in which he is zealous and sincere, enter so largely into his political conduct as to form a very serious obstacle to his success, for they are abhorrent to the majority of this Protestant country, and (I was rather surprised to hear him say) Graham thinks approach very nearly to Rome. Gladstone would have nothing to do with any Government unless he were leader in the House of Commons, and when that Government is formed, there should be previously a clear and distinct understanding on what principles it was founded and what their course of action should be. Disraeli appears to be endeavouring to approach Gladstone, and a confederacy between those two and young Stanley by no means an improbability. What Stanley is disposed to do and capable of doing is still an enigma, and although his speeches are not devoid of matter, they are without a particle of the spirit and stirring eloquence of his father.

May 14th.—Every day my disinclination to continue this work (which is neither a journal nor anything else) increases, but I have at the same time a reluctance to dis-

continue entirely an occupation which has engaged me for forty years, and in which I may still find from time to time something to record which may hereafter be deemed worth reading, and so at long intervals, and for short periods, I resume my reluctant pen.

The questions of war and of peace having now ceased to interest and excite the public mind, a religious question has sprung up to take their place for the moment, which though not at present of much importance, will in all probability lead to more serious consequences hereafter. Sir Benjamin Hall having bethought himself of providing innocent amusement for the Londoners on Sunday, established a Sunday playing of military bands in Kensington Gardens and in the other parks and gardens about the metropolis, which has been carried on, with the sanction of the Government, with great success for several Sundays. Some murmurs were heard from the puritanical and Sabbatarian party, but Palmerston having declared himself favourable to the practice in the House of Commons, the opposition appeared to cease. The puritans, however, continued to agitate against it in meetings and in the press, though the best part of the latter was favourable to the bands, and at last, when a motion in Parliament was threatened to insist on the discontinuance of the music, the Cabinet thought it necessary to reconsider the subject. They were informed that if the Government resisted the motion they would be beaten, and moreover that no man could support them in opposition to it without great danger of losing his seat at the next election. It is stated that the Sabbatarians are so united and numerous, and their organisation so complete, that all over the country they would be able to influence and probably carry any election, and that this influence would be brought to bear against every man who maintained by his vote this "desecration of the Sabbath." Accordingly it was resolved by the Cabinet to give way, and the only question was how to do so with anything

like consistency and dignity. The Archbishop of Canterbury was made the "Deus ex machinâ" to effect this object. He was made to write a letter to the Premier representing the feelings of the people and begging the bands might be silenced. To this Palmerston wrote a reply in which he repeated his own opinion in favour of the music, but that in deference to the public sentiment he would put an end to their playing. All this has excited a good deal of interest and discussion. For the present, the only question is whether the angry public will not vent its indignation and resentment to-morrow in acts of uproar and violence; but though these acts will not be serious or lasting if they do take place, it may be expected that the Sabbatarians will not rest satisfied with their triumph, but will endeavour to make fresh encroachments on our free will and our habits and pursuits, and that fresh and more serious contests will arise out of this beginning.

June 1*st*.—The state of affairs with America becomes more and more alarming.[1] Grey told me the other night that he had had a long conversation with Dallas, whose tone was anything but reassuring as to the prospect of peace; and yesterday I met Thackeray, who is just returned from the United States. He thinks there is every probability of the quarrel leading to war, for there is a very hostile spirit, constantly increasing, throughout the States, and an evident desire to quarrel with us. He says he has never met with a single man who is not persuaded that they are entirely in the right and we in the wrong, and they are equally persuaded if war ensues that they will give us a great thrashing; they don't care for the consequences, their riches are immense, and 200,000 men would appear in arms at a moment's notice. Here, however, though there is a great deal of anxiety, there is still

[1] In consequence of the dispute on the subject of Foreign Enlistment, Mr. Crampton, the British Minister, was ordered to leave Washington on May 28th; but Mr. Dallas, the American Minister, still remained in this country.

a very general belief that war cannot take place on grounds so trifling between two countries which have so great and so equal an interest in remaining at peace with each other. But in a country where the statesmen, if there are any, have so little influence, and where the national policy is subject to the passions and caprices of an ignorant and unreasoning mob, there is no security that good sense and moderation will prevail. It has often been remarked that civil wars are of all wars the most furious, and a war between America and England would have all the characteristics of a civil and not an international contest; nor, though I have no doubt that America is in the wrong, can I persuade myself that we are entirely in the right on either of the principal points in dispute. We have reason to congratulate ourselves that the Russian war is over, for if it had gone on and all our ships had been in the Baltic, and all our soldiers in the Crimea, nothing would have prevented the Americans from seizing the opportunity of our hands being full to bring their dispute with us to a crisis.

June 7th.—The American horizon is rather less dark. Nothing is yet known as to Crampton's dismissal, and Dallas does not believe it. The Danish Minister at Washington writes over here that he thinks the clouds will disperse and there will be no serious quarrel.

London, July 12th.—I have been at Knowsley for the last three days, and so missed the march of the Guards into London on Wednesday. Lord Hardinge was struck down by paralysis as he was speaking to the Queen at Aldershot on Tuesday last. It is supposed that the Duke of Cambridge will succeed him, and that Jim Macdonald will be his Military Secretary. The American question is still undecided, but everybody appears to be very easy about it.

London, July 27th.—Parliament has finished its debates, and will be prorogued on Tuesday. Dizzy wound up by a "review of the session," a species of entertainment

which used to be given annually some years ago by Lord Lyndhurst with great skill and effect, but which on the present occasion, and in Disraeli's hands, was singularly inopportune and ineffective. The Government go into summer and winter quarters in a very healthy and prosperous state, with nothing apparently to apprehend, and with every probability of meeting Parliament next year in the same condition, and, barring accidents, going through next session as successfully as they have gone through this.

August 4th.—I was at Goodwood all last week; the Prince of Russia came there. Not a word of news; the Queen still engaged in reviewing the troops, and complimentary fêtes are still going on to Sir W. Williams of Kars, and Charles Wyndham "the hero of the Redan."

History is full of examples of the slight and accidental causes on which the greatest events turn, and of such examples the last war seems very full. Charles Wyndham told me that nothing but a very thick fog which happened on the morning of Inkerman prevented the English army being swept from their position and totally discomfited. The Russians could see nothing, lost their own way, and mistook the position of the British troops. Had the weather been clear so that they had been able to execute their plans, we could not have resisted them; a defeat instead of the victory we gained would have changed the destiny of the world, and have produced effects which it is impossible to contemplate or calculate.

On the other hand, nothing but miscalculation and bad management prevented the capture of Sebastopol immediately after Alma. My nephew is just returned from a voyage with Lord Lyons to the Crimea, where he went all over the scenes of the late contest, all the positions, and the ruins of Sebastopol as well as the northern forts. He was well treated by the Russians, who showed him everything, and talked over the events of the war with great

frankness. They told him that if the Allies had marched at once after the battle on the north side, no resistance could have been made, and the other side must have fallen. We had long known that the north side would have fallen if we had attacked it at once. Frank asked the Russian officer whether there was any bad feeling on the part of the Russian army towards the French or English, and he said none whatever, but a great deal towards the Austrians, and that they desired nothing more than an opportunity of fighting them.

Hillingdon, August 17th.—It is impossible to find anything of the least interest to write about, and my journal is in danger of dying of starvation or of atrophy. The country is profoundly tranquil and generally prosperous; everybody seems satisfied with Palmerston and his administration. I myself, who for so many years regarded him politically with the greatest aversion and distrust, have come to think him the best minister we can have, and to wish him well.

September 15th.—Another month has passed away, and still I have had nothing to record. The coronation at Moscow appears to have gone off with great *éclat*, and to have been a spectacle of extraordinary magnificence, the prodigious cost of which betrays no sign of exhaustion or impoverishment by the late war.[1] We were probably mistaken, as we were in so many other things, in fancying that the power and resources of Russia were very greatly impaired, but during the war, whatever we wished we were ready to believe.

The state of affairs at home and abroad is curious: abroad there is uneasiness and uncertainty as to the future, the elements of future disturbances being in a sort of abeyance; at home the fever and excitement which prevailed during the war having been succeeded by a

[1] The coronation of the Emperor Alexander II of Russia, which was attended by C. G.'s friend, Lord Granville, as special ambassador of Great Britain.

torpor and an apathy such as I never remember to have seen before. All party politics seem to be extinct, the country cares about nobody, desires no changes, and only wishes to go on and prosper.

September 21st.—The old Crimean correspondent of the *Times* has despatched a very interesting and graphic account of the coronation at Moscow, and Granville writes word that whereas he had estimated the cost of it at a million sterling, he was now led to believe it would be not much less than three. The coronation of George IV cost 240,000*l.*, which was considered an enormous sum and a monstrous extravagance. Our two last coronations cost from 30,000*l.* to 50,000*l.*

October 3rd.—There appears to be a general feeling of uneasiness, almost of alarm, as if something was impending to disturb the peace of the world and interrupt the prosperity of nations, though nobody can very well tell what it is they dread. The apprehension is vague, but it is general. The only political question of any consequence in which we are concerned is that of Naples,[1] and some fancy that the Russian manifesto prognosticates a renewal of the contest with that Empire. I have no such idea, but I am quite unable to comprehend what it is the different Powers are about; there is a general impression, probably not unfounded, that France and Russia are meditating a close alliance, and if this be the truth it is not likely that Russia should have put forth a State paper offensive to France. It is by no means impossible that Gortschakoff may have ascertained that the declaration of

[1] This question had been first raised in 1851 through Gladstone's appeal to public opinion against the cruelty and illegality of the Government of Naples—" scenes fitter for hell than earth "—which he had seen while staying in Naples that winter. His letter to Lord Aberdeen, published as a pamphlet and translated into many languages, had raised an enormous outcry, and finally led to the diplomatic remonstrances of the English and French Governments—" the very questionable policy of interference " which is here referred to. The policy, however, in this case was successful, and, in spite of the Russian manifesto, King " Bomba " and his Government were at last driven out.

his Emperor's opinion would not be distasteful to the Emperor Napoleon, who probably does not enter *con amore* into this contest with Naples, and merely does it to please us.

Madame de Lieven writes to me that the Neapolitan Minister at Paris affirms that his King will not give way at the dictation of the Allied Powers. We do not, however, as yet know what it is that is required of him. If it be true that he should govern his people more mildly and liberally, nothing can be more vague, and our greatest difficulties would begin when we had extorted from him promises and engagements to act according to *our* notions of justice and humanity. He would be more than mortal if he was disposed honestly to act up to engagements and promises extorted from him by fear, and it would be impossible for us to superintend and secure their due performance without taking upon ourselves virtually the government of his kingdom and superseding the King's authority. We never should get France to concur in this, and on the whole it appears more probable that differences will arise in the course of this joint action between us and France than that we should succeed in ameliorating the condition of Naples. I fear the rage for interfering in the internal affairs of other countries will never be extinguished here. I see in the papers to-day an address to Clarendon from the Protestant Society, requesting he will interpose with the Spanish Government in favour of some Spanish subject who has got into trouble in consequence of having turned Protestant, and being engaged in diffusing the Scriptures, and trying to convert others to Protestantism, which is an offence against the laws of Spain.

October 7th.—I have seen Clarendon and asked him about the affair of Naples. He was not very communicative, and I suspect he is not very easy about the course we are pursuing and the part he has to play. He first said that it was impossible for us to tolerate the conduct of the King to us, and the impertinence of his note. I asked

what it was he said; Clarendon replied it amounted to this, "Mind your own business." Then he alluded to the atrocities of the Government, which ought not to be endured; that no man was safe for a minute, or could tell when he went to bed at night that he might not be arrested in the morning, all which was done by the King's personal orders; that there was continual danger of an outbreak or insurrection, particularly of a Muratist revolution. I told him my opinion of the very questionable policy of interference, either as a matter of right or of expediency, and nothing could be more lame than the case he made out.

November 10th.—I went to The Grove on Saturday and had a good deal of comfortable talk with Clarendon about foreign affairs. I asked him about Naples, of which affair he could give but a very unsatisfactory account and a lame story. He said France had acted with us very steadily, but that it was she who had started this hare, and he had engaged in it in the belief that the Emperor would never have mooted the question unless he had been assured that the King of Naples would yield to the remonstrances of the two Courts, and but for that conviction he would never have meddled in it, which he now very much regretted. Clarendon talked of the various atrocities of the King of Naples, but with an evident consciousness that the fact, even if it be true and not, as is probable, exaggerated, affords no excuse for our policy in the matter.

November 23rd.—While we have meetings perpetually held and innumerable writings put forth to promote education and raise the moral standard of the people, we are horrified and alarmed day after day by accounts of the most frightful murders, colossal frauds, and crimes of every description. War has ceased, though the Temple of Janus seems only to be ajar; but the world is still in commotion, in alarm, and visited by every sort of calamity, moral and material, in the midst of which it

is difficult to discover any signs of the improvement of the human race, even of those portions of it which are supposed to be the most civilised and the most progressive.

1857

January 9th.—The old year ended and the new year began strangely. After three years of expensive war the balance-sheet exhibited such a state of wealth and prosperity as may well make us " the envy of surrounding nations "; but while we have recovered the great blessing of peace, we have to look back upon a year stained beyond all precedent with frightful crimes of every sort and kind: horrible murders, enormous frauds, and scandalous robberies and defalcations. The whole attention of the country is now drawn to the social questions which press upon us with appalling urgency, and the next session of Parliament, which is rapidly advancing, must be principally engaged in the endeavour to find remedies for the evils and dangers incident to our corrupted population, and our erroneous and inadequate penal system, the evils and dangers of which threaten to become greater and more difficult to remedy every day. From this question it is impossible to dissever that of education, for at least we ought to make the experiment whether the diffusion of education will or will not be conducive to the diminution of crime, and we shall see whether the sectarian prejudices, the strength and obstinacy of which have hitherto erected impassable barriers to the progress of educating the people, will retain all their obstinacy in the face of the existing evil, or whether the bodily fear and the universal persuasion of the magnitude and imminence of the danger will not operate upon bigotry itself and render the masses more reasonable. Besides these important questions the new year opens with the most unpleasant prospect abroad, where everything seems to go wrong, and our foreign relations, be

the cause what, or the fault whose it may, to be in a very unhappy state.

January 20th.—Two remarkable deaths have occurred, one of which touches me nearly, that of Madame de Lieven; the other is that of the Duke of Rutland. Madame de Lieven died, after a short illness, of a severe attack of bronchitis, the Duke having lingered for many months. Very different characters. Madame de Lieven came to this country at the end of 1812 or beginning of 1813 on the war breaking out between Russia and France. She was at that time young, at least in the prime of life, and though without any pretensions to beauty, and indeed with some personal defects, she had so fine an air and manner, and a countenance so pretty and so full of intelligence, as to be on the whole a very striking and attractive person, quite enough so to have lovers, several of whom she engaged in succession without seriously attaching herself to any. Those who were most notoriously her slaves at different times were the present Lord Willoughby, the Duke of Sutherland (then Lord Gower), the Duke of Cannizzaro (then Count St. Antonio), and the Duke of Palmella, who was particularly clever and agreeable. Madame de Lieven was a *très grande dame*, with abilities of a very fine order, great tact and *finesse*, and taking a boundless pleasure in the society of the great world and in political affairs of every sort. People here were not slow to acknowledge her merits and social excellence, and she almost immediately took her place in the cream of the cream of English society, forming close intimacies with the most conspicuous women in it, and assiduously cultivating relations with the most remarkable men of all parties. The Regent, afterwards George IV, delighted in her company, and she was a frequent guest at the Pavilion, and on very intimate terms with Lady Conyngham, for although Madame de Lieven was not very tolerant of mediocrity, and social and colloquial superiority was necessary to her existence, she always made

great allowances for Royalty and those immediately connected with it. She used to be a great deal at Oatlands, and was one of the few intimate friends of the Duchess of York, herself very intelligent, and who therefore had in the eyes of Madame de Lieven the double charm of her position and her agreeableness. In 1834 the Lievens were recalled, and she was established at St. Petersburg in high favour about the Empress, but her *séjour* there was odious to her, and she was inconsolable at leaving England, where after a residence of above twenty years she had become rooted in habits and affections, although she never really and completely understood the country. She remained at St. Petersburg for several months, until her two youngest children were taken ill, and died almost at the same time. This dreadful blow, and the danger of the severe climate to her own health, gave her a valid excuse for desiring leave of absence, and she left Russia never to return. She went to Italy, where M. de Lieven died about the year 1836 or 1837, after which she established herself in Paris, where her *salon* became the rendezvous of the best society, and particularly the neutral ground on which eminent men and politicians of all colours could meet, and where her tact and adroitness made them congregate in a sort of social truce.[1]

I do not know at what exact period it was that she made the acquaintance of M. Guizot, but their intimacy no doubt was established after he had begun to play a great political part, for his literary and philosophical celebrity would not alone have had much charm for her. They were, however, already great friends at the time of his embassy to England, and she took that opportunity of coming here to pay a visit to her old friends. The fall of Thiers' Government and Guizot's becoming Minister

[1] Through her intimate acquaintance with the governing classes in England, France and Russia, and her real political ability, Princess de Lieven, though now forgotten, was for a time a figure of considerable importance. During the last few years of her life, Greville had been her regular correspondent.

for Foreign Affairs, of course drew Madame de Lieven still more closely to him, and during the whole of his Administration their alliance continued to be of the closest and most intimate character. Their *liaison*, which some people consider mysterious, but which I believe to have been entirely social and political, grew constantly more close, and every moment that Guizot could snatch from the Foreign Office and the Chamber he devoted to Madame de Lieven. He used to go there regularly three times a day on his way to and his way from the Chamber, when it was sitting, and in the evening; but while he was by far her first object, she cultivated the society of all the most conspicuous and remarkable people whom she could collect about her, and she was at one time very intimate with Thiers, though his rivalry with Guizot and their intense hatred of each other eventually produced a complete estrangement between her and Thiers.

The revolution of 1848 dispersed her friends, broke up her *salon*, and terrified her into making a rather ludicrous, but as it turned out wholly unnecessary, escape. She came to England, where she remained till affairs appeared to be settled in France and all danger or disturbance at an end. She then returned to Paris, where she remained, not without fear and trembling, during the period of peril and vicissitude which at length ended, much to her satisfaction, with the *coup d'état* and the Empire. From the time of her last departure from England up to the death of Frederic Lamb (Lord Beauvale and Melbourne) she maintained a constant correspondence with him. After his death she proposed to me to succeed him as her correspondent, and for the last two or three years our epistolary commerce was intimate and unbroken.

It has been the fashion here, and the habit of the vulgar and ignorant press, to stigmatise Madame de Lieven as a mischievous intriguer, who was constantly occupied in schemes and designs hostile to the interests of our country. I firmly believe such charges to be

utterly unfounded. She had resided for above twenty years, the happiest of her life, in England, and had imbibed a deep attachment to the country, where she had formed many more intimacies and friendships than she possessed anywhere else, and to the last day of her life she continued to cherish the remembrance of her past connexion, to cultivate the society of English people, and to evince without disguise her predilection for their country. Russia was the country of her birth, France the country of her adopted abode, but England was the country of her predilection. Those who fulminated against her intrigues were, as I believe, provoked at the efforts she made, so far as she had any power or influence, to bring about the restoration of peace, an unpardonable offence in the eyes of all who were bent on the continuation of the war. She lived to see peace restored, and closed her eyes almost at the moment that the last seal was put to it by the Conference of Paris. Her last illness was sudden and short. Her health had always been delicate, and she was very nervous about herself; an attack of bronchitis brought on fever, which rapidly consumed her strength, and brought her, fully conscious, within sight of death; that consummation, which at a distance she had always dreaded, she saw arrive with perfect calmness and resignation, and all the virtues and qualities for which the smallest credit was given her seem to have shone forth with unexpected lustre on her death-bed. Her faculties were bright and unclouded to the last, her courage and presence of mind were unshaken, she evinced a tender consideration for the feelings of those who were lamenting around her bed, and she complied with the religious obligations prescribed by the Church of which she was a member with a devotion the sincerity of which we have no right to question. She made her son Paul and Guizot leave her room a few hours before she died, that they might be spared the agony of witnessing her actual dissolution, and only three or four hours

before the supreme moment, she mustered strength to write a note in pencil to Guizot with these words: "Merci pour vingt années d'amitié et de bonheur. Ne m'oubliez pas, adieu, adieu!" It was given to him after her death.

February 8th.—We have had a week of Parliament, and though nothing important has occurred, the discussions do not seem to have raised the reputation of the Government or to promise them an easy session, though nobody seems to expect that their stability is likely to be shaken. Disraeli and Gladstone seem verging towards each other in opposition, but there is no appearance of a coalition between them; the only striking fact is that the Opposition, of whose disunion we have heard so much, and of the internal repulsion supposed to prevail among them, seems to be as united as ever it has been, and the usual people appeared at Derby's and Disraeli's gatherings. I take it that any appearance of vulnerability of the Government silences all manifestations of their mutual antipathies, and puts them on the *qui vive* to turn out their opponents.

February 11th.—Disraeli has got into a scrape by blurting out an accusation which he has entirely failed in making good, and he has afforded Palmerston an occasion for a triumph over him not a little damaging. I am told the effect in the House was very bad for Disraeli. Palmerston is said to be beginning to show some symptoms of physical weakness, which if it be so, is very serious at the beginning of a long and arduous session. He is rising seventy-three, and at that age, and loaded with the weight of public affairs, it is not wonderful if the beginning of the end [1] should be discernible.

February 14th.—The defeat which Disraeli sustained the other night was turned the night before last into something like a triumph, and Palmerston found himself in a disagreeable position. Disraeli had asserted that

[1] In fact he outlived Greville; and except for the short Derby-Disraeli Ministry of 1858-9 was in office until his death in October, 1865.

a treaty had been concluded between France and Austria for certain ends and at a certain time. Palmerston flatly contradicted him, and with great insolence of manner, especially insisting that it was nothing but a Convention, and that conditional, which *never had been signed*. Two nights after Palmerston came down to the House, and in a very jaunty way said he must correct his former statement, and inform the House he had just discovered that the Convention *had been signed*. Great triumph naturally on the part of Disraeli, who poured forth a rather violent invective. Then Palmerston lost his temper and retorted that Disraeli was trying to cover an ignominious retreat by vapouring. This language, under the circumstances of the case, was very imprudent and very improper, and (unlike what he had ever experienced before) he sat down without a single cheer, his own people even not venturing to challenge the approbation of the House in a matter in which, though Disraeli was not right, Palmerston was so clearly wrong. What business had he to make such a mistake? for he ought to have been perfectly and accurately informed of every detail connected with foreign affairs. He certainly is not *qualis erat*, and I am disposed to believe that he is about to begin breaking, and that he will not be able to go through a long and arduous session with the same vigour and success which he has hitherto manifested. Every sign and symptom of weakness and failing strength which he may show will raise the hopes and stimulate the exertions of the Opposition, and we may expect to see not a coalition, but such a concurrence between Gladstone, Disraeli, and Lord Stanley as will present the possibility of an alternative Government. Gladstone and Disraeli are already on friendly terms, and Gladstone and Stanley seem to be still more intimate. The present Government only exists by Palmerston's personal popularity, and it would not require much to pull that down.

February 17th.—I saw Clarendon yesterday morning,

and found him low, worn, and out of sorts; said he wished to Heaven he could be delivered from office; everything went wrong, the labour, anxiety, and responsibility were overwhelming, and the difficult state of our relations with France more than could be endured. He could not depend on the French Government, and never knew from one day to another what the consequences of their conduct might be. He believed the Emperor sincerely desired to keep well with us, but his Government were constantly doing things which rendered our acting together and cordially almost impossible; that his excessive levity and carelessness perpetually made him the dupe of other people, and led him into saying things and committing himself, and then he did not know how to get out of the engagements to which he stood committed. Clarendon added that it was impossible such a state of things should not produce first coldness and then quarrels, and then God knows what consequences, and he was obliged to pick his way through the embarrassments that spring up around him with the utmost care and circumspection.

February 27th.—The political war is raging furiously, and personal animosities are becoming bitterer than ever. Confusion, disorder, and doubt rage in both the great camps. Derby made a grand onslaught in the beginning of last week on the China question, and there was (an unusual thing in the Lords) an adjourned debate. Granville was very apprehensive of being beaten, but Bessborough, his able whipper-in, made such exertions that they ended by getting a very good majority. All the speaking was on the side of the Opposition, but it is quite curious how afraid people are of seriously shaking the Government. The day the debate in the Lords ended, that in the Commons began on the same question, *duce* Cobden.[1] The great event of the first night was

[1] On a vote of censure moved by Cobden condemning the high-handed action of the Government in forcing a war on the Chinese in consequence of the seizure of the lorcha *Arrow* when she had hoisted the British flag.

John Russell's speech and powerful attack on the Government. It was one of his very best efforts and extremely successful with the House, but it was exceedingly bitter and displayed without stint or reason his hostile *animus*.

If the Government should be beaten on the pending question, they will dissolve, at least if the state of their financial affairs will allow them; but at all events they will not resign without an appeal to the country, and this appeal they will make not on this or that question, but on the great one of all, whether the country desires that Palmerston should continue to be its minister, and on this it is impossible to doubt what will be the reply. His popularity is a fact beyond all doubt or cavil, and it is the more decisive, because not only is there no rival popularity, but every one of the other public men who have been, are, or might be his rivals are absolutely unpopular. Nobody cares any longer for John Russell; everybody detests Gladstone; Disraeli has no influence in the country, and a very doubtful position with his own party. He and Derby have made up their minds to coalesce with Gladstone on the first good opportunity, but it seems not unlikely that they will make such a split among their own followers by so doing as to lose more than they will gain by the junction. Palmerston's popularity does not extend to his colleagues, for not one of whom does anybody care a straw. It is purely personal, and I do not think he would strengthen himself by any other alliance he could form.

March 2nd.—Derby has announced to his assembled party that he is ready to join with Gladstone, though he has not done so yet, and that as they are a minority in the House of Commons, they ought to form any junction that would make them strong enough to oust the present Government and form a Conservative one. He finds it, however, a difficult matter to reconcile them all to any alliance with the detested Gladstone.

March 4th.—A majority of 16 against Government, more than any of them expected. A magnificent speech of Gladstone; Palmerston's speech is said to have been very dull in the first part, and very bow-wow in the second; not very judicious, on the whole bad, and it certainly failed to decide any doubtful votes in his favour. I rejoice that the House of Commons has condemned this iniquitous case for the honour of the country. I do not believe it will make any difference as to the Government. When Palmerston appeals to the country it will not be on the merits of the Canton case, but on his own political existence, whether they will have him for minister or no.

Hatchford, March 10th.—The intention of Government to dissolve Parliament was announced on Friday last, and as far as one can judge at present, Palmerston seems likely to have it all his own way. The press generally espouses his cause, and the *Times* particularly takes up the cudgels for him vehemently, and cries out "Coalition," and abuses the majority and all who voted in it. At present, public opinion seems to be running in his favour, and there is every appearance of his having a triumphant election. Palmerston's popularity, and the manner in which he is encouraged and supported by the country, and the sympathy he finds are really most extraordinary. It provokes me, because I think his great success unmerited, but I have no wish to see him defeated at the election, because I see no prospect of any better Government being formed.

March 14th.—I returned yesterday from Hatchford and find the current still running strong, but some think a reaction in favour of John Russell has already begun. He stands for the City and is in very good spirits, though his chances of success do not look bright; but he is a gallant little fellow, likes to face danger, and comes out well in times of difficulty.

March 24th.—The dissolution took place on Saturday,

and all the world is busy about the elections; many places are without candidates, or with very bad ones, and unable to find good ones. The dinner at the Mansion House the other day to the Ministers was a sort of triumph to Palmerston, who was rapturously received and cheered. He made a very bad speech, but which did very well for such an audience. It was full of clap-traps and reiterations of the exploded charges of coalitions, etc., which he is not ashamed to harp upon, and in his address to Tiverton he talks of the "combination only formed last session" to turn him out. I find myself, *malgré moi*, thrown back into my old state of antagonism towards Palmerston, and what is very paradoxical, I am also without any hostility to his Government or any desire for its being overthrown, for I cannot descry any chance of a better, or, indeed, any possibility of forming another able to carry on affairs at all; but I am inexpressibly disgusted at the egregious folly of the country at his being made such an idol in this ridiculous way, and at the false and hypocritical pretences upon which this dissolution has been founded, and the enormous and shameful lying with which the country is deluged.

March 28th.—At Althorp the last two days. Palmerston's address to Tiverton, following his speech at the Mansion House, has excited great indignation in all who are not thorough Palmerstonians. Both were full of deception and falsehood. John Russell is particularly incensed, and said these two productions were unworthy of a gentleman, and so they were. The Parliament promises to be a Radical one, and I fully expect that the result of all this great commotion will be to give a stimulus to organise Reform; nor will it surprise me if Palmerston should find it conducive to his interest as minister to appear in the character of a Reformer, if he were to fling overboard all his old opinions, and to pay this price for a renewed lease of his own power. Wilkes used to say he had never been a *Wilkite*, but Palmerston has never

been anything but a Palmerstonian, and I firmly believe that at seventy-three years of age his single thought is how to secure for himself power for his life, and that he will not scruple to accept measures which, so far as he thinks about it, he believes to be constitutionally dangerous and mischievous, if by so doing he can maintain himself on the Treasury Bench.

March 29th.—Great excitement yesterday in the town, particularly at Brooks's. The most interesting event was the City election, and the return, which under the circumstances may be called triumphant, of John Russell, which was made more agreeable to himself and his friends by the defeat of Raikes Currie, who came from Northampton on purpose to turn him out.

After this the most interesting events were the defeats of the Manchester men, and generally, though not universally, of the voters for Cobden's motion, Bright and Milner Gibson, Cobden, Ricardo, Layard, all defeated. It seems that Manchester and the other great towns had got tired of their leaders, who had made themselves unpopular by their opposition to the war. I am sorry for the loss of Bright and Cobden, because such able men ought not to be ousted and replaced by mediocrities.

The returns so far as they have gone are frightful, and a deluge of Radicalism and violence will burst out in the House of Commons. There will be a Radical majority prepared to support Lord Palmerston and to keep him in power, but on the condition of his doing their bidding, and consenting to their demands, nor will he be able to help himself. At his age his only object will be to grasp power while he lives. *Après moi le déluge* will be his motto, and my expectation is that he will never consent to sacrifice power from scruples or upon principles, and will consent to anything that may be necessary rather than allow himself to be outbid and to see power torn from his hands.

April 4th.—The elections are drawing to a close. It

is strange that what ought to be a matter of fact is made matter of opinion, for while the Whigs of Brooks's and the Liberals generally claim an immense gain, the Conservatives and the Carlton Club and their organs only admit an inconsiderable loss. There can be no doubt, however, that a great many Conservatives have lost their seats, and a great many Radicals and Palmerstonians have been elected. The most striking and remarkable feature of this election is the complete rout of the Peelites and of the Manchester men, the Old Leaguers. For a long time past it has been absurd to talk of the Peelites as a Party. There were not a dozen men in the House of Commons who could by any possibility be so designated, and in fact only a few formerly members of Sir Robert Peel's Government or of Lord Aberdeen's, who still kept together, and were called Peelites, because they would not be either Whigs or Tories or Radicals. Now the designation must fall to the ground. Half these men have lost their seats; of the rest, some repudiate the association and announce their independence; some join, or are ready to join, Derby and the Tories; others openly declare their adhesion to Palmerston; and thus in one way or another there are no *Peelites* left.

The fate of Bright, Cobden and Co. exhibits a curious example of the fleeting and worthless nature of popular favour. They who were once the idols of millions, and not without cause, have not only lost all their popularity, but are objects of execration, and can nowhere find a parliamentary resting place. No constituency will hear of them. The great towns of Lancashire prefer any mediocrities to Bright and Cobden. It seems that they had already ceased to be popular, when they made themselves enormously unpopular, and excited great resentment, by their opposition to the Russian War, the rage for which was not less intense in Manchester and all the manufacturing district than in the rest of the kingdom. This great crime, as it appeared in the eyes of their constituents,

was never pardoned, and their punishment was probably determined while the war was still going on.

May 1st.—George Anson[1] writes to me from India that there is a strange feeling of discontent pervading the Indian Army from religious causes, and a suspicion that we are going to employ our irresistible power in forcing Christianity upon them. It is not true, but the natives will never be quite convinced that it is not, as long as Exeter Hall and the missionaries are permitted to have *carte blanche* and work their will as they please in those regions.

June 3rd.—There is really nothing to write about, but it is evident that the session is going to pass away in the most quiet and uneventful manner. Never had Minister such a peaceful and undisturbed reign as Palmerston's. There is something almost alarming in his prodigious felicity and success. Everything prospers with him. In the House of Commons there is scarcely a semblance of opposition to anything he proposes; a speech or two here and there from Roebuck, or some stray Radical, against some part of the Princess Royal's dowry, but hardly any attempt at divisions; and when there have been any, the minorities have been so ridiculously small as to show the hopelessness of opposition. The only men who might be formidable or troublesome seem to have adopted the prudent course of not kicking against the pricks. John Russell evinces no hostility, and accepts Hayter's letters. Gladstone hardly ever goes near the House of Commons, and never opens his lips.

June 20th.—All this past week the world has been occupied with the Handel Concerts at the Crystal Palace, which went off with the greatest success and *éclat*. I went to the first ("Messiah") and the last ("Israel in Egypt"); they were amazingly grand, and the beauty of

[1] General Anson was Commander-in-Chief in India. He died there about a fortnight after the outbreak of the great mutiny, which this letter unconsciously foretells.

the *locale*, with the vast crowds assembled in it, made an imposing spectacle. The arrangements were perfect, and nothing could be easier than the access and egress, or more comfortable than the accommodation. But the wonderful assembly of 2,000 vocal and 500 instrumental performers did not produce musical effect so agreeable and so perfect as the smaller number in the smaller space of Exeter Hall. The volume of sound was dispersed and lost in the prodigious space, and fine as it undoubtedly was, I much prefer the concerts of the Harmonic Society.

I met Clarendon in the Park a day or two ago, and had some talk with him in the friendly and intimate tone of former times, which rejoiced my heart, because it proved that though circumstances and accidental habits had impeded our intercourse, there exist still the same feelings of regard towards me in his mind, and if our intercourse was restored again, he would probably fall into the same habit of confidence and communication which formerly existed, but which has lately been completely interrupted. He talked of Palmerston, his position and his health, and his *rapports* with the Queen, who is now entirely reconciled to him. She treats him with unreserved confidence, and he treats her with a deference and attention which have produced a very favourable change in her sentiments towards him. He referred to the wonderful change in his own relations with Palmerston, that seven or eight years ago Palmerston was full of hatred and suspicion of him, and now they were the best of friends, with mutual confidence and good will, and lately when he was talking to Palmerston of the satisfactory state of his relations with the Queen and of the utility it was to his Government that it should be so, Palmerston said, " And it is likewise a very good thing that she has such boundless confidence in her Secretary for Foreign Affairs, when after all there is nothing she cares about so much."

June 28th.—At Hatchford the past week, and when I got to town I was apprised of the disastrous news from

India,[1] the most serious occurrence that has ever been in that quarter, not only from the magnitude of the events themselves as the telegraph conveys them, but because it is quite impossible to estimate the gravity of the case, nor what the extent of it may be. Till we receive the details it is idle to speculate upon it.

The Queen has made Prince Albert "Prince Consort" by a patent ordered in Council, but as this act confers on him neither title, dignity, nor privileges, I cannot see the use of it. He was already as high in England as he can be, assuming the Crown Matrimonial to be out of the question, and it will give him no higher rank abroad, where our acts have no validity.

July 15th.—For the last three weeks or more all public interest and curiosity have been absorbed in the affairs of India and the great Mutiny that has broken out there, and which has now assumed such an alarming character.

The serious part of it is that no one can tell or venture to predict what the extent of the calamity may be, and what proportions the mischief may possibly assume. It is certain that hitherto the Government and the East India Company have been in what is called a fool's paradise on the subject. They have been so long accustomed to consider our Empire there as established on so solid a foundation, and so entirely out of the reach of danger, that they never have paid any attention to those who hinted at possible perils, and I don't think anybody ever foresaw anything like what has occurred, and they were disinclined to adopt any of the precautionary recommendations which would have been attended with expense, and the Press, and the public who are always led by the Press, took the same easy view of the subject. While the Russian War was going on a clamour was raised against Government for not calling away *all* the British troops in India, and sending them to the Crimea, and those who went mad

[1] The mutiny broke out at Meerut on Sunday, May 10th, but the details were not known in England till nearly six weeks later.

about the Crimean War would willingly have left India without a single European regiment, and have entrusted all our interests to the fidelity and attachment of the Native army. Though our Government was willing enough to enter into anything that the passion of the multitude suggested, they were not so insane as all that; but as it is, we may consider it most providential that the mutiny did not show itself during the Russian, or indeed during the Persian war.[1] If it had happened while we were still fighting in the Crimea, we could not have sent out the force that would have been indispensable to save India.

July 19th.—For the last week the House of Commons has presented a more animated appearance than during the preceding months of this dull and passive session. Gladstone has reappeared and proved that his oratorical powers have not been rusted by his retirement, and John Russell has come forth showing his teeth, but not yet attempting to bite the Government. Palmerston, evidently nettled by these two, as well as by Roebuck and Disraeli, has spoken with considerable asperity, and with an insolent air of superiority and defiance, which has hitherto not been usual to him, and which has given no little offence.

August 2nd.—The Civil War in India, for such it may be called, supersedes every other object of interest, and the successive mails are looked for with the utmost impatience. The Government, though anxious and nervous, are not disheartened, and as far as we can judge, the authorities in India have not been deficient in the emergency. Canning writes in good spirits, and all accounts agree in reporting that he has done his work hitherto very well. The discussions in Parliament have been on the whole creditable. Disraeli came down to the House of Commons with a long set oration, in which he entered at great length into the causes of the present

[1] An expedition had been sent from India the previous year to the Persian coast to assist the Amir of Afghanistan, whose friendship we were cultivating, when attacked and invaded by the Shah.

confusion, and the misgovernment and bad policy which had engendered it, and although his speech was able, and probably contained a great deal that was true, it was deemed (as it was) mischievous and ill-timed, and very ill received by the House. He was rebuked with some asperity by Tom Baring, his own political adherent, and by Lord John Russell, who declared it to be the duty of the House to give every support to the Government in such a crisis.

Last week was passed at Goodwood, with fine weather, and the usual *fête* with the unusual accompaniment of foreign Royalties. First the Comte de Paris for a night, and then the Queen of the Netherlands for two nights. The young French Prince is good-humoured and unpretending, the Queen is very gay, natural, and pleasing. I renewed an acquaintance I had made with her at Ems many years ago. It is a new feature in the present day the flitting about of Royal personages. Besides these I have named, the Prince Napoleon has been finishing a tour through England and part of Ireland by a visit to Osborne, and the Emperor and Empress are coming to Osborne for a week.

August 12th.—I was at Stoke on Saturday and Sunday, and went over to see Bulstrode;[1] surprised to find the place less *délabré*, and more capable of being restored than I expected. I passed the first fifteen years of my life there, and don't know whether the place or myself is the most changed.

August 20th.—I have read over the few preceding pages, and am disgusted to find how barren they are of interest and how little worth preserving. They show how entirely my social relations have ceased with all those friends and acquaintances from whom I have been in the habit of drawing the information which the earlier parts of

[1] Bought by the Earl of Portland in 1706, it was sold after the death of the third Duke, and Welbeck became the principal "seat" of the Portland family.

this journal contain, and consequently my total ignorance of all political subjects. There was a time when I should have had a great deal to say upon passing events of interest or importance, but all that is gone by.

September 6th.—The session closed very quietly, though not without some grumbling. Some complained that Parliament should not continue to sit while the Indian troubles are going on with undiminished force, others that the Queen should go to Scotland; but the Government have brought their labours to a close very prosperously, and Palmerston continues as powerful and as secure as ever. There is no longer the same enthusiasm there was for him, but there is a universal impression that he is indispensable, and on the whole a feeling of satisfaction and confidence in his administration.

They have made some Peers, of whom the most conspicuous is Macaulay, and I have not seen or heard any complaints of his elevation.

While Macaulay is thus ascending to the House of Peers, his old enemy and rival Croker has descended to the grave, very noiselessly and almost without observation, for he had been for some time so withdrawn from the world that he was nearly forgotten. He had lived to see all his predictions of ruin and disaster to the country completely falsified. He continued till the last year or two to exhale his bitterness and spite in the columns of the *Quarterly Review*, but at last the Editor (who had long been sick of his contributions) contrived to get rid of him. He was particularly disliked by Macaulay,[1] who never lost an opportunity of venting his antipathy by attacks upon him.

September 22nd.—I am just returned from Doncaster, Bretby, and Wilby. The Indian mail arrived on Monday last, just as I was starting for Doncaster. The news it

[1] He disliked him, he said, "more than cold boiled veal," while Croker described Macaulay's History as "that elaborate compound of falsehood and poison."

brought at first appeared rather good, but when it all came out it seemed so chequered with good and evil, that it produced great despondency.

I am on the point of starting for Balmoral, summoned for a Council to order *a day of humiliation*.

Gordon Castle, September 27th.—I left town on Tuesday afternoon, and slept that night at York, on Wednesday at Perth, and on Thursday posted to Balmoral, where I arrived between two and three o'clock. Granville, Panmure, and Ben Stanley formed the Council. Granville told me the Queen wished that the day appointed should be a Sunday, but Palmerston said it must be on a week-day, and very reluctantly she gave way. What made the whole thing more ridiculous was, that she gave a ball (to the gillies and tenants) the night before this Council.

Dunrobin Castle, October 2nd.—I came here from Gordon Castle on Wednesday, by sea from Burghead to the Little Ferry, a very tiresome way of travelling, the delays being detestable. Have long been most desirous of seeing this place, which has quite equalled my expectations, for it is a most princely possession, and the Castle exceedingly beautiful and moreover very comfortable. I start for London to-morrow morning with a long journey before me.

The Indian news of this week as bad and promises as ill as well can be, and I expect worse each mail that comes. We are justly punished for our ambition and encroaching spirit, but it must be owned we struggle gallantly for what we have perhaps unjustly acquired. Europe behaves well to us, for though we have made ourselves universally odious by our insolence and our domination, and our long habit of bullying all the world, nobody triumphs over us in the hour of our distress, and even Russia, who has no cause to feel anything but ill will towards us, evinces her regret and sympathy in courteous terms. Whatever the result of this contest may be, it will certainly absorb all our efforts and occupy our full strength and power so

that we shall not be able to take any active or influential part in European affairs for some time to come. The rest of the Great Powers will have it in their power to settle everything as seems meet to them, without troubling themselves about us and our opinions. For the present we are reduced to the condition of an insignificant Power. It is certain that if this mutiny had taken place two years earlier, we could not have engaged at all in the Russian War.

London, October 6th.—I left Dunrobin after breakfast on Saturday morning, 3rd inst., and arrived in London on Monday (yesterday) at 11 a.m.

I fell in with Granville and Clarendon at Watford, and got into their carriage. Of course my first enquiries were about India, when they told me that the general impression was not quite so unfavourable as that produced by the first telegraphic intelligence. Clarendon said that if it was possible for Havelock to maintain himself a short time longer, and that reinforcements arrived in time to save the beleaguered places, the tide would turn and Delhi would fall; but if he should be crushed, Agra, Lucknow, and other threatened places would fall with renewals of the Cawnpore horrors, and in that case the unlimited spread of the mutiny would be irrepressible, Madras and Bombay would revolt, all the scattered powers would rise up everywhere, and all would be lost.

London, October 19th.—I spent last week at Newmarket. The details of the last Indian news which arrived there put people in better spirits, but they were too much occupied with the business of the place to think much about India. Returned to town on Friday, and went to the Grove yesterday; had some talk with Clarendon, who said Palmerston was very offhand in his views of Indian affairs, and had jumped to the conclusion that the Company must be extinguished.

November 2nd.—Gout in my hand has prevented my writing anything, and adding some trifling particulars to

what I have written above. In the meantime has arrived the news of the capture of Delhi, but though we have received it now a week ago we are still unacquainted with the particulars. All the advantages of the electric telegraph are dearly paid for by the agonies of suspense which are caused by the long intervals between the arrival of general facts and of their particular details. It still remains to be seen whether the results of this success turned out on the whole to be as advantageous as it appears to be brilliant. The Press goes on attacking Canning[1] with great asperity and injustice, and nobody here defends him. Though I am not a very intimate or particular friend of his, I think him so unfairly and ungenerously treated that I mean to make an effort to get him such redress as the case admits of, and the only thing which occurs to me is that Palmerston, as head of the Government, should take the opportunity of the Lord Mayor's dinner to vindicate him, and assume the responsibility of his acts. His "Clemency" proclamation, as it is stupidly and falsely called, was, I believe, not only proper and expedient, but necessary, and I expect he will be able to vindicate himself completely from all the charges which the newspapers have brought against him, but in the meantime they will have done him all the mischief they can.

November 4th.—I have been speaking to Granville about Canning, and urged him to move Palmerston to stand forth in his defence at the Lord Mayor's dinner on the 9th.

November 10th.—Palmerston pronounced a glowing eulogium on Canning last night at the Lord Mayor's dinner which will infallibly stop the current of abuse against him. It has already turned the *Times*. He seems to have been induced to do this by the great pressure brought to bear on him, for otherwise he had

[1] Lord Canning, who was a son of George Canning, the Prime Minister, had succeeded Dalhousie as Governor-General the year before.

no desire to stand forth and oppose public opinion and the press; but Clarendon, Lansdowne, and others all urged him strenuously to support Canning, and he did it handsomely enough. His speech in other respects was an injudicious one, full of jactance and bow-wow, but well enough calculated to draw cheers from a miscellaneous audience.

Frognal, November 14th.—The news of the capture of Delhi and the relief of Lucknow excited a transport of delight and triumph, and everybody jumped to the conclusion that the Indian contest was virtually at an end. Granville told me he thought there would be no more fighting, and that the work was done. I was not so sanguine, and though I thought the result of the contest was now secure, I thought we should still have a great deal on our hands and much more fighting to hear of before the curtain could drop. But I was not prepared to hear the dismal news which arrived to-day, and which has so cruelly damped the public joy and exultation. It appears that Havelock is in great danger and the long-suffering garrison of Lucknow not yet out of their peril, for the victory of Havelock had not been complete, the natives were gathering round the small British force in vast numbers, and unless considerable reinforcements could be speedily brought up, the condition of the British, both military and civilians, of men, women, and children, would soon again be one of excessive danger.

November 17th.—A council was held yesterday at Windsor to summon Parliament, where I found the ministers much dejected at the news from India.

November 25th.—Last week I went to Ampthill from Wednesday till Saturday; on Saturday to The Grove, with the Duke of Bedford, the Lewises, Charles Villiers, and Ben Stanley. The Duke of Bedford told me he was very uneasy about his brother John, who seemed in an irritable

[1] After taking office under Lord Palmerston in February, 1855, he had resigned in the following June, and since then had been out of office.

frame of mind, and disposed to wage war against the Government when Parliament meets.[1] He told Sir George Grey the other day that they would not find him friendly. Clarendon told me of a conversation he had recently had with the Queen *à propos* of Palmerston's health, concerning which her Majesty was very uneasy, and what could be done in the not impossible contingency of his breaking down. It is a curious change from what we saw a few years ago, that she is become almost affectionately anxious about the health of Palmerston, whose death might then have been an event to be hailed with satisfaction. Clarendon said she might well be solicitous about it, for if anything happened to Palmerston she would be placed in the greatest difficulty.

London, December 2nd.—Yesterday morning Lord Sydney received a letter from Lady Canning, who said that although undoubtedly many horrible things had happened in India, the exaggeration of them had been very great, and that she had read for the first time in the English newspapers stories of atrocities of which she had never heard at Calcutta, and that statements made in India had turned out to be pure inventions and falsehoods. Yet our papers publish everything that is sent to them without caring whether it may be true or false, and the credulous public swallow it all without the slightest hesitation and doubt. Shaftesbury too, who is a prodigious authority with the public, and who has all the religious and pseudo-religious people at his back, does his utmost to make the case out to be as bad as possible and to excite the rage and indignation of the masses to the highest pitch.[1] He is not satisfied with the revolting details with which the Press has been teeming, but complains that more of them

[1] At a meeting at Exeter Hall Lord Shaftesbury stated that mutilated Englishwomen were constantly arriving at Calcutta, and that Lady Canning had written to say that there were at that moment at the Presidency thirteen English ladies with their noses cut off. He had apparently no foundation at all for these statements.—(Buckle's *Disraeli*, IV, 101.)

have not been detailed and described, and that the particulars of mutilation and violation have not been more copiously and circumstantially given to the world. I have never been able to comprehend what his motives are for talking in this strange and extravagant strain, but it is no doubt something connected with the grand plan of Christianising India, in the furtherance of which the High Church and the Low Church appear to be bidding against each other; and as their united force will in all probability be irresistible, so they will succeed in making any Government in India impossible.

December 17th.—Disraeli called on me a day or two ago, when we had a political chat. He talked with much contempt of the present Government, except of George Lewis, of whom he spoke in the highest terms. He said Palmerston's popularity was of a negative character, and, rather more from the unpopularity of every other public man than from any peculiar attachment to him; he talked bitterly of Derby's having declined to take the Government in 1855, which he seemed to consider as an irreparable blow to his party. He is evidently not without hopes that the Government may find themselves in some inextricable difficulty about their Reform Bill, and thinks they will be incapable of concocting an India Bill which will go down with the country.

December 21st.—I called on George Lewis the day before yesterday and had a long talk with him. He told me that Palmerston had given notice to the Chairs that the Government had come to the resolution of bringing in a Bill to put an end to their dominion, and that the plan was to have an Indian Secretary of State with a Council, and the Council to have the distribution of the patronage. I was surprised to hear him say that he saw no difficulty in the settlement of the Indian question, either in passing it through Parliament or in producing a good measure which would work better than the present system, and he said he wished the other great question they had

upon their hands, that of Reform, was as easy, but that the more they went into it, the more difficult it appeared. I told Lewis all that Disraeli had said to me about him as well as about Palmerston, when he expressed his surprise at the manner in which Disraeli had spoken of *him,* for which he was not at all prepared, but said *he estimated Palmerston at his real worth.*

Hatchford, December 26th.—Christmas Day, usually coming in frost and snow, was yesterday like a fine day in May, the glorious weather being in unison with the general gladness at the good news from India and the tidings that Lucknow, with its wounded and its long suffering band of women and children, had been relieved at last, and for good and all. This news arrived on Christmas Eve, to make the day itself as merry as it is proverbially said to be.

December 29th.—By the Indian papers just arrived it appears that the relief of the Residency of Lucknow and the deliverance of all who were confined in it was complete, but there was no great battle (which everybody expected), though much severe fighting, and Lucknow itself was still untaken. The mutineers, though always worsted, seem to fight better than they were thought capable of doing, and everything tends to show that the suppression of the Mutiny is still far from being accomplished.

1858

January 1st.—It is worth noticing that after a year of fine weather, of which nobody can recollect the like, this first day of the New Year has opened like one of a genial spring. This nearly unbroken course of wonderful weather for about nine or ten months gives rise to many speculations as to its cause, and no doubt there is some physical cause, although it has not yet been ascertained.

January 5th.—To-day the winter seems to have set in in earnest.

January 7th.—Not many days ago the *Times* concluded an article on the Indian war in these words (it was after describing the relief of the Residence at Lucknow by Sir Colin Campbell): "Thus ends the Indian Mutiny of 1857"; and to-day we have the news of Wyndham having been defeated by the Gwalior Force; of Sir Colin having been obliged to quit Lucknow, *without having captured it*, in order to repair this check (which he seems to have done very effectually) and deplorable event; of the death of Havelock, the hero of this war, who, after escaping unhurt through battle after battle, has succumbed to disease, not having lived long enough to know all that is said of him and all that has been done for him here. It is impossible not to feel the loss of this man as if he belonged to one individually, so deep is the interest which his gallantry and his brilliant career have excited in every heart.

Every account we receive only confirms the impression that this war will be a long and difficult affair, and if we are able by our military successes to put down all opposition and suppress the mutiny thoroughly, we shall have a still more difficult task to re-establish order and a quiet and regular government in the country, and this difficulty promises to be enormously increased by all that is passing here on the subject. Shaftesbury is stirring up all the fanaticism of the country, and clamouring for what he calls the *emancipation* of Christianity in India, and even the *Times*, once celebrated for its strong sound sense and its fearless independence, is afraid to rebuke this nonsense, and endorses it by saying "we have committed great errors," but without explaining what it means, or giving any exemplification of the assertion. The real meaning, however, of the Exeter Hall clamour is, that we should commence as soon as we can a crusade against the religions of the natives of India, and attempt to force Christianity upon them. I begin to have the most dismal forebodings upon this Indian question.

January 16th.—I went to The Grange on Tuesday and

returned yesterday morning, when I was met by the news of an attempted assassination of the Emperor Napoleon, whose escape seems to have been providential.

When Parliament meets I shall be surprised if there is not before long a great storm in both Houses, and if Palmerston means to rest upon his popularity, and to endeavour to conjure it by his habitual offhand manner and assurances that they have done all they could, expecting that such assurances will be accepted as a matter of course, I think he will be greatly mistaken. In spite of all that has been said to John Russell, and his not unfriendly disposition during the short autumnal session, his patience and prudence are evidently well-nigh exhausted, and we may soon expect to see him in vehement opposition. He writes to his brother that "he is appalled at the part he may be obliged to take in the coming session," and he seems to be under the influence of a fresh feeling of antipathy to Palmerston. It is not unlikely that he thinks it not worth his while to wait for the chance of Palmerston's being withdrawn from the field, and that he may as well gratify his inclination by going into Opposition, and it is likely enough that he fancies he has more influence in the House of Commons and the country than he really possesses, and may collect a party of his own, instead of being grudgingly accepted by the present Government as a matter of necessity, rather than one of choice. If this is his view, I believe he is egregiously mistaken. Lowe, whom I met at The Grange, and who knows something of both Parliamentary and public opinion, told me that John Russell would find no support in the House of Commons, where his influence was extinct, and that so far from forming a party of his own, he did not believe if Palmerston were to die to-morrow, and Lord John take his place at the head of the Government, that the Government itself would stand.

January 23rd.—On arriving in town yesterday, I received a visit from Disraeli, who said he had come

to consult me *in confidence*, and to ask my opinion, by which his own course would be very much influenced. I was not a little surprised at this exordium, but told him I should be glad to hear what his object was, and that he was welcome to any opinion he wished for from me. He then began a rather hazy discourse, from which I gathered, or at least thought I gathered, that he thinks the present state of affairs very serious, and the position of the Government very precarious; that he is meditating on the possible chances there may be for him and his party in the event of Palmerston's fall, and knowing that some sort of coalition with some other party would be indispensable to form any other Government, an idea had crossed his mind that this might be practicable with some of the most moderate of the Whigs, especially with the younger ones, such as Granville and Argyll, and he wished to know if I thought this would be possible, and whether I could be in any way instrumental in promoting it, and if I did not think so what my ideas were as to the most advisable course in order to avert the threatened Reform, and to give the country a better Government than this. This, with a great deal of verbiage and mixed with digressions about the leading men of the present day, seemed to me to be the substance and object of his talk. He professed to speak to me of his own sentiments without disguise, and with entire confidence about everything, but I cannot call to mind that he imparted to me anything of the slightest interest or importance. It would be difficult and not very interesting to write down our somewhat vague and *décousu* conversation, but I told him that I knew very little of the dispositions of any of the men he alluded to, but I did not believe they any of them would be parties to any such combination as he looked to, or separate from their present colleagues.

January 28th.—As the day approaches for the re-assembling of Parliament there is an increasing impression that this Government is very likely not to get through the

session, and the *Times*, which is always ready to assist in the discomfiture of a losing party, is now showing unmistakable symptoms of its own doubts whether the Government is any longer worth supporting, and Delane told me yesterday he thought they would not remain long in office, and that it is time they should go, and he ridiculed the idea of its not being practicable to form another Government.

February 2nd.—The Indian question has for the moment been superseded by the French question as it may be called, that is, by the storm which is raging in France against this country, its institutions and laws, in reference to the assassination plot of January 14th.[1] It was well known that the French Government had been urging our Ministers to adopt measures or to pass laws against the refugees and their machinations in this country; but while this question was under discussion, we were astounded by a speech made by Persigny in reply to an address from the City, and still more by the publication in the *Moniteur* of certain addresses from corps or regiments of the French army to the Emperor, full of insult and menace to this country. These offensive manifestations naturally excited great indignation here, and the Press did not fail to hurl back these insults, and to retort with interest upon the persons from whom they had proceeded or who had permitted their appearance. On Sunday I spoke to Clarendon on the subject. He is very much annoyed and embarrassed by this posture of affairs, as might be expected, but more than this he is very much alarmed, more than I think he need be. The French, seeing how all our force is absorbed in our Indian war, think they may treat us as they please, and Clarendon fancies that if any accident were to befall the

[1] The trouble was that the bombs with which Orsini had attempted to assassinate the Emperor were manufactured in England, and that some of Orsini's accomplices were still in England. This aroused high indignation in France, which was met by similar indignation here.

Emperor, any Government that might be able to establish itself would go to war with us as the best means of ingratiating itself with the nation and of being able to establish itself. He says they can march 50,000 men at a moment's notice to Cherbourg, where there is an abundance of war steamers ready to transport them across the channel, while we have no soldiers and no ships to defend us in case of such a storm suddenly bursting. George Lewis says that Clarendon is haunted with this apprehension, which he does not share in the slightest degree.

February 3rd.—Palmerston's friends still tell him that his name is all powerful, and that he is sure of carrying through the House of Commons whatever he proposes, if the House thinks there is any possibility of a defeat leading to his resignation, and such is evidently his own opinion. In a Committee on Indian affairs and the intended bill, at which Bethell was present, on some objection or possible objection being suggested by one of the members, Palmerston said in his usual jaunty way, "Oh, they will fall in love with our bill when they see it"; when Bethell, in his niminy-piminy manner and simper, said, "Oh, my dear Lord!" Granville, who told me, says it was very funny. They all seem conscious of the diminution of Palmerston's energy and power. He is always asleep, both in the Cabinet and in the House of Commons, where he endeavours to conceal it by wearing his hat over his eyes. Clarendon made me laugh heartily the other day at his account of the Cabinet, where one half of them seem to be almost always asleep, the first to be off being Lansdowne, closely followed by Palmerston and Charles Wood. I remember his giving me a very droll account of Melbourne's Cabinet and of the drowsiness which used to reign there, more particularly with Melbourne himself.

February 11th.—I never remember Parliament meeting with much greater curiosity and excitement. The situation of the Government is generally regarded as so

precarious, and the revolution in Palmerston's popularity and therefore his power is so extraordinary, that everybody is expecting some great events will occur, and the hopes of all who wish for a change and who expect to profit by it are reviving. The bill brought in by Palmerston on Tuesday for the purpose of punishing conspirators and with a view to satisfy the exigency of the French Government made a great stir.[1] The leave to bring it in was carried by a large majority, thanks to the Conservatives, but its success was principally owing to the Emperor's apology arriving just before the debate began. This pacified most of those who were enraged at the publications in the *Moniteur,* and disposed to oppose the measure on account of the conduct of the French Government.

February 14th.—Last week saw the debates in the House of Commons about the Conspiracy Bill, and the first act of the India Bill. The first is very unpopular, but it will be carried nevertheless. John Russell has taken it up with extraordinary vehemence and anger. His opposition to it is furious, on high constitutional grounds, which appear to me absurd and uncalled for. The balance of opinion now seems to be that Government will carry their India Bill.

February 20th.—Unless I were to write down day by day the events and the *impressions* of each day I should

[1] The Bill was brought in by Palmerston as a reasonable attempt to satisfy French feeling, but it brought down a storm of unpopularity on his own head. The pretext on which he was defeated was that his Government had failed to answer an important despatch which had been addressed to them by the Emperor's Minister, Count Walewski, but Palmerston's real crime was that he had become unpopular, and Disraeli saw, or thought he saw, his chance. After supporting the first reading of the Bill, he suddenly determined, on the second reading, to support the amendment moved by the Radical Gibson, and seconded by John Bright, with regard to the French despatch, and wrote to the Whip, Lord Henry Lennox: "There must now be no shilly-shallying, but heaven and earth and all below, moved to the issue." The result was that Palmerston's majority of two hundred on the first reading was converted into a minority of nineteen on the second—the combination against him including Conservatives, Peelites, Radicals and Whigs—and he immediately resigned.

fail in giving anything like a picture of the time, and I regret that my indolence or other occupations have prevented my doing this. I have each day promised myself I would not neglect it, and then, failing to keep that promise (to myself), I have found some fresh occurrence sweeping away the interest, and generally the accurate recollection, of what the preceding days have produced. The varieties of the aspects of public affairs have been like the figures in a kaleidoscope, and one ought to catch each fleeting symmetrical arrangement before it is changed into some other equally fleeting in order to comprehend the rapidity and importance of the changes which are going on. Not long ago (that is, not many weeks) a vague idea began to circulate that the Government would have difficulty in getting successfully through this session, and that their power had suffered some diminution. It was thought that the India Bill and the Reform Bill would be too much for them, and when a little later the events in France induced them to bring in the Conspiracy Bill, the excessive unpopularity of this last measure strengthened the impression of their instability. Everybody out of the pale of the Government itself admitted that Palmerston was not the man he was, and the diminution of his popularity was visible universally. After a few days, however, a great change seemed to have taken place, though the country and the Press watched with great jealousy the progress of the Conspiracy Bill, keeping up a very loud growl of dislike to the Bill, and resentment against the French Government. In the division on the question of leave to bring in the bill the majority of the Conservatives came over to the Government, and they got a majority of the Conservatives of three to one. A few days after Palmerston brought in the India Bill, about which for a moment it was thought Baring with his amendment might run him hard, but after a very poor debate, in which the Chancellor of the Exchequer made a very good speech, and the President of

the Board of Control made no speech at all, the Government got a majority of near 150.

But while they were triumphing in the fancied security which these divisions seemed to promise them, a storm was gathering, for the bursting of which they were far from being prepared, nor did they estimate its importance. The public feeling had become more and more exasperated at the Conspiracy Bill, and at the conduct of France. It was remarked that while the *Moniteur* continued to insert fresh addresses of an offensive character, the apologetic despatch did not appear at all, and the original despatch of Walewski (January 20th), which had excited so much indignation here, and which was not denied to have been the origin of the Conspiracy Bill, lay upon the table of the House of Commons unanswered by our Government. On this point a good deal of surprise and anger had been evinced in the Press and in society, and the discontent against the Government generally, and Palmerston in particular, was still spreading, when Milner Gibson[1] took advantage of the prevailing temper, and moved a resolution in the shape of an amendment to the second reading of the bill, very skilfully concocted, but which was a direct vote of censure upon the Government (particularly of course directed against Palmerston and Clarendon) for not having answered that despatch.

Palmerston, I have been assured, when he saw the terms of this amendment, perceived that it might be dangerous, and that it was well calculated to get votes; but it is certain that the Government generally were in no apprehension, and that nobody of any party (I believe literally

[1] It was remarkably inconsistent in Gibson and Bright—two pacifist Radicals who had both lost their seats in the "Chinese" election of the previous year for resisting the tide of patriotic fervour which swept over the country during the Crimean War—to take advantage of a new outburst of patriotism to turn out Lord Palmerston for doing his best to effect an amicable arrangement with the French Government. But Bright, at any rate, was unperturbed. "I was a teller," he wrote to Cobden, "and Gibson and I walked to the Table to read the condemnation of that hoary sinner, which was received with immense cheering."

nobody) had the least idea that any vote of censure, which of course involved the existence of the Government, had the slightest chance of being carried. Great was my astonishment when I read in the *Times* this morning that Government had been beaten on Milner Gibson's motion by 19, and a few minutes after Granville came in and said that this defeat must be conclusive, and nothing left for them but to resign. A Cabinet was held in the afternoon, at which it was decided that Palmerston should repair to Buckingham Palace with the resignations of himself and his colleagues.

February 21st.—Nothing more was known last night, but it was evident that Derby had been sent for in preference to Lord John, whom I met at Brooks's in the morning, and who did not expect the Queen to send for him. He told me Gladstone, he believed, and Graham, he knew, would not join Derby, and he thought neither Sidney Herbert nor Cardwell would either.

February 23rd.—Nothing is yet known of Derby's progress except that he tried the Peelites, not one of whom would join. He sent for Newcastle from Clumber, who came up, saw him, and declined. It is evident that they mean to act in concert, except probably Graham, who has espoused John Russell, and who will not separate himself from Lord John's fortunes. There was a prevailing expectation yesterday that Derby would abandon his attempt, and that Palmerston would come back, but Derby seems quite determined to go on. The Palmerstonians certainly expect their exclusion to be of short duration, and nobody thinks that any Government Derby can possibly make will last long.

February 26th.—I met George Lewis yesterday, and talked over with him the whole affair. He thinks that it has all been fearfully mismanaged, and that the catastrophe might have been avoided in many different ways: first, by answering the despatch; secondly, by doing what I have suggested, producing no papers and asking for confidence;

then by the Speaker's declining to allow the amendment to be put, as he well might have done, and as a *strong* Speaker would have done. Lord Eversley advised him to do this, and gave his strong opinion that the amendment was inadmissible. It is curious that Palmerston's overthrow should be the work of a Parliament elected expressly to support him, and immediately caused by the act of a Speaker whom he insisted upon putting in the chair, contrary to the advice of many others who thought he would prove inefficient.

February 27th.—All yesterday lists of the new appointments were put forth from hour to hour, unlike each other, and proving what changes had been made during the last hours. Nobody was prepared for Bulwer Lytton having no place, and still less for Lord Stanley taking office in this Government, which must have been settled at the eleventh hour. On the whole it presents a more decent-looking affair than anybody expected, but the general impression is that it cannot last,[1] and must be overthrown by the mere weight of numbers, whenever the different sections of the House should unite on any question whatever. Their staff is not so despicable, but their rank and file are sadly inadequate if they are attacked in earnest.

March 2nd.—Last night Derby made his statement. He was very nervous and unlike himself, scarcely audible at first, much less fluent than usual, and he spoke from notes, which I never saw him do before. It was, however, a very judicious and becoming speech.

People are now wondering that Palmerston's fall has made so little sensation and the event fallen so flat, considering what his popularity was only a few months ago, but this proves what an unsubstantial and factitious popularity it was. Derby has done better than his

[1] It lasted, in fact, for sixteen months—till June, 1859—chiefly through the rivalry of Palmerston and Russell and the divisions of the Whigs. Disraeli was again Chancellor of the Exchequer and leader of the House of Commons. Stanley was persuaded, after much difficulty, to join as Colonial Secretary.

predecessor in one way, for he has brought forward some new men who have a good reputation, and may distinguish themselves in Parliament, and show us that we have something to look to beyond the old worn-out materials of which everybody is tired. At the present moment there appears to be a disposition to give him what is called a fair trial, but it is difficult to say how long this will last. The Whigs are in great perplexity. Some talk of Palmerston coming back again, others want to bring about a reunion between him and Lord John, and others still talk of setting them both aside and electing a new leader of the party.

March 10th.—I dined with Grote yesterday to meet Mr. Buckle, the literary lion of the day.[1] He is not prepossessing in appearance, but he talks very well and makes a great display of knowledge and extensive reading, though without pedantry or dogmatism. There was a small party of literary men to meet him, and Lady William Russell and I acted the part of gallery.

There is a prevailing and an increasing impression that this Government will not last long, and I think its days are numbered. Sir Francis Baring writes to John Russell, "that the *existence* of the present Ministry is contrary to Parliamentary Government," and this seems to be the general sentiment of the Liberal party, of course loudly insisted on by those who expect to profit by ousting them.

March 11th.—My mind fluctuates back to a notion that the Government will be able to maintain themselves for some time. Ellice said yesterday that he for one would not join in any attempt to oust them till he saw his way to the formation of a better Government, and thinks time ought to be afforded for a reunion of the Liberal

[1] His "History of Civilization"—a book on which he had spent fourteen years of work had been published in the previous year, with immense success. It was said of him that he could read nineteen languages with facility and could converse fluently in seven; but his exertions ruined his health, which had never been good, and he died four years later at the age of forty-one.

party. In the afternoon I called on Disraeli, and found him rather sanguine about their prospects. He said they should settle, in fact, had settled, the French question "with flying colours." He sees no difficulty about finance, as there can be no quarrels on the score of principles, and he will only have to provide for the expenses either by some increased taxation, or, if that is opposed, by a loan, and he does not think the Palmerstonians will venture to refuse the supplies, or that they would succeed in such an attempt. His India Bill he thinks will be a better and more popular measure, and he knows of nothing else but the chapter of accidents on which they will have any serious difficulty. Afterwards I fell in with Charles Villiers, and talked over the fall of the Government, which he attributed, as I do, to the enormous and inconceivable blunders which his friends committed. He is always sensible, unprejudiced, and the most satisfactory person to talk to I am acquainted with.

March 12th.—It is remarkable how completely the affairs at home have superseded the interests belonging to those of India. Nobody seems to think about what so recently absorbed everyone's thoughts and feelings. This is, however, in great measure owing to the general belief that the great question of suppressing the rebellion and re-establishing our rule is virtually settled, and though we may yet have a great deal of trouble and even difficulty, all serious danger is at an end, and that we are as secure of possessing India as of any of our colonies. The apprehensions I had on the subject, and which I have expressed, have been very far from realised, and those who took more sanguine and confident views of the issue of the contest have been justified by the event.

March 17th.—The new Government is looking up. On Monday evening Bernal Osborne attacked Disraeli in his usual style and gave him an opportunity of making a speech in reply, which everybody acknowledges to have been most able and successful. Last night again, in a

little skirmish between Disraeli and George Lewis, the former had the best of it.

March 20th.—The other day I got a note from Lord Derby about a Council, at the end of which he earnestly begged me if I had any influence with the *Times* to get them to abstain from writing any more irritating articles about France, for that these articles provoked the French to madness, and, as matters are, that nothing but the utmost care and moderation on both sides enabled the two Governments to go on in harmony. I accordingly sent his note to Delane, who promised to attend to it, though it was hard to leave the French press without replies. It is curious that I should be found acting a friendly part towards Derby's Government, he being of all men the one to whom I have felt the greatest political repugnance; but I am now so free from all political predilections, and regard constant changes as so objectionable, that I wish this Government to be fairly tried, especially as it appears to me quite as good as any other we are likely to have; disposed to work hard and promote good measures, and to be unable, even if they were disposed, to do any harm.

The Duke of Bedford is in town, having been urgently pressed to come up and see what he could do to effect a political reconciliation between Lord John and Palmerston, which he has certainly not effected, and probably will fail in effecting. Lord John said some months ago that he never would take office again but as Premier, but what the Whigs want is that he should join them, consent to co-operate in ousting Derby, and then to take office under Palmerston; but if he would not do this before the present session began, much less would he be inclined to do so now. He knows very well that they are only trying to make it up with him, because they feel that they cannot do without him, and as they still prefer Palmerston, and mean to stick to him, and to come back with him as their chief, there is very little chance of any negotiation being

brought to a successful issue. The best chance of the Whigs being reunited is that the present Government should take sufficient root, and stay in office long enough to show that nothing but a complete reconciliation of the Liberals of all shades and opinions can drive them out, and for this time is required. The notion the late Government cherished of being able to turn out their opponents in a very brief space is already gone, and they find that the majority of the House of Commons will be no party to such an overthrow.

March 21st.—The Duke of Bedford has just been here; he has been occupied with vain attempts to bring about the reconciliation so much desired by his political friends, but without success or any hope of it; he finds the estrangement between Palmerston and Lord John great as ever, and even between Lord John and Clarendon, the latter complaining bitterly that Lord John "went out of his way to insult him," which meant that in his speech the other day he spoke civilly of Malmesbury, saying he had no doubt he would uphold the honour and dignity of the country. All this shows the excessive soreness and ill-humour of the outgoing party.

March 25th.—The Duke of Bedford has just been here; he came from Lord Aberdeen, who tells him the Peelites are all verging towards a union with Lord John, some more, some less; Graham is devoted to him, Sidney Herbert and Cardwell perfectly well disposed, the Duke of Newcastle gradually becoming so, and Gladstone at present the least friendly, but Aberdeen thinks is getting more friendly, and will eventually join his standard, and Aberdeen himself is doing all he can to bring about this union.

Hatchford, March 30th.—On Friday last Disraeli brought on the Government of India Bill, which Ellenborough told some of his friends would be "a great success," and which everybody expected would be an improvement on Palmerston's. Never was there a greater failure; the bill was received with general aversion and

contempt. The Radicals, who want to keep the Government in for the present, could not stomach it, Roebuck pronounced it a sham, and Bright, who detests Palmerston, said he preferred his bill of the two. The only people who are pleased are the Palmerstonians. They think that when this bill has been rejected or withdrawn theirs will pass, and this will, *ex necessitate,* compel Derby to retire and open the way to Palmerston's return to office.

April 24th.—The events of the past week have been Disraeli's Budget, which has been received with favour and excited no opposition in any quarter, and the withdrawal of the Government India Bill, which was done by Disraeli, rather unwillingly; but their maxim seems to be "anything for a quiet life," and they agree to whatever is proposed or opposed in any influential quarter. The general notion is that they are safe for this session, but it is a very inglorious safety. It now appears as if they would scramble and hobble on until the whole Liberal party is reunited, and a reconciliation effected between Palmerston and John Russell, to bring about which it is clear that much exertion is being made.

Lord Cowley, whom I saw yesterday, is desirous, like everybody else, to see the end of this feeble rule; but he thinks Palmerston's disposition is very unbending, and doubts his and Lord John's being brought together, notwithstanding that Lady Palmerston tells the Duke of Bedford that Palmerston "has a great affection for John."

April 29th.—Every day the position of the Government gets worse and worse. The disposition there was to give them a fair opportunity of carrying on public affairs as well as they could has given way to disgust and contempt at their blundering and stupidity, and those who have all along resented their attempt to hold office at all are becoming more impatient and more anxious to turn them out. The Whigs, however, seem aware that it is not expedient to push matters to extremity and to force their resignation, until the quarrels of the Liberal party

are made up and till Palmerston and John Russell are brought together and prepared to join in taking office, and to effect this object the most strenuous efforts are making. I met Derby in the Park yesterday, and soon after the Chancellor in Piccadilly, and had some talk with both of them. They were neither of them in a very sanguine mood, and apparently well aware of the precariousness of their position. Derby attributed the state of affairs, which he owned was very bad, to the caprice and perverseness of the House of Commons, which he said was unmanageable.

London, May 13th.—Nothing ever was like the state of confusion and excitement which has prevailed here during the last fortnight, while I have been out of town, particularly on the resignation of Ellenborough, which took everybody by surprise. Before I went away the impression had become general that this Government neither could nor ought to be endured much longer, and that their repeated and enormous blunders made them a nuisance which must be abated. All the Liberals (except some of the extreme Radicals who wished them to stay on some time longer), however they differed on other questions, were agreed on this. Numerous meetings took place, and there was a prodigious activity of negotiation, communication, and going backwards and forwards, with a view to some general organisation and combination of attack on the unfortunate Ministry. The Duke of Bedford was brought up to see what he could do to bring Lord John and Palmerston together. Lord John joined heartily in the plan of turning the Government out, and said that *anything* was preferable to leaving them any longer in office. But the plans imagined by mutual friends for affecting a political reconciliation have vanished into air. Palmerston is resolved not to go to the House of Lords, and Lord John is equally determined not to take office under him. Palmerston says that he cannot trust Lord John to lead the House of Commons.

Personally, meanwhile, they are ostensibly friends, and Lord John dines at Cambridge House to-morrow.

May 16th.—The first great battle took-place in the House of Lords the night before last, at which I was present.[1] It was a very spirited fight, and I never recollect seeing the House of Lords so crowded both with ladies and lords. In the Commons the fight began on Friday also, and the most remarkable speech in it was that of Cairns, the new Solicitor-General, which was very clever and effective. John Russell also spoke very well and vigorously, quite in his old style. There is much difference of opinion as to the amount of majority, though it is generally expected there will be one against Government, and I now hear that they have determined positively to dissolve if they are beaten, though with little or no chance of their bettering themselves by a dissolution.

May 23rd.—The excitement of Epsom during the whole of last week was not greater than that which prevailed in London during the great debates in the House of Commons, the result of which, on Thursday night, produced such unusual surprise, with so much triumph on one side and such mortification and disappointment on the other. In my long experience I do not recollect to have seen so much political bitterness and violence (except perhaps during the great contests of the Catholic question and Reform), and certainly there never was a great Parliamentary battle distinguished by so much uncertainty and so many vicissitudes, and in which the end corresponded so little with the beginning and with the general expectation. For a considerable time not only all the late Cabinet and their supporters, but the whole body of Whigs, both Palmerstonians and Russellites, had been

[1] On a resolution moved by Lord Shaftesbury censuring Lord Ellenborough, President of the Board of Control of India, on account of a letter which he had written to Lord Canning, the Governor-General, on the subject of "the Oude Proclamation." After the resignation of Lord Ellenborough the Opposition were divided and the great attack, as will be seen, ended in a fiasco.

growing more and more impatient of the Derby Government, and they were considering how they could make a final and irresistible attack upon them, and for the last three weeks there had been nothing but negotiations and *pourparlers* to effect a coalition between the rival leaders and their friends for the purpose of their at least uniting in one great hostile vote, which should drive the Derbyites to resignation or dissolution, hoping and expecting that their majority would be so large as to put the latter out of the question. The occasion seemed to present itself upon Ellenborough's letter to Canning censuring his Proclamation. A meeting took place at Cambridge House, when the whole plan was matured, and though John Russell did not attend it, he agreed to be a party to the Motion of Censure. Shaftesbury was put forward in the Lords, and Cardwell was induced to take the initiative in the House of Commons. Nobody doubted of success, and the only question was (much debated and betted upon) by how many the Government would be beaten. Meanwhile Ellenborough resigned, which gave a new aspect to the affair, and the Government got a small majority in the Lords. It was evident that no popularity attached to the motion, and many of the Liberals were of opinion that upon Ellenborough's resignation the affair ought to drop and the motion be withdrawn. But the die was cast, the Palmerstonians were quite confident and eager for the fray, and would not hear of stopping in their career. The debate began, the speaking being all along better on the Government side, and every day their prospects as to the division appeared to be mending and public opinion more and more inclining against the Opposition and the Proclamation, though still blaming Ellenborough's letter. The Radicals, or those of them who professed to be adherents of the Whig Cabinet, strongly urged the withdrawal of Cardwell's motion, and at last on the Thursday seem to have made up their minds that defeat in some shape was inevitable, and that the best thing left for them

to do was to get rid of the debate in any way they could. Henry Lennox called on me yesterday morning to tell me what had passed, to this effect: that on Friday Disraeli had received a letter from Cardwell in which he asked if Disraeli would allow him to withdraw his motion, and subsequently Palmerston desired to confer with him, when he put the same question to him, to which (according to Henry Lennox's statement) Disraeli replied, in a very lofty tone, that he would hear of nothing which could possibly be construed into any admission on their part of their meriting any part of the censure which the Opposition had been labouring to cast upon them. The scene in the House was most extraordinary, and particularly mortifying to Palmerston, who saw himself involved in inevitable defeat, and without the power of rallying again for some time.[1] If anybody could be excused for the impatience which brought him and his party into this dilemma, it was Palmerston, who in his seventy-fourth year, and resolved to die in harness if he could, had no time to lose. This affair has been the battle of Marengo of political warfare. The Whigs appeared to be victorious, and carrying everything before them up to the eleventh hour, and then came a sudden turn of affairs, and the promise of victory was turned into rout and disaster. The campaign is lost, and for the rest of this session the Government have it all their own way. The Whigs are in the condition of a defeated army, who require to be completely reorganised and reformed before they can take the field again. The general resentment and mortification are extreme. Derby will get Gladstone if possible to take the India Board,[2]

[1] Disraeli wrote to Mrs. Brydges Williams: "Never was such a rout! And never was a party in such a humiliating plight as was the great Whig Coalition that was to have devoured her Majesty's Government as an ogre does a child."

[2] Lord Derby made the offer to Gladstone on May 22nd, but after considering it for three days and consulting his friends, Gladstone refused, and Lord Stanley was appointed. It was on this occasion that Disraeli wrote, in a letter to Gladstone: "Don't you think the time has come when you might deign to be magnanimous?"

and this will be the best thing that can happen. His natural course is to be at the head of a Conservative Government, and he may, if he acts with prudence, be the means of raising that party to something like dignity and authority, and emancipating it from its dependence on the discreditable and insincere support of the Radicals.

Norman Court, June 16th.—Every day it appears more and more evident that Palmerston's political career is drawing to a close, and he alone seems blind to the signs which denote it. Few things are stranger than the violent reaction which has deprived him of his popularity, and made him an object of bitter aversion to a considerable part of the Liberals, not only to such men as Graham and Bright, but even to many of his former followers and adherents. I cannot say I am sorry for it, but I do in fairness think that this reaction is overdone and exaggerated, and the hostility to Palmerston greater than there is any reason for. I do not wish to see him again at the head of affairs, but I should be sorry to see a man so distinguished, who has been exalted so high, and who has many good qualities, end his life, or at least his political career, under circumstances of mortification and humiliation. But the determination to have no more to do with Palmerston has not made the Whigs and Liberals more disposed to throw themselves into the arms of Lord John, and as yet, so far from any appearance of a reorganisation of the Liberal party, they seem more disunited and scattered than ever. Even Lord John and Graham, who seemed to be most closely allied, are now continually voting different ways; and as to the other leading men, it is impossible to predict how they will vote on any subject that comes before Parliament.

June 22nd.—The Government are undoubtedly gaining strength, while the chances of another Palmerston Government[1] become more and more faint and remote. All information coincides in representing Palmerston's

[1] Exactly a year later it was in existence, and continued till 1865.

unpopularity as great and general, certainly the most extraordinary change that ever took place in so short a time. The Duke of Bedford writes to me from Endsleigh: "I hear of only one general feeling against Palmerston in the West. What a change since this time last year!"

Among the events of last week one of the most interesting was the Queen's visit to Birmingham, where she was received by the whole of that enormous population with an enthusiasm which is said to have exceeded all that was ever displayed in her former receptions at Manchester or elsewhere. It is impossible not to regard such manifestations as both significant and important. They evince a disposition in those masses of the population in which, if anywhere, the seeds of Radicalism are supposed to lurk, most favourable to the Conservative cause, by which I mean not to this or that party, but to the Monarchy and the Constitution under which we are living and flourishing, and which we may believe to be still dear to the hearts of the people of this country. This great fact lends some force to the notion entertained by many political thinkers, that there is more danger in conferring political power on the middle classes than in extending it far beneath them, and in point of fact that there is so little to be apprehended from the extension of the suffrage, that universal suffrage itself would be innocuous.

June 26th.—The India Bill appears now likely to pass rather rapidly and in the shape presented by the Government. Everybody is tired to death of the subject and anxious to have it over, and the general impatience is increased by alarm at the foul state of the Thames, which (long discussed in a negligent way, and without much public attention or care) has suddenly assumed vast proportions, and is become an object of general interest and apprehension. This makes the House of Commons eager to finish its business as expeditiously as it can, and members impatient to betake themselves to a purer and safer atmosphere. The Government continues to maintain

its ascendancy there, and last night Palmerston was beaten by considerable majorities on two amendments he moved to the India Bill.

Petworth, July 31st.—I came here from Goodwood, not having been here for twenty years, and am rather glad to see once more a place where I passed so much of my time in my younger days. I think it is the finest house I have ever seen, and its collection of pictures is unrivalled for number, beauty, and interest. Parliament is to be up on Monday, and the Council for the prorogation is to take place to-day at Osborne.

London, August 15th.—I returned to town from Petworth last Monday week, and on Tuesday a fit of gout came on, which has laid me up ever since, leaving me no energy to do anything, and least of all to execute the purpose I entertained of sketching the past session of Parliament, and the curious events which it evolved; the decline and fall of Palmerston and his Government, the advent of Derby, and the vicissitudes of his career, deserve a narrative which might, if well handled by some well-informed writer, be made very interesting; but I am conscious of my own unfitness and dare not attempt it. It is in truth time for me to leave off keeping a journal, for by degrees I have lost the habit of communicating with all the people from whom I have been in the habit of obtaining political information, and I know nothing worth recording.

Hinchinbrook, September 5th.—At The Grove last week, and on Friday to Osborne for a Council. At The Grove I met Charles Villiers and the Duke of Bedford, and had much talk with both of them about affairs in general, particularly with the Duke about Lord John. He is busily employed in concocting a Reform Bill, which he had probably better leave alone. Lord John has recently struck up a great intimacy with Lord Stanley, and has had him repeatedly down to Pembroke Lodge. They take very kindly to each other, and Lord John is evidently anxious to cultivate him, for he asked the Duke

to invite Stanley to go to Woburn, where Lord John and all his family had gone to stay.

The Opposition now found all their hopes on the dissensions which they expect to arise in the Tory Government and camp, which is a very uncertain prospect, and as to which they are very likely to be disappointed. The day I went to Osborne I had some conversation with Disraeli, who gave me to understand that he was well aware the Opposition relied on this contingency, but that it was not likely to happen. He was aware of Lord Stanley's *liaison* with Lord John, and it was evident that the former had made no secret of it, and had told Disraeli that there was (at present) nothing political in it. Lord John had not said a word about his Reform Bill to Stanley, and Disraeli knew that he had not. All this looks like union and confidence between them.

November 4th.—I hear the Queen has written a letter to the Prince of Wales announcing to him his emancipation from parental authority and control, and that it is one of the most admirable letters that ever were penned. She tells him that he may have thought the rule they adopted for his education a severe one, but that his welfare was their only object, and well knowing to what seductions of flattery he would eventually be exposed, they wished to prepare and strengthen his mind against them, that he was now to consider himself his own master, and that they should never intrude any advice upon him, although always ready to give it him whenever he thought fit to seek it. It was a very long letter, all in that tone, and it seems to have made a profound impression on the Prince, and to have touched his feelings to the quick. He brought it to Gerald Wellesley in floods of tears, and the effect it produced is a proof of the wisdom which dictated its composition.

Hillingdon, December 12th.—I went to The Grove on Wednesday last and came back on Friday. There I had long talks with Clarendon for the first time for many a

day, when he told me a great deal that was interesting, just as he used to do formerly, first about his visit to Compiègne and his conversations with the Emperor. They had a great deal of conversation about Italy and the anti-Austrian projects attributed to France, touching which the Emperor's ideas were most strange and extravagant. He said there had been two questions in which France was interested: one the regeneration of Poland, the other the regeneration of Italy; that in the pursuit of the first France naturally became the ally of Austria against Russia, in the pursuit of the other she became the ally of Russia and Sardinia against Austria; that the peace with Russia had put an end to anything being done about the first, and the second alone became possible. Clarendon then pointed out to him all the difficulties of involving himself in such a contest as this scheme supposed, that Austria would sacrifice her last florin and her last man in defence of her Italian provinces, that to go to war with her would almost inevitably sooner or later plunge all Europe into war, and that the object to be gained by it, even by France herself, would be wholly incommensurate with the cost and the danger that would be incurred. The Emperor appeared to have no reply to make to Clarendon's remonstrances, nor did I gather that his Majesty had any *casus belli* against Austria, nor even any just cause of complaint to urge against her, from which I draw the inference not only that his policy is of a very wild and chimerical character, but that at any moment when he might see, or think he saw, any advantage in attacking another Power, no consideration of justice and good faith, still less of moderation and care for the happiness and peace of the world, would restrain him, and from such a contingency England would be no more exempt than any other country.[1]

[1] The Emperor's object was evidently to delude the two ex-Ministers—Lord Palmerston and Clarendon—as the next entry shows. He was already in secret alliance with Cavour, and had virtually decided on going to war with Austria.

1859

January 14th.—I purposed at the close of the last year to say a few words about a year which might well be called *annus mirabilis* and *annus mæstissimus* besides, for I do not remember any year marked by a greater number and variety of remarkable events and occurrences, and certainly none which has been so fatal to the happiness of so many of our friends. One calamity has succeeded another with frightful rapidity, till it is difficult to point to any one who has not sustained some terrible bereavement in the persons of near and dear relations or intimate friends. A severe fit of gout which attacked me on Christmas Day, and has kept hold of me ever since, prevented my executing my purpose, and now I have forgotten all I intended to say, and can only take up the present condition of affairs as they present themselves at the beginning of this year, and this is dark and unpromising enough. All Europe has been thrown into alarm by the speech which the Emperor Napoleon made to the Austrian Ambassador Hübner on New Year's Day, and by the announcement which followed it that Prince Napoleon was going to Turin to marry the King of Sardinia's daughter. The language of the King of Sardinia in his speech to his Parliament shortly afterwards confirmed the general apprehensions. It is now evident that when our ex-Ministers were at Compiègne,[1] and when the Emperor pretended that he wanted to consult Clarendon confidentially, he only made a half-confidence of his views and his position, and that he concealed from Clarendon the important fact of the marriage of Prince Napoleon, which was arranged at the time.

The Grove, January 25th.—I have passed three days here very agreeably; a large party on Saturday and Sunday, after which Clarendon, George Lewis, and I, talked over

[1] Lord Clarendon and Lord Palmerston had visited the Emperor at Compiègne, and Clarendon had reported to C. G. their conversations with the Emperor, which have ceased to be of much importance.

everything interesting at home and abroad. There has been a good deal of correspondence between Clarendon and John Russell in a very friendly spirit, quite different from the terms they have been on till lately, and indicating the possibility of their coming together again in Opposition and in office. I saw also some letters of Palmerston's upon foreign affairs, exceedingly sound and judicious. I am bound to say that all I hear and see of Palmerston's views, opinions, and conduct is highly creditable to him, and very different from what I expected. He evinces no impatience to return to office, and no misconception of his own position. All he writes on foreign affairs, on France and Austria and Italy, is marked by great wisdom and moderation. He is taking his proper place as head of the Liberal and Whig party, prepared to go to Parliament and wait for the development of the policy and measures of the Government, before forming any plan of a political campaign. Reading at the same time the letters of Lord John and those of Palmerston on the same subject, that of foreign policy, I am struck with the great superiority of the latter.

February 5th.—Parliament opened on Thursday with, as everybody owned, a very good speech, and the discussions in both Houses were in a very good tone, and all that could be desired as to foreign policy. It will be impossible for the Emperor to derive from what passed a single word from any quarter favourable to his projects.

February 19th.—The general complaint is that nothing is done in Parliament, and that there is a general apathy, under the continuance of which the Government gets on without hindrance, while their faults or blunders pass unchecked. Gladstone's extravagant proceedings at Corfu[1]

[1] Gladstone, who was still nominally a Conservative—though on the verge of joining the Liberals—had been requested by Bulwer Lytton, the new Colonial Secretary, to go out as Special Commissioner to enquire into the Government of the Ionian Islands, which in spite of the advantages of a British Protectorate were in a state of more than Irish discontent. He was received by the inhabitants with fervent enthusiasm, and after

have elicited something like an attack led on by Lord Grey, but although this subject will probably be more seriously and warmly discussed after he comes home, it does not seem likely to lead to much at present, and Derby will probably parry Grey's attack on Monday next.

February 27th.—On Thursday morning the world was electrified at reading an article in the *Times* stating that Cowley[1] was going on a special mission to Vienna for the purpose of making matters up, if possible, between France and Austria. The day before I had been apprised of the fact by Granville, who had heard it from Clarendon, to whom Cowley had imparted the secret of his mission. The mission was in fact one rather from the Emperor than from our Government, who had really done nothing whatever, but were too happy to allow Cowley to go and try his hand in patching matters up. The Emperor is intensely disgusted and enraged at finding the whole feeling and opinion of England so decidedly pronounced against him, and that in no quarter whatever, neither in Parliament nor the press, which represents the mind of the whole country, nor in any public men, can he find the slightest sympathy or encouragement, or anything but the most indignant disapprobation.[2]

In the midst of the absorbing interest of this great question, the Government Reform Bill is coming on. They appear to have thought it advisable to bespeak the

staying several weeks and enquiring minutely into their affairs, came home and made an elaborate report. (The visit is vividly described in Morley's "Gladstone," Book IV, Chapter X.) Four years later—on Gladstone's advice Palmerston consented—in Mr. Trevelyan's words—to "a most generous act of foreign policy." The islands, at the request of their inhabitants, were restored to Greece, to which they naturally belonged. "Hellenic sympathies and Liberal principles were the motives of an act which has few analogies in history."

[1] Our ambassador in Paris. Nephew to Lord Wellesley and the Duke of Wellington.

[2] But the indignation did not last long, and the war—whatever its origin and motives—had at least one good result: the liberation of Italy.

good word of the *Times,* and accordingly they sent Delane a copy of their Bill. This morning the heads of it appear in the *Times* with an approving article. Mild as it appears to be, it is too strong for Walpole and Henley, who have resigned, but why they did not resign before it is difficult to understand.

March 1st.—According to all political calculations Cowley's mission ought to succeed, but I feel no confidence in his success, and rather believe that the Emperor Napoleon is acting with his usual duplicity and treachery, and duping Cowley to gain time, which is necessary to his plans. It is revolting to see that the peace of the world and so much of the happiness or misery of mankind depend upon the caprice and will and the selfish objects and motives of a worthless upstart and adventurer, who is destitute of every principle of honour, good faith, or humanity, but who is unfortunately invested with an enormous power for good or evil. And this is the end of fifty years of incessant movement, of the progress of society, of the activity and development of the human intellect in the country which is eternally mouthing about its superior civilisation and its mission to extend the benefits of that civilisation over the whole world.

Disraeli brought forward his Reform Bill last night in a well-set speech, only too elaborate. It was coolly received, except by its most angry opponents, who lost no time in denouncing it.

March 8th.—Strenuous efforts are making to bring about an understanding and agreement between the Whig leaders as to opposing the Government Bill, in which nobody is so active as George Lewis, who being very intimate with John Russell, and much in his confidence, and at the same time still on a footing of an adherent of Palmerston, is better qualified than anyone to form a link between the two and to produce a mutual accord. John Russell has drawn up certain Resolutions which he intends to move on the second reading. These Resolutions have

been shown to George Grey and to Palmerston, who have agreed to support them, and it may be presumed that if all the Whig leaders, or even most of them, take this course, they will be followed by the majority of the rank and file.

Savernake, March 9th.—I met George Lewis at the Athenæum yesterday, and had a talk about the state of affairs here. He told me that the whole Liberal party, he believed, would support John Russell's Resolutions. There had been considerable doubt at first whether the second reading of the Bill should be opposed or not, but upon a close examination of the Bill they found that it was such a dishonest measure that it could not be allowed to pass, and therefore it was better to throw it out at once. Palmerston and Lord John are now on very good terms. Lord John had sent his Resolutions to Palmerston, and Palmerston had sent him word he would support whatever he proposed.

March 15th.—It is now clear enough that Derby made a great blunder in undertaking to deal with the question of Reform at all, and that a consistent Conservative course would have been the most honourable and the wisest, and have afforded him the best chance of staying in office. By bringing forward a measure to the principle of which it is well known that he and his whole Government and party are in their hearts adverse, and then trying to vitiate the principle by certain contrivances in the details, by which the scruples of his own party may be obviated, he exposes himself to the charge of producing a dishonest measure, and this is what the Whigs urge as their ground for attacking it in front and at once. This is what Lewis said to me, "We are bound to defeat a measure which is so dishonest that it is not susceptible of such improvement in Committee as would warrant our passing it." The conduct of the Whigs, however, is not a whit more honest. Their allegation is a mere pretext, and their real motive is that they think they see their way back to office

through an attack upon the Government Bill; they are indifferent to the consequences, and all they want is to get the coast clear for themselves, and take the chance of settling the difficult questions which will arise as to the formation of a Government and the conditions on which it can be formed. All this appears to me quite as dishonest as anything the Government have done or are doing. Palmerston never was a Reformer. He was opposed as much as he dared and could be even to the great measure of 1832, which all the world was for. When he brought forward a measure of his own two or three years ago, he did it without sincerity or conviction, and merely for a party object, and now he is uniting with John Russell without any real agreement with him in opinion, and with full knowledge that if they succeed and climb into office on the ruins of the Government Bill he will be obliged to propose a measure much stronger than he believes to be either necessary or safe.

March 22nd.—Nothing could be more uninteresting than the first evening of the debate on John Russell's Resolutions last night. Lord March told me in the morning that the Government would certainly dissolve as soon as the Resolutions were carried. Every day makes the folly of Derby more apparent in bringing in any Reform Bill at all.

March 24th.—When I think of the Reform Bill of 1832, and compare the state of affairs at that time with that of the present time, nothing can be more extraordinary. Then the interest was intense, the whole country in a fever of excitement, the Press rabid, the clamour for Reform all but universal, party running tremendously high, no doubt or hesitation about individual wishes and opinions, and each camp perfectly united in itself, and full of energy and zeal. In this condition of the public mind and of politics the debates began and continued. This debate has begun and seems likely to continue, how differently! There are neither zeal nor union on one side or the other,

everybody is dissatisfied with the state of affairs, and nobody can see a satisfactory issue from the general embarrassment.

Gladstone is come back from Italy completely duped by Cavour,[1] who has persuaded him that Piedmont has no ambition or aggressive objects, and that Austria alone is guilty of all the trouble in which the world has been plunged. He told this to Aberdeen, who treated his delusions and his credulity with the utmost scorn and contempt, but he is said to have found John Russell more credulous, and ready to accept Gladstone's convictions.

April 1st.—The great debate came to an end last night. The majority was greater than either side expected, and the Government and their friends were sanguine to the last that they should win by a few votes.[2] Although there was a great deal of tedious speaking, it was on the whole a very able and creditable debate, and there were several very powerful speeches, but principally on the side of the minority. Gladstone's was particularly good, and Dizzy's reply, with a very effective philippic against John Russell, was exceedingly clever, and delivered with much dignity and in very good taste. Although the question of Reform was regarded with so much indifference, as the debate proceeded and party spirit and emulation waxed hot, the interest and curiosity became intense. They have become still more intense to-day, and the town is in a state of feverish anxiety to know what is going to happen, and, as usual on such occasions, there are a thousand reports, speculations, and guesses afloat.

April 4th.—The report yesterday was that Derby does not mean to resign or dissolve, or to go on with the present Bill, but perhaps bring in a fresh one. As we shall hear it all this evening, it is useless to speculate on the subject. The Opposition are evidently puzzled what to do. I went

[1] On his way home from the Ionian Islands he had interviews with the Austrian Archduke in Venice and with Cavour in Turin.

[2] They were defeated by thirty-nine.

to Kent House, where Lewis said the Government were much mistaken if they imagined they should be left alone; he did not know what would be done, but certainly they must look to be attacked in some shape or other. Granville in the evening took the opposite line, and said the best party game would be to let them alone. Nothing, however, will ever induce John Russell to keep quiet.

April 7th.—The determination of the Government, announced in both Houses on Monday evening, took the world by surprise. Nobody thought there would be a dissolution. Derby's speech was very bad, much below his usual level. The attack on John Russell which formed a chief part of it was merely a *réchauffé* of that of Disraeli, but very inferior to it in every respect. Disraeli in the other House spoke much better, and with more taste and temper.

April 15th.—I have been reading over to George Lewis my account of what took place about the Reform Bill of 1832, to assist him in reviewing that period of history, and in so doing it is impossible not to be struck with the contrast between the public excitement which prevailed then and the apathy and absence of interest which we witness now. At every general election there is a great deal of bustle, activity, party zeal, and contention, but there are not more of these now than on ordinary occasions, if anything less. Both parties are confident that they shall gain, and the Derbyites are making great efforts, and have collected a very large sum of money. Derby has given 20,000*l.* to the fund, but candidates are slack in coming forward with the prospect of the new Parliament not lasting many months. The question of peace or war[1] is still in abeyance, but inclines rather towards war; the public securities oscillate like a barometer, and people are puzzled and unable to form any opinion.

April 20th.—The long promised statements were made

[1] Between France and Austria; but there was the fear of its developing into a new European war.

in both Houses on Monday night, but they told us nothing that was not already known, and merely expressed hopes that war might still be averted. The most striking thing in both Houses was the extreme caution and reserve of the speakers on both sides, and particularly their reticence and forbearance about France. Not one word of blame of the Emperor of the French; no more about him, his sayings and doings, than about the Emperor of Russia, or than if he had had nothing whatever to do with the present state of things. This was probably politic, but it was lamentable and disgraceful that we should be obliged, or think ourselves obliged, to abstain from speaking the truth, for fear of offending this rascally adventurer, who by the egregious folly and cowardice of the French nation has been invested with such an awful power of mischief, and whom neither fear nor shame deters from pursuing his own wicked ends at the expense of any amount of misery and desolation which he may inflict upon mankind. One cannot help contrasting the extreme delicacy and forbearance exhibited towards him with the violence and abuse which were directed against the Emperor Nicholas in 1854.

I met Disraeli yesterday afternoon, when he told me they had got such satisfactory news from the Continent that he considered the affair as virtually settled and the danger at an end. God grant it may be so, but I am far from being satisfied that the danger is over.

I went to a Council on Monday for the prorogation, when I had some conversation with Disraeli, and asked him what his real belief was as to their prospects in the election. He said there was so much luck in these matters that it was difficult to speak positively, but that he had endeavoured to ascertain the true probabilities of the result, and his conclusion was that *if they had luck* they should gain sixty votes; and what, I asked, if there was no luck on one side or the other? Then, he said, they should gain forty.

April 24th, Newmarket.—Disraeli's information on Tuesday last, when I met him at Lady Jersey's, might well have warranted me in believing that no war would take place, but I have never been able to persuade myself that this calamity would be averted, and it appears that my apprehensions were well founded, for now the die seems to be really cast, and at the moment when I am writing it is probably actually declared and begun.

April 27th.—On Monday we heard that the Austrians had sent their ultimatum to Sardinia, and there was a complete panic in the City. Yesterday we were informed that she had given fourteen days' grace to Sardinia, and everything was up again. But this morning we were undeceived, and found this latter report had no foundation. Meanwhile the clamour against Austria has been senseless and disgraceful; nothing could be more unworthy than Derby's allusion to her in his speech at the Mansion House dinner on Monday. It was a clap-trap, and meant to obtain popularity and assist the Ministerial interest at the election. Nothing has ever disgusted me more than to see the readiness with which everybody finds fault with Austria, and the care with which they avoid any notice of France, not, however, that this can or will last. What sort of relations we shall continue to have with France I cannot imagine. We have been treated in a manner which puts an end to the possibility of any amicable feelings between the two countries. We can never trust the Emperor again, and must take measures for our own security as best we may; but unhappily the Indian war has so materially diminished our power and absorbed our resources, and France has so enormously gained upon us in point of naval strength, that we are not in a fit condition to hold the language and play the part that befit the dignity and the honour of the country.

May 14th.—Another severe fit of the gout, principally in the right hand, has prevented my writing a line for the last fortnight, during which war has broken out, and the

general election has been begun and ended, and, what is most important to myself, I have resigned my office. Hitherto the war and the election have equally disappointed the expectations they gave rise to. The Austrians committed a blunder in plunging into the war, and have not taken the only advantage such a measure seemed to promise, viz., that of overpowering the Sardinians before the French could join them, and now nobody can make out what their tactics are, or when and where the contest will begin in earnest. Meanwhile *we* are taking an imposing attitude of armed and prepared neutrality. Disraeli's anticipated sixty votes have dwindled down to a gain of twenty, but Malmesbury told Cowley that they should have force sufficient to maintain their ground, which I see their opponents do not believe.

May 17th.—The elections are nearly if not quite over, and, as well as can be collected from the conflicting calculations of the rival parties, they present a gain of nearly thirty for the Government. With this they evidently hope and their opponents fear they will be able to go on at least to the end of the session, and I incline to think so likewise. The general election has been eminently satisfactory in this, that it has elicited the completely Conservative spirit of the country. Palmerston, who predicted that the consequence would be a large increase of Radical strength, has been altogether mistaken. It may be added (whether this is a good or an evil) that it has also manifested the indifference of the country to all parties and to all political ties and connexions. In the last general election the cry was all for Palmerston; in this there has been no cry for anybody, neither Palmerston nor Derby, and less than all for John Russell or Bright. And yet John Russell is flattering himself he shall have an opportunity of forming a Government, and talks of his regret at being obliged to leave out so many of his friends.

May 26th.—Palmerston and John Russell have now made up all their differences, and have come to a complete

understanding and agreement on all points, so that the schism may be considered at an end. Upon Reform, upon foreign policy, upon the mode of opposition, they are fully agreed, and even upon their respective personal pretensions. Both are resolved not to quit the House of Commons, and Lord John himself says that the question of the Primacy must be determined by the Queen herself, and that whomever she may send for and charge with the formation of a Government must necessarily be Premier. There is not much doubt that this will be Palmerston, but what post Lord John would require for himself I have not heard. It may possibly be the Foreign Office, which Palmerston could hardly refuse to him, particularly as they are agreed on foreign policy, and Clarendon is not inclined to share their opinion. This reconciliation will be very favourable to Granville's pretensions, and secure to him the lead of the House of Lords, and not improbably, at some not very distant day, lead to his being Prime Minister. In this age of political Methuselahs it is an enormous advantage to be little more than forty years old.[1] This state of affairs I heard at Brooks's from the Duke of Bedford. It was Lord John who took the initiative in their approaches to each other. He wrote to Palmerston, on which Palmerston repaired to Pembroke Lodge, where they had a long conversation, with the result aforesaid. Soon afterwards I met Disraeli in the street. He did not appear to me to be in very high spirits, and talked of the position and chances of his Government without any expressions of confidence, though without despondence. He said he hoped that they would move an Amendment to the Address, as it was better to fight it out at once and bring the question of strength to a crisis.

May 29th.—It seems not unlikely that the Government

[1] He lived to be seventy-six; but never again came near to being Prime Minister. The power of the Whigs—though Greville did not know it—was already at an end; and in 1868 Gladstone became the first head of a Liberal Government, with Lord Granville as his Colonial Secretary.

may be after all relieved from the immediate danger of an Amendment by the divisions amongst the Opposition, or rather between the rival leaders. After all I was told of the meeting between Palmerston and Lord John, and the agreement they had come to on all the important points, I was astonished at hearing on Friday evening that everything was again thrown into uncertainty because Lord John would not say what he intended to do. On the important question of who should be Premier he would make no frank statement. He had, indeed, before said that the Queen must decide it, and the man she sent for would naturally be at the head of the Government; but he refused to say whether, supposing Palmerston to be sent for, he would take office with or under him, or even whether he would sit in the House of Commons on or behind the Treasury Bench—in short, he would give no clear and positive assurance of his intentions. This is naturally very disgusting to the Whigs, and throws everything into doubt and confusion.

June 6th.—As I was at Epsom every day this week, I have heard nothing of what has been going on, except the fact that there is to be a great meeting of the Liberals at Willis's Rooms this afternoon, called by a list of people which includes Palmerston and Lord John and Milner Gibson, whose signature betokens the assent of the Radicals to the object of it, which I conclude to be an agreement as to the attack to be made on the Government to-morrow, and certain explanations as to the intentions and sentiments of the Whig leaders.

June 7th.—The meeting of the Opposition yesterday at Willis's Rooms went off as well as they could expect or desire. The two leaders gave the required assurances that each would serve under the other, in the event of either being sent for. There was a general concurrence in the plan of attacking the Government at once, in which even Bright and Ellice joined, the former disclaiming any desire for office in his own person, but claiming it for his friends.

The result promised is that with very few exceptions all the opponents or quasi-opponents of the Government will unite in supporting the vote of want of confidence, and they are very confident of success.

June 12th.—After a not very remarkable debate the division yesterday morning gave a majority of thirteen to the Opposition, which was more than either side expected.[1] Derby resigned at eleven o'clock, and the Queen immediately after marked her sense of his conduct by sending him an extra Garter in an autograph letter. Much to his own surprise she sent for Granville (and for nobody else) and charged him with the formation of a Government. What passed between her Majesty and him I know not, but he accepted the commission and has been busy about it ever since. How he is to deal with Palmerston and Lord John,[2] and to make such a project palatable to them I cannot imagine. What the Queen has done is a very significant notice to them of her great reluctance to have either of them at the head of affairs, and it cannot but be very mortifying to them to be invited to accept office under a man they have raised from the ranks, and who is young enough to be son to either, and almost to be grandson of the elder of the two.

June 13th.—Lord Granville told me yesterday evening what had passed, and that his mission was at an end, and Palmerston engaged in forming a Government. The account of it all appears in the *Times* this morning quite correctly. Granville was rather disappointed, but took it gaily enough, and I think he must have been aware from the first of the extreme difficulty of his forming a Government which was to include these two old rival statesmen. Palmerston had the wisdom to accede at once to Granville's proposal, probably foreseeing that nothing would come of Granville's attempt, and that he would have all the credit

[1] The amendment defeating the Government was moved by the young Lord Hartington, who was just entering on a political career. Gladstone voted in the minority against it; his last Conservative vote.

[2] Palmerston agreed to serve under him, but Lord John refused.

of his complaisance and obtain the prize after all. The transaction has been a very advantageous one for Granville, and will inevitably lead sooner or later to his gaining the eminence which he has only just missed now, which would have been full of difficulties and future embarrassments at the present time, but will be comparatively easy hereafter. Lord John's conduct will not serve to ingratiate him with the Queen, nor increase his popularity with the country.

June 26th.—All the time that the formation of the new Government was going on I was at a cottage near Windsor for the Ascot races, and consequently I heard nothing of the secret proceedings connected with the selection of those who come in and the exclusion of those who belonged to Palmerston's last Government, nor have I as yet heard what passed on the subject. The most remarkable of the exclusions is Clarendon's, who I was sure, when the Foreign Office was seized by John Russell, would take nothing else; and of the admissions, Gladstone's, who has never shown any good will towards Palmerston, and voted with Derby in the last division. This Government in its composition is curiously, and may prove fatally, like that which Aberdeen formed in 1852, of a very Peelite complexion,[1] and only with a larger proportion of Radicals, though not enough, it is said, to satisfy their organs, and Bright is displeased that he has not been more consulted, and probably at office not having been more pressed upon nim. It is still very doubtful whether Cobden will accept the place offered to him.

The Tories are full of rancour, and express great confidence that this Government will not last, and that they shall all be recalled to power before the end of the year.

While we have been settling our Government for good or for evil, the war has continued to pursue its course of

[1] Gladstone became Chancellor of the Exchequer, and three other Peelites—the Duke of Newcastle, Sidney Herbert and Cardwell—were included in the Cabinet. The Government was nominally a coalition of Whigs, Peelites and Radicals. It was controlled by three men, Palmerston, Russell and Gladstone, who became known as the Triumvirate.

uninterrupted success of the Allies, and unless something almost miraculous should occur, the Austrian dominion in Italy may be considered as at an end. The sentiments of people here are of a very mixed and almost contradictory character, for they are on the whole anti-Austrian, anti-French, and though more indulgent than they deserve to the Sardinians, not favourable to them. The most earnest and general desire is that we should keep out of the *mêlée,* and any termination of the war would be hailed with gladness, because we should thereby be relieved from our apprehensions of being involved in it. We should not be sorry to see the Austrians driven out of Italy for good and all, though most people would regret that the Emperor Louis Napoleon should be triumphant, and that such a course of perfidy, falsehood, and selfish ambition should be crowned with success. The Austrians deserve their fate, for nothing can exceed the folly of their conduct, first in rushing into the war, and thereby playing the whole game of their adversaries, and secondly in placing in command men evidently incapable, and who have committed nothing but blunders since the first day of the campaign.[1]

July 4th.—Cobden has declined to take office, though he was advised by his friends to accept, and he approves of Milner Gibson and Charles Villiers having joined the Government. The reasons he gives are that he has always been a strenuous opponent of Palmerston, and that his conduct will be liable to reproach in taking office under him, that he has been the advocate of economy and low establishments, and would find himself obliged to act very inconsistently, or to oppose his colleagues in a policy respecting which popular opinion would be against him; but he expresses great satisfaction with Palmerston, who he says is a much better fellow than he was aware of,

[1] In fact the campaign of this year only resulted in the liberation of Milan; and by the peace of Villafranca, referred to below, Austria still retained her Venetian territory.

and he means to give the Government all the support in his power.

July 12th.—On Friday morning the world was electrified by reading in the *Times* that an armistice had been agreed upon between the belligerent Emperors in Italy, and the subsequent announcement that they were to have a personal meeting yesterday morning, and the armistice to last for five weeks (till August 15th), led to a pretty general conclusion that peace would be the result.[1] The Stock Exchange take the same view, for everywhere and in all securities there has been a great rise.

July 15th.—The news of the peace took everybody so much by surprise, that people had no time to arrange their thoughts upon it; but in the midst of the general satisfaction that the war is over, it is already apparent that there is an explosion of disappointment and resentment to come. All the Italian sympathisers here are in despair, Palmerston is much dissatisfied, and the anti-Austrian Press is indignant. The King of Sardinia has not openly testified any ill-humour, and has published an Address to his new Lombard subjects in a joyful style, but it is impossible he should not deeply feel and resent the contemptuous way in which he has been treated by his Imperial ally, and the resignation of Cavour is a clear manifestation of *his* feelings on the subject.

We congratulate ourselves at having kept entirely clear both of the war and the peace, but no doubt Palmerston is mortified, and I think England generally will be provoked that changes of such importance should have been made without any consultation or even communication with us.

The friends of the Emperor Napoleon say that they believe his motive for making peace on any terms he could get to have been principally that he was so shocked and disgusted at the fearful scenes of pain and misery that he had to behold after the battle of Solferino in addition to the other battle-fields, and at the spectacle of thousands

[1] The battle of Solferino was fought on June 24th, and an armistice signed at Villafranca on July 7th.

of killed and wounded presented to his eyes, that his nerves could not bear it. Lady Cowley told me that he was so tenderhearted that he could not bear the sight of pain, much less being the cause of inflicting it, and she had seen him quite upset after visiting hospitals at the suffering he had witnessed there, which of course are not to be compared with the horrible scene of a battle-field. It is impossible to say that this may not be true wholly or in part, it is impossible to account for human idiosyncrasies; but it is quite certain that the man who is said to shrink with horror from the sight of suffering does not scruple to inflict it in quite as bad a form when he does not himself witness the infliction. He has hundreds and thousands of people torn from their families, and without form of trial or the commission of any crime sends them to linger or perish in pestilential climates, when he fancies it his interest to do so, and for *their* sufferings he evinces no pity or any nervous sensations.

Viceregal Lodge, Phœnix Park, August 22nd.—I have at last accomplished the object I have desired for so many years, and find myself in Ireland. I have seized the first opportunity of being my own master to come here. I left London the week before last, and went to Nun Appleton, thence to Grimstone, and on Saturday I came here, railing through York and Manchester to Holyhead; crossed over on a beautiful evening, with sea as smooth as glass, but it was too dark to see the Bay of Dublin. Most hospitably received by Lord Carlisle,[1] and very comfortably lodged. I am greatly struck by the fineness of the town of Dublin, and of the public buildings especially.

October 19th.—Nearly a month and nothing to record, besides the events of the day, of which I know nothing more than the newspapers report. I only take up my pen now because Clarendon called on me, and it is worth while

[1] The new Lord-Lieutenant. C. G. stayed in Ireland about three weeks, then made various visits on his way home and returned to London on September 26th.

to recollect the little he told me during a very short visit. I had not seen him since his visit to Osborne in the summer, and he began by giving me an account of it. The Queen was delighted to have him with her again and to have a good long confidential talk with him, for it seems she finds less satisfaction in her intercourse with either Palmerston or Lord John. The relations of these two are now most intimate and complete, and Palmerston has obtained an entire influence and authority over Lord John, who only sees with his eyes and without any contest submits to be entirely guided and controlled by Palmerston. The *jeu* of the thing is rather amusing. Palmerston, who is thoroughly versed in foreign affairs (while Lord John knows very little about them) in every important case suggests to Lord John what to do. Lord John brings it before the Cabinet as his own idea, and then Palmerston supports him, as if the case was new to him.

London, October 30th.—Clarendon came to town yesterday morning on his way to Windsor and called here. He told me that we were going to send a representative to the Congress,[1] and I was not a little surprised to perceive that he would not be at all disinclined to go there himself. He did not indeed say so, but unless I am greatly deceived this is in his mind, though not without feeling the difficulty of his acting with John Russell. Clarendon says that the preparations going on in France are on the most enormous scale, and can have no object but one hostile to this country, and that the feeling against England is fomented by the Government and extending all over France. He is persuaded that the fixed purpose of Louis Napoleon is to humble this country, and deprive her of the great influence and authority she has hitherto exercised over the affairs of Europe.

December 25th.—The Government are getting ready

[1] Napoleon had proposed a European Congress to settle the affairs of Italy; but the Pope raised difficulties, and it was never held. Italy, in fact, settled herself, with the aid alternately of France and of Prussia.

for the session which is near at hand, Palmerston with his usual confidence, but Granville, who is not naturally desponding, and who I dare say represents the feeling of his colleagues, is conscious of the want of that strength and security which a commanding majority alone can give, and, without thinking the danger great or imminent, anticipates the possibility of their being defeated on some vital question. The Opposition, conscious of their numerical force, but anything but united, profess the most moderate views and intentions. Derby professed at Liverpool to have no wish to turn out the Government or to come into office himself. Disraeli himself told me that he and all his party desired the Reform question to be settled quietly, and that if the Government only offered them such a Bill as they could possibly accept, they should be ready to give them every assistance in carrying it through. We are told, moreover, that a great number of the Conservative party will not only support a fair and moderate Reform Bill, but support the Government generally, not so much, however, from wishing well to the Government as from their antipathy to Disraeli and their reluctance to see *him* in power again. That they will join in carrying through a safe and moderate Reform Bill is no doubt true, but it is not probable that the division amongst them and the hostility to Disraeli will last long, or continue a moment after the appearance of any prospect of the return of the Conservative party to power.

Disraeli raised himself immensely last year, more, perhaps, with his opponents and the House of Commons generally than with his own party, but it is universally acknowledged that he led the House with a tact, judgment, and ability of which he was not before thought capable. While he has thus risen, no rival has sprung up to dispute his pre-eminence. Walpole and Henley are null, and it is evident that the party cannot do without Disraeli, and whenever Parliament meets he will find

means of reconciling them to a necessity of which none of them can be unconscious, and I have no doubt that whenever any good opportunities for showing fight may occur the whole party will be found united under Disraeli's orders.

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January 2nd.—The death of Macaulay is the extinction of a great light, and although every expectation of the completion of his great work had long ago vanished, the sudden close of his career, and the certainty that we shall have no more of his History, or at most only the remaining portion of King William's reign (which it is understood he had nearly prepared for publication), is a serious disappointment to the world. His health was so broken that his death can hardly create any surprise, but there had been no reason lately to apprehend that the end was so near. I have mentioned the circumstance of my first meeting him, after which we became rather intimate in a general way, and he used frequently to invite me to those breakfasts in the Albany at which he used to collect small miscellaneous parties, generally including some remarkable people, and at which he loved to pour forth all those stores of his mind and accumulations of his memory to which his humbler guests, like myself, used to listen with delighted admiration, and enjoy as the choicest of intellectual feasts. I don't think he was ever so entirely agreeable as at his own breakfast table, though I shall remember as long as I live the pleasant days I have spent in his society at Bowood, Holland House, and elsewhere. Nothing was more remarkable in Macaulay than the natural way in which he talked, never for the sake of display or to manifest his superior powers and knowledge. On the contrary, he was free from any assumption of superiority over others, and seemed to be impressed with

the notion that those he conversed with knew as much as himself, and he was always quite as ready to listen as to talk. "Don't you remember?" he was in the habit of saying when he quoted some book or alluded to some fact to listeners who could not remember, because in nineteen cases out of twenty they had never known or heard of whatever it was he alluded to. I do not believe anybody ever left his society with any feeling of mortification, except that which an involuntary comparison between his knowledge and their own ignorance could not fail to engender.

Hatchford, January 12th.—Clarendon writes to me (on the 10th): "Cowley dined here on Saturday and did the same at Pembroke Lodge on Sunday. He is on very good terms with John Russell, but hardly understands what he would be at, and for the good reason probably that Johnny does not know himself. There is a Ministerial crisis going on at this moment about Italy, the three confederates wanting of course to do more than the sober-minded majority can agree to. I suppose it will be decided at the Cabinet to-day, and that some middle-course will be discovered, as I shall not believe, till it is a *fait accompli,* that Palmerston will allow the Government to break up on a question which will not carry the country with him. The people dislike Austria and wish well to the Italians, but they want not to interfere in the affairs of either, and I doubt if they would give a man or a shilling to help Palmerston in blotting Austria out of the map of Europe and giving Sardinia a much larger slice of the map. That twofold object amounts to monomania now with Palmerston, and I believe he would sacrifice office to attain it, which is the highest test of his sincerity. The three confederates are Palmerston, John Russell, and Gladstone.[1]

January 24th.—To-day Parliament opens, and everything promises a prosperous session for the Government.

[1] One of the chief bonds between them was their love of Italy.

So little spirit is there in the Opposition, that very few of them are expected to make their appearance, and Disraeli, under the pretext of a family affliction, gives no dinner; but the probable cause of this is not the death of his sister, which happened two months ago, but his own uncertainty as to whom he should invite, and who would be disposed to own political allegiance by accepting his invitation. Such is the disorganised state of that party.

Bath, February 15th.—When I left London a fortnight ago the world was anxiously expecting Gladstone's speech in which he was to put the Commercial Treaty[1] and the Budget before the world. His own confidence and that of most of his colleagues in his success was unbounded, but many inveighed bitterly against the Treaty, and looked forward with great alarm and aversion to the Budget. Clarendon shook his head, Overstone pronounced against the Treaty, the *Times* thundered against it, and there is little doubt that it was unpopular, and becoming more so every day. Then came Gladstone's unlucky illness, which compelled him to put off his *exposé*, and made it doubtful whether he would not be physically disabled from doing justice to the subject. His doctor says he ought to have taken two months' rest instead of two days. However, at the end of his two days' delay he came forth, and *consensu omnium* achieved one of the greatest triumphs that the House of Commons ever witnessed. Everybody I have heard from admits that it was a magnificent display, not to be surpassed in ability of execution, and that he carried the House of Commons completely with him. I can well believe it, for when I read the report of it the next day (a report I take to have given the speech verbatim) it carried me along with it likewise. For the moment opposition and criticism were silenced, and nothing was heard but the sound of praise

[1] The famous treaty with France, which had been negotiated by Cobden—though not a member of the Government—at Gladstone's request.

and admiration. In a day or two, however, men began to disengage their minds from the bewitching influence of this great oratorical power, to examine calmly the different parts of the wonderful piece of machinery which Gladstone had constructed, and to detect and expose the weak points and objectionable provisions which it contained.

Clarendon, who has all along disapproved of the Treaty, wrote to me that Gladstone's success was complete, and public opinion in his favour. He says: "I expect that the London feeling will be reflected from the country, so that there will be no danger of rejection, though I think that the more the whole thing is considered, the less popular it will become. The no-provision for the enormous deficit that will exist next year will strike people, as well as the fact that the Budget is made up of expedients for the present year. The non payment of the Exchequer bonds is to all intents and purposes a loan; the war tax on tea and sugar, the windfall of the Spanish payment, the making the maltsters and hop-growers pay in advance, etc., are all stopgaps. If anybody proposes it, I shall not be surprised if an additional 1*d*. Income Tax in place of the war duties is accepted by Gladstone. He has a fervent imagination, which furnishes facts and arguments in support of them; he is an audacious innovator, because he has an insatiable desire for popularity, and in his notions of government he is a far more sincere Republican than Bright, for his ungratified personal vanity makes him wish to subvert the institutions and the classes that stand in the way of his ambition. The two are converging from different points to the same end, and if Gladstone remains in office long enough and is not more opposed by his colleagues that he has been hitherto, we shall see him propose a graduated Income Tax." These are only objections to the Budget, and speculations (curious ones) as to the character and futurity of Gladstone.

London, February 22nd.—I returned to town on Monday. The same night a battle took place in the House of Commons, in which Gladstone signally defeated Disraeli, and Government got so good a majority that it looks like the harbinger of complete success for their Treaty and their Budget. Everybody agrees that nothing could be more brilliant and complete than Gladstone's triumph, which did not seem to be matter of much grief to many of the Conservative party, for I hear that however they may still act together on a great field-day, the hatred and distrust of Disraeli is greater than ever in the Conservative ranks, and Derby himself, when he heard how his colleague had been demolished, did not seem to care much about it. They say that he betrays in the House of Commons a sort of consciousness of his inferiority to Gladstone, and of fear of encountering him in debate.

February 26th.—On Friday night Gladstone had another great triumph. He made a splendid speech, and obtained a majority of 116, which puts an end to the contest. He is now *the* great man of the day, but these recent proceedings have strikingly displayed the disorganised condition of the Conservative party and their undisguised dislike of their leader. A great many of them voted with Government on Friday night, and more expressed satisfaction at the result being a defeat of Disraeli. The Treaty and Budget, though many parts of both are obnoxious to criticism more or less well founded, seem on the whole not unpopular, and since their first introduction to have undoubtedly gained in public favour.

February 27th.—Gladstone is said to have become subject to much excitement, and more bitter in controversy in the House of Commons than was his wont. The severe working of his brain and the wonderful success he has obtained may account for this, and having had his own way and triumphed over all opposition in the Cabinet, it is not strange that he should brook none anywhere else. He has not failed to show a little of the

cloven foot, and to alarm people as to his future designs. Clarendon, who watches him, and has means of knowing his disposition, thinks that he is moving towards a Democratic union with Bright, the effect of which will be increased Income Tax and lowering the estimates by giving up the defences of the country, to which Sidney Herbert will never consent, and already these old friends and colleagues appear to be fast getting into a state of antagonism. Aberdeen told Clarendon that they would never go on together, and he thought Sidney Herbert would retire from the Cabinet before the end of the session. This, of course, implies that Gladstone's policy is to be in the ascendant, and that he is to override the Cabinet.

Hatchford, March 7th.—Lord John Russell brought in his Reform Bill last week without exciting the smallest interest, or even curiosity, amidst profound indifference in the House and in the country. His measure was very moderate, and his speech temperate. It produces no enthusiasm, or satisfaction, or alarm.

March 9th.—After all it is not improbable that Palmerston will have the gratification of seeing Tuscany annexed to Sardinia. Cavour has taken the line which Clarendon and I agreed that he would very likely do, and sets France and Austria at defiance. We have seen France and Sardinia joined in making war upon Austria, and now we have France and Austria joined in diplomacy against Sardinia.

Savernake, March 18th.—The affair of Savoy has been summarily settled by the will of the Emperor and the connivance of Cavour. The whole affair now appears to have been a concerted villainy between these worthies, which as the plot has been developed excites here the most intense disgust and indignation. The feeling is the stronger because we have no choice but that of sulky and grumbling acquiescence.

The three great subjects which have occupied public

attention all this year have been the Italian and its branches, Gladstone's Treaty and Budget, and the Reform Bill. Up to the present time the two first have absorbed all interest, and the new Reform Bill has been received with almost complete apathy, nobody appearing to know or care what its effects would be, and most people misled by an apparent show of moderation and harmlessness in its details. But in the course of the last week the *Times* set to work, in a series of very able articles, to show the mischievous and dangerous effects that the proposed franchise will produce, and these warnings, supported by ample statistical details, have begun to arouse people from their indifference and to create some apprehensions. All say that if the members voted by ballot there would be almost unanimity against it, and yet such is the disorganised state of the Conservative party, and such the want of moral courage and independence generally, that this Bill will most likely pass unaltered.

Torquay, March 28th.—Clarendon wrote to me when I was at Bath that the time would probably come when Gladstone would propose a graduated Income Tax, and lo! it has nearly come, for Gladstone gave notice the other night to people to be prepared for it. The Triumvirate of Palmerston, John Russell, and Gladstone, who have it all their own way, dragging after them the Cabinet, the House of Commons, and the country, will probably be the ruin of this country. They are playing into the Emperor Napoleon's hands, who has only to be patient and bide his time, and he will be able to treat all Europe, England included, in any way he pleases. Nothing but some speedy change of Government and of system can avert the impending ruin.

London, April 2nd.—One day last week (as mentioned above), on one of the numerous discussions of the Savoy question in the House of Commons, John Russell electrified the House and rather astonished the country by delivering a very spirited speech, denouncing in strong terms the

conduct of the Emperor Napoleon, and declaring the necessity of cultivating relations with the other Great Powers for the purpose of putting an effectual check upon the projects of French aggrandisement and annexation.

The accounts from Paris are that this speech has made the French very insolent, and the Emperor more popular than he has been for a long time, as even his enemies say that they will rally round him to chastise English impertinence. People are beginning at last to doubt whether the war we waged against Russia four years ago was really a wise and politic measure; but the whole country went mad upon that subject, I never could understand why. Palmerston took it up to make political capital out of it, and made himself popular by falling in with the public humour, and making the country believe that he was the only man really determined to make war on Russia, and able to bring the war to a successful end. Aberdeen, who was wise enough to see the folly of quarrelling with Russia and sacrificing all our old alliances to a new and deceitful one with France, was unable to stem the torrent, and fell under its violence. His fault was his not resigning office when he found it impossible to carry out his policy and maintain peace.

April 8th.—To The Grove on Thursday afternoon, and returned yesterday. On Good Friday morning George Lewis and I were left alone, when we talked over the questions of the day, and he quite amazed me by the way in which he spoke of his principal colleagues. I asked him if John Russell was not exceedingly mortified at the ill-success of his Reform Bill and its reception in the House of Commons and in the country. George Lewis said he did not think he felt this, that at present his mind was entirely occupied with foreign politics, and he was rejoicing in the idea of having been largely instrumental to the liberation of Italy; and as to Reform, that he was satisfied with having redeemed the pledge he gave to Bright to propose a 6*l.* franchise, and having done this

he did not care about the result, as he had never pledged himself to carry it. The most strange thing to me is, that George Lewis seemed not to be alive to the culpable levity of such conduct, or to the censure to which his own conduct is obnoxious in consenting to act with such a man, and to be a party to such a measure.

With regard to Palmerston, he said that Palmerston thought of nothing but his pro-Sardinian and anti-Austrian schemes, and he was gratified by seeing everything in that quarter turning out according to his wishes, that in the Cabinet he took very little part and rarely spoke. Gladstone George Lewis evidently distrusts, and his financial schemes and arrangements are as distasteful to him as possible. He is provoked at Gladstone's being able to bear down all opposition, and carry all before him by the force of his eloquence and power of words, and what I have said of his conduct in supporting John Russell is still more applicable to it in reference to Gladstone and his measures, which he thinks more dangerous by far than he does Lord John's reform bill and *6l.* clause.

May 12th.—Not more than three months ago Gladstone was triumphant and jubilant; he had taken the House of Commons and the country captive by his eloquence, and nothing was heard everywhere but songs of praise and admiration at his marvellous success and prodigious genius. There never was a greater reaction in a shorter time. Everybody's voice is now against him, and his famous Treaty and his Budget are pronounced enormous and dangerous blunders. Those who were most captivated now seem to be most vexed and ashamed of their former fascination. They are provoked with themselves for having been so duped, and a feeling of resentment and bitterness against him has become widely diffused in and out of the House of Commons, on his own side as well as on the other. It was the operation of this feeling which caused the narrow majority on the Paper Duties the other

night, when it seems as if a little more management and activity might have put him in a minority, and it is the same thing which is now encouraging the House of Lords, urged on by Derby, to throw out the Resolution when it comes before them.

May 17th.—Clarendon dined with Derby about a week ago, when Derby explained to him all his reasons for persisting in his opposition to the Paper Duties Bill. Clarendon evidently sympathised with him, but not without much apprehension and doubt as to the expediency of his course. Granville tells me they shall be beaten by a large majority, and he owns that the debate will be almost all one way. There is nothing on the Treasury Bench or behind it able to grapple with Derby, Monteagle, Overstone, and Grey on such a question, though Granville expects Argyll to get up the question and to speak well on it, and he expects something from Newcastle and Ripon, but Clarendon told me (which of course he had from Lewis) the curious fact that Palmerston himself views with pleasure the prospect of the rejection of the Bill. A queer state of things indeed when the Prime Minister himself secretly desires to see the defeat of a measure so precious to his own Chancellor of the Exchequer.

May 28th.—Epsom engaged all my attention last week, and I could not find time to notice the debate in the Lords on the Paper Duties, and the extraordinary majority, so much greater than anybody expected.[1] Lady Palmerston was in the gallery, openly expressing her wishes that the Bill might be rejected by a large majority. Her language on this and other occasions so shocked some of the more zealous Whigs, that the Duke of Bedford was asked by

[1] On May 21st the House of Lords, with the secret connivance of Palmerston, threw out Gladstone's bill for the repeal of the Paper Duties —the object of which was the cheapening of newspapers and books. In the following year, however, he defeated them by putting all his financial proposals into a single budget; and was thereupon recognised as the inevitable leader of the new Liberal Party.

one or more of them to remonstrate with her on the way she talked, but she knows very well that Palmerston is of the same mind, though he cannot avow his real sentiments in the way she does. Palmerston said to Gladstone, "Of course you are mortified and disappointed, but your disappointment is nothing to mine, who had a horse with whom I hoped to win the Derby, and he went amiss at the last moment." The affair has gone off very quietly, the House of Commons not being the least disposed to quarrel with the Lords about it. Even John Russell, who had talked very absurdly, held moderate and prudent language in the House.

June 15th.—At Ascot last week. Palmerston was there, and went up to town on Thursday (going reluctantly) to assist at the withdrawal by John Russell of the Reform Bill. There was a Cabinet the preceding day, at which Palmerston said, "We must now settle what is to be done about the Reform Bill." John Russell said, "I know what my opinion is, and if anybody wishes to hear it I am ready to give it." They all said they did wish it, when he announced that he thought it ought to be withdrawn. Everybody agreed except Gladstone, who made a long speech in favour of going on with it, which nobody replied to, and there it ended.

July 8th.—I have been so ill till within the last few days that I have not had energy enough to do anything. I have known but little, and that little I could not bring myself to write down here. In fact, it is high time that I should close these records once for all, which I am morally and physically incapable of continuing with any probability of making them interesting. It is not very consistent with this opinion to fill a page or two with the recent transaction in the House of Commons, with reference to the duty on paper. Everybody allows that Palmerston got out of his difficulty with consummate tact and discretion, and that Gladstone's conduct was inexcusable. The Resolutions concocted by Palmerston had been

fully discussed and agreed to in the Cabinet (reluctantly of course by Gladstone), and Palmerston's speech was received with general approbation in the House. It was excellent, fair and moderate, the argument logically consistent with the Resolutions, but displeasing to Gladstone and the highflyers because it made a sort of excuse for the Lords, or rather it set forth the grounds on which the Lords might think themselves justified in acting as they did, without having any of the motives and designs which the Gladstones and Brights attributed to them. All this elicited great applause from the Opposition side of the House, and their cheers were very offensive to and grated on the ears of the ultra-Liberals. Everything would have ended quietly, and the Resolutions would have passed without a debate, but Gladstone could not stand it, and, urged by spite and mortification, he must needs get up and make a most violent speech, really, though not avowedly, in opposition to Palmerston, and with the object of provoking a long and acrimonious debate. In this he only partially succeeded, and not for long. Granville told me yesterday morning that it was a toss up whether Gladstone resigned or not, and that if he did, it would break up the Liberal party, to which I replied that I was confident he would not resign, and if he did, it would have no effect on the bulk of the Liberal party.

July 17th.—I met Charles Villiers at dinner at the "Travellers" last night and had some talk with him, particularly about Gladstone. He thinks it far better that he should not resign, as he could, and probably would, be very mischievous out of office. He says people do not know the House of Commons, and are little aware that there is an obscure but important element in it of a Radical complexion, and that there are sixty or seventy people who would constitute themselves followers of Gladstone, and urge him on to every sort of mischief. They are already doing all they can to flatter and cajole him, and once out of office, his great talents and oratorical

powers would make him courted by all parties, even the Tories, who would each and all be very glad to enlist him in their service. It is impossible to calculate on the course of a man so variable and impulsive, but at present it looks as if he had made up his mind to swallow his mortifications and disappointments and to go on with his present colleagues, though Charles Villiers says he is very dejected and uneasy in his mind, and very gloomy in the Cabinet.

Buxton, August 11th.—I came here for my health and to try and patch myself up a fortnight ago, since which I have heard and learnt nothing of what is passing in the world but what I read in the newspapers. The session of Parliament was drawing to a close, and it was understood that there was to be one more fight in the House of Commons (on the removal of the Customs duties on paper), and then the remaining business was to be hurried through as quickly as possible. The Opposition made strenuous efforts to obtain a majority, and were sanguine of success. The Speaker wrote me an account of what passed, and I shall copy out the greatest part of his letter. "The division of thirty-three on the Paper Duties was a surprise to all on the spot. As late as eleven that evening Sir George Grey told us the division seemed very doubtful. The Irishmen held off indignant at Palmerston's having mentioned with approval the landing of Garibaldi on the mainland. This was held to be an insult to the Pope, so More O'Farrell, Monsell, Sir John Acton, and eight or ten more would not vote at all. It seemed doubtful to the last. It is a great thing for the Government in many ways, not the least in having won the battle without the Pope and his men. It puts the Government in so much better and stronger a position with that party. The great result is to give some life to half-dead, broken-down, tempest-tossed Gladstone. When after the division he rose to propose the second Resolution, he was cheered by the Free-Traders as he had not been cheered since the Budget Speech."

London, November 13th.—At the end of three months since I last wrote anything in this book I take my pen in hand to record my determination to bring this journal (which is no journal at all) to an end. I have long seen that it is useless to attempt to carry it on, for I am entirely out of the way of hearing anything of the slightest interest beyond what is known to all the world. I therefore close this record without any intention or expectation of renewing it, with a full consciousness of the smallness of its value or interest, and with great regret that I did not make better use of the opportunities I have had of recording something more worth reading.

APPENDIX

LETTERS FROM CHARLES GREVILLE TO HIS UNCLE THE FOURTH DUKE OF PORTLAND, AND TO HIS COUSIN LORD GEORGE BENTINCK

[NOTE.—Greville had been, since he was ten years old, a Clerk Extraordinary of the Privy Council—without salary, but with right of succession as an Ordinary Clerk on the death of Lord Chetwynd, who then held the office. He had also been, since the age of seven, Secretary of the Island of Jamaica, in reversion on the death of Mr. Charles Wyndham. The first of these places had a salary of £2,000 a year, rising after three years to £2,500; the second would bring in a varying income of something over £2,000 a year, with no duties attached to it. In the meanwhile, however, until these reversions "fell in," Greville, as he explains in a subsequent letter, had little or no income, and was often in pecuniary difficulties. His first concern, therefore, on hearing of the death of Lord Chetwynd, who died on February 27th, was to arrange for the payment of various debts amounting to about £8,000. For this purpose he proposes to put aside the whole of his new salary, except £1,000 a year—that is to say, £1,000 a year now, and £1,500 a year later—in order to meet interest and sinking fund on the loan which his bankers are to advance him; and the object of these earlier letters is to beg his uncle to guarantee the due payment of this annual sum.

The other reversion did not fall in for more than seven years afterwards—Mr. Wyndham died on July 10th, 1828—after which Greville, who was then aged thirty-four, became a comparatively rich man, and able to travel, and keep racing-stables, etc.]

LONDON,
March 5th, 1821.

MY DEAR UNCLE,

I cannot sufficiently thank you for the letter which I received from you this morning, and for the very kind interest you take in my concerns. My object is to borrow a sum of money sufficient to pay off everything I owe, which I am sorry to say is a very considerable amount. I have already had some communication with my Bankers (Herries & Farquhar) upon the subject, and I have reason to hope that they will advance the money. I have stated my debts to amount to £8,000. I owe about 6,000 money that I have borrowed or at least am security for, and I lose 900 or 1,000 by the event of Lord Chetwynd's death—500 I lose to Yarmouth, having betted him by way of a hedge that neither L^d^ C. nor Wyndham died in 4 years, which was betted 3 years & ½ ago. I also lose 500 more by having backed his life ag^t^ other people's, also as a hedge. I also count among my debts £1,500 for which I am unfortunately security for a man of the name of Hooker who is ruined, & about whom Woods can give you all information. This was upon annuity, & I have for some time paid the interest of that money amounting to £190 a year. I have one annuity of my own of 1,000, for which I pay 140 a year. The rest of the money I borrowed at 5%, & 1,500 of it I owe my Bankers. I have stated my debts at 1,000 more than the money I have borrowed to allow for my bills, &c. The sums I have actually borrowed on my own account amount to £4,500. This is a rough sketch of my affairs & there may be some trifling mistakes in the items. The plan which has been suggested to me by the friend (Mr. Penn) who has negotiated the matter with the Bankers is this, that in the event of their advancing the 8,000, I should give up my whole income (except 1,000 a year) to liquidate the interest & principal, that is 1,000 a year now, & 1,500 in 3 years; that some responsible person should join with me in a Bond to them, securing the payment to them of the 1,000 a year now & 1,500 a year in 3 years till the whole is paid off, & that I should insure my life for the time required to liquidate the debt, in order to save my security in the event of my death. I should rather say underwrite it, because it would be an agreement with the office that they should continue the annual payments, not produce any gross sum. I understand this

could be done for a small percentage. I am really ashamed of troubling you with these long details, but since you are so good as to ask me the state of my affairs, I have described them so minutely that you may see exactly the situation in which I stand. My Bankers are to say to-morrow whether they will, or will not, advance the money, and I have every reason to believe that they are disposed to do so.

I am sorry to say that I have no news to send you to compensate for the trouble of reading the above statement. Banker is now the favourite for that stake. I am very much obliged to you for the good counsel you have given me concerning my turf concerns, and you may be satisfied that I shall strictly adhere to it. I am sorry that you are not here, because I should have been very glad to have talked to you, & heard your opinions upon several things which it was impossible to discuss by letter. You will see in the newspapers that the Duke of Clarence's daughter died yesterday.

Believe me ever most faithfully,

C. C. GREVILLE.

COUNCIL OFFICE,
March 7th, 1821

MY DEAR UNCLE,

I ought to have mentioned in the account which I sent you the day before yesterday of my debts that the 700 gs. which you were so good as to lend me to meet the exigencies of my Derby misfortunes was not included. The sum total therefore must be increased by so much. I thought that you would perhaps allow me to provide for the more urgent and embarrassing claims which are made upon me before I repay that. Since I wrote to you, Mr. Penn has communicated to me that Farquhar is willing to advance the sum which was proposed, in the manner & on the terms which I stated to you in my last letter—nothing can be more kind & more liberal than his conduct to me. There is no news. When do you come to Town? If you should be here next Saturday sennight the D. of York has a jocky dinner on that day at which I hope you will be present. My mother arrived yesterday to dinner.

Believe me ever most faithfully,

C. C. GREVILLE.

Council Office,
March 8th, 1821.

My dear Uncle,

I have nothing to communicate to you more than I have already written; but I cannot let the post go without writing you one line to thank you for the letter received from you to-day, & to assure you that I can never forget your kindness to me on this occasion. I went to Burlington Street, but Heaton no longer lives there, so that I shall not be able to see him till to-morrow, when I shall make the enquiries you suggest. . . .

Believe me ever most faithfully,

C. C. GREVILLE.

Council Office,
March 12th, 1821.

My dear Uncle,

I saw Mr. Heaton this morning. The Pelican is the office at which Fred insured, but he says that there is another office (the European) at which they do it on better terms. This last is a newly established office, but I suppose it is safe for Mr. Portman is at the head of it. Farquhar has told me that they are ready to allow the £1,500 which I already owe them to remain, and they will advance a further sum which will be either 6,500 or 7,000£ as I stated to you before upon my giving up 1,000 a year now & 1,500 when the addition to my salary takes place to the gradual liquidation of the interest & principal. For this I am to give them a bond in which some person is to join with me as security for the payment of this annual sum: the principal, as I have before stated, being secured by the insurance of my life. Under these circumstances, may I venture to ask if you would have any objection to be my security, which (if you should have none) would at once remove every difficulty. I should not have taken the liberty to ask so great a favour of you, if I had not been encouraged by your kindness to me upon this occasion, and I believe that you would not be exposed to any risk except in the case of my evasion, or the loss of my place, events which, I trust, are next to impossible. I forget whether I mentioned to you that the Duke of Devonshire is security for the 1,500 which Farquhar lent me some years ago. It

is the additional sum which he proposes to advance for which he requires a security now. . . .

Believe me ever most faithfully,

C. C. GREVILLE.

LONDON,
March 17th, 1821.

MY DEAR UNCLE,

I could not see Mr. Heaton yesterday, which is the reason I delayed to answer your letter till to-day. In the 1,000 & 1,500 a year set apart for the payment of the interest & principal of the sum advanced, the insurance of my life is included. With the regard to the settlement of the sums to be annually paid by me, I have consulted with Farquhar & with Mr. Heaton, to whom I showed your letter, & they are of opinion that no way can be devised by which I can put the income arising from my office out of my own power. Of course, I am ready to give every security in my power, or to execute any legal instrument that you may please to require, but I should deceive you if I was to say that any instrument I might execute could possess any validity, as I could always revoke or supersede it at pleasure. I am afraid I can do no more than give my word of honour that I will appropriate the sums so stipulated in the arrangement. I could give a power of attorney empowering any person to receive my salary, but I could always revoke it or receive it myself. I am really ashamed of giving you so much trouble about my affairs, but if anything else suggests itself to you, perhaps you will have the goodness to tell me. Of course the matter stands still at present. . . .

Believe me ever most faithfully,

C. C. GREVILLE.

LONDON,
March 21st, 1821.

MY DEAR UNCLE,

I am most excessively obliged to you for consenting to be security for the money I am going to borrow of Farquhar. I cannot deny that the apprehensions you have expressed are sufficiently natural, but I hope I may venture

most confidently to say that they will never be realized. It is my fixed determination never to lend my name as security to anybody, & I am not aware of any other manner in which I can become entangled in the embarrassments of others. With regard to myself, I have lived in the world for many years with little or no income, and I believe that I have only surmounted pecuniary difficulties by the undeviating punctuality which I have observed in all money concerns. In the present instance I consider myself bound by every principle of honor to adhere to the engagement into which I have entered with regard to the payment of my salary, and as I have never in my life departed from my word of honor, I hope you will do me the justice to believe that I would rather sacrifice every advantage I possess either actual or prospective than do so now. I had proposed to Farquhar to pay the whole of my salary into his hands as it was paid to me, & that he should give me credit for so much a quarter. If you approve of it, I will pay the whole of it into Drummonds instead, & they can immediately transfer it to Farquhar, and at the same time give you notice of it. I have not seen Farquhar, & have not therefore communicated to him your consent. I shall have my life insured immediately, as it is desirable to have that done before I am 27, which I shall be in a fortnight.

Believe me ever most faithfully yours,

C. C. GREVILLE.

(*Postmark 23rd January*, 1830.)

My dear George,

I only got your letter to-day at Rohampton; it arrived in town last night. I have only a moment to write; have seen L^y^ Canning twice—somehow I augur ill of the work.[1]

Crawford means to leave Mohican in y^e^ handicap—he has a fancy to train him & run him in y^e^ spring, & I told him he w^d^ find nothing better & that if he is in force, his weight is very fair. So he will go to Newm^t^. Desire will beat latter & all y^e^ rest. I sh^d^ have accepted with Amb^y^. What

[1] "Memoirs of Canning" by Stapleton.

weather, what roads, no news. I am going back to Rohampton.

Yours,
C. C. G.

LONDON,
Jan^y 25th (1830).

MY DEAR GEORGE,

I have not got my *Times* on Monday. I never keep it, can't find it, read y^e ——[1] I have an idea you told me y^r Father w^d object to one of Chipy's nephews. Is that so? If it is y^e thing must not be thought of. Fitzg^d has had a relapse. We are to have Herries[2] here!! I suppose Lady Canning is in y^e country. She thinks this work will produce an effect—curiosity and interest but no effect. Nobody cares a straw for foreign policy, or for anything but currency, rents, taxes, &c., & they wont enter into Mr. Canning's plans, or his successors' blunders—it will fall dead in this respect. It is difficult for anybody whose whole soul is absorbed by one interest & one idea, to understand how little y^e rest of y^e world care for the same object, & disappointment is therefore unavoidable. D. of Buccleugh and Darlington are y^e movers. I was very near breaking my back again. Byng (by mistake) drew a chair away as I was sitting down, & down I went, bruised but nothing more. When do you come to town? I am delighted to hear such a good account of all y^r family, John especially. Wilkie is Pres. R.A. I will send you y^e free handicaps.

Yours,
C. C. G.

(*Postmark 25th January*, 1830.)

MY DEAR G.,

I write a supplementary line to tell you what you will be sorry to hear. Tierney dropped off his chair dead two hours ago.

Yours,
C. C. G.

[1] Name illegible.

[2] As President of the Board of Trade, which was then a Committee of the Privy Council.

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